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# And Everywhere That Mary Went

## By Maureen O'Grayham

With Illustrations by Percy Edward Anderson

WERE you ever young in the days when grey lamb curled in soft alluringness in the shop-windows? Mary Millicent was—young and seventeen—just seventeen in December. And in January she was enrolled on the list of females engaged in gainful occupations. Or could teaching in a small manufacturing town at two hundred and twenty-five dollars per annum, be called a gainful occupation? Anyway it made the grey lamb possible. What well-nigh made the grey lamb impossible is what this story is all about.

Mary Millicent, at the grey lamb period, was religious—Christian Endeavor religious. That was why she had wept so at going to the teachers' training school. She had wept at leaving her glad, wild chums and putting up her wayward hair and putting down her impeding skirts, and having to learn to control children whose vagaries she adored, she wept hardest and longest and bitterest of all at the white lie her mother bade her tell. The training school regulation insisted that female students should be of the mature age of seventeen, and Mary Millicent was just sixteen when she found she had been too brilliant for her own comfort and there were no more examinations to pass.

MARY MILLICENT WAS THE PROUD POSSESSOR OF A GRAY LAMB CAPE

"You'll be seventeen before you teach, Mary Millicent," her mother suggested guilefully. "Fill in the blank, and stop being so soft." And Mary Millicent's fear of her mother being greater than her newer fear of God because of memories of a skin hand that bore more heavily than any legendary hand of the Almighty as yet, she filled in the blank.

It was now January and Mary Millicent was seventeen and visioning a cheque on the last day of each calendar month. The credit system being much in vogue in the manufacturing town, she was also the excited possessor of a grey lamb cape, the long kind that came below the hips and had snuggly pockets in front and curled in delicious soft greys and snow-flakey whites and cuddled against her rosy, fat cheeks, and simply insisted on being photographed with Mary Millicent. It was Friday night. She was going home on the nine o'clock local for over Sunday, there was to be a carnival at the skating rink, Arthur Carpenter was coming from college, and the world was all sparkly and expectant.

Now, Mary Millicent's Christian Endeavor society met on Friday nights, and, her pledge bound her to go to every meeting and to take some part in the same aside from singing, unless she had some perfectly valid reason acceptable to Divinity. Because of this, she tucked her Bible under her grey lamb cape when she gathered up her bag and skates and hunted for her railway ticket, and she turned in a little late at the basement of the church on her way to the station.

There was some intense psychic wave over the service that caught Mary Millicent into it. It wasn't being easy for Mary Millicent to be Christian Endeavor religious. She had always been a square-toed, decent little sort, unconscious of her soul, and learning her Church of England ritual faithfully from "What is your name? N. or M." down to the long Athanasian Creed. But there had been dissension in the Church, Low and High a-scowl at each other, Low finally walking in silent protest out of a service at which candles were lit on the altar, and taking Mary Millicent's family with them.

While she was thus cut off from her accustomed litanies, and her family moved to a near-by town, a great revival swept the manufacturing town. But Mary Millicent's Anglican nose tip-tilted at revivals. Suddenly, at school one day, she found herself disquietingly alone. Every last one in her class had been converted, even the freckled imp-twins. It was terribly lonely being unconverted. Mary Millicent could stand anything but being lonely. So she went one night to hear the suave, soft-voiced revivalist. The other girls told him of her, and he led her to the front later on, seeking salvation, as they all praised God for; just getting away from being horribly lonely, as she hardly realized herself. She didn't feel converted, she told them, she hardly knew what it meant, and she never did feel converted then or

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later. But they said the conviction would come—and just be good. So she had wept at the white lie about her age, and read three days a week to the old charwoman with the broken leg, and was still trying to fit her square-toed honesty to the impossibilities of that pledge.

On this Friday night, the topic centered round "He first findeth his own brother Simon." Amid the heart-searchings, Mary Millicent nearly stayed too long, and, with her bag and skates and Bible made a hurried cut to the station down a long, black, lonesome hill. She was scuttling along worried about Simon. That was what was hardest for her—going after others. "I feel impertinent," she confessed to the jingle of her skates. In later years she would win her way back with scars to her square-toed instincts. But now her soul and her neighbors' souls were forced upon her attention. Yes, she truly had tried to influence her sister Elizabeth last time she was home.

"Don't you want to be a Christian, Elizabeth ?" she had shakily inquired in the dark, warm, quiet bed.

"I can never be a Christian," said thirteen-year old Elizabeth, readily and positively, "I can never be a Christian until I know *who made God*." Elizabeth had evidently been meeting theological beasts of her own.

Mary Millicent couldn't help there. "Let's pray," she suggested more shakily. Elizabeth had no serious objections nor any lively anticipations. So they shivered out of their warm bed and Mary Millicent prayed that God would make Elizabeth a Christian in spite of her paucity of knowledge of His own origin, and they shivered back in again feeling rather better and a bit shamefast and entirely unnatural. The preaching and praying had been very soft. Small shrift would the mother have made of their prayers had she caught them. Hadn't she taught them "Now I lay me," and "God bless," and the Lord's prayer, and "Lighten our darkness," and, later, some long, hard collects ? Mary Millicent, thus far, had been a silent witness before her mother, letting her light shine when she polished the silver and dusted the parlor. And now, scurrying over the dark hill, she wondered what she might do further about finding these "own brothers."

"IT'S ME," SHE GASPED, WITH SUDDEN SICK REALIZATION. "WHY, IT'S ME !"

Then her heart was in her throat, strangling a scream. And her sturdy knees wobbled on the lonely, snowy hill. *Something* had crossed her path, live and dark and with no motion she had ever known of decent cat or dog.

"Oh God," she moaned, "Oh God !" The skies were silent, her Bible fell from her stiffened arm, and the Christian Endeavor pledge fluttered over the snow after *the thing* as it got away with its devilish motion. How Mary Millicent got to the station she never knew—down the hill, past the dim, dark factories, and, with sobbing breath into the arms of the Armitages. "You are foolish to run so—the train is just on the bridge," scolded Rosa Armitage, while Bob took her bag and skates.

Suddenly the women buried crinkled noses and distressed faces in their muffs, suddenly the men swore in short, staccato breaths and hunted for their handkerchiefs, while a fetid, blinding, unmistakable, unforgettable effluvium destroyed the good keen winter air. They climbed in a sort of angry amusement into the little suburban train, hailing escape that way. But all the five miles to the main line the density and violence of that rancid offensiveness waxed stronger and more undisciplined. Through sputterings and curses each man eyed his neighbor with suspicion and dislike and wrenched ineffectually at the nearest car window. The conductor opened the doors, remarking that there was "a hefty lot o' loose sachet bein' squandered abroad," and forgot to collect the fares. The baggage-man convulsively checked a baby-carriage with the effects of a bachelor Cabinet Minister, and a commercial traveller's pajama samples instead of the suit-case of a blushing bride.

"This," said the news-boy, too stifled to call his evening papers, "this is merry 'ell. Hoff fer mine !" And he plunged headlong from the car to the station platform. But neither was the atmosphere there the atmosphere of innocence. Stronger, ranker, more virulent grew that poisonous odor till the trains east and west rushed in together, and the gibing, demoralized passengers for the west got away, catching breath and the car-steps by good luck.

Rosa Armitage and Bob and Mary Millicent were the only passengers for the train east, their coach drowsy with peace and vocal with slumbrous man. Enter the smell. Snoring drummers wakened from sonorous music more quickly and thoroughly and finally than ever they would rouse to Gabriel's horn later on, wakened in a mutter of protest that swelled to hostile fluency and sparkled with profane wit, glared balefully at the new-comers and fled to the smoker. In the smoker, two Englishmen were discussing matrimony —"It's just that y'belong to someone else"—"If he's not that, he's dam' selfish"—"If you want to read, she thinks you're unsociable"—"English wives best"—"A bit whiff, eh what ?" And they fled to the car.

During the scramble in the passage, Bob looked around at the girls. Rosa Armitage had been keeping her crumpled face hidden in her muff as from an impropriety, Mary Millicent's heart had kept fluttering with the fright and shock of the *thing* that had sidled off in guilt, ungainly through the snow. But now, becoming conscious of the turmoil of men at the end of the car and of the intolerable stares, hearing the sallies of offensive wit, the flippant, facile phrases, the barbed words stinging through the acrid air, she suddenly was swept with a convulsive, scorching flame of comprehension and horror.

She turned eyes of abject agony to Bob and Rosa. "It's *me*," she whispered chokingly. "That was why I ran—I met—a—thing—on the hill—And I ran and ran—I did not know—till—now. And it's me—*it's me* !"

"Look as though it weren't," said Bob. "We've only ten miles to go. Sit tight."

One by one, the passengers, with extravagances of speech, with slash and sweep of satire, came back through the coach, and out at the other end, looking in malignity at Bob and Rosa and Mary Millicent as they passed.

"They know it's *us*, but they don't know it's *me*," Mary Millicent's was such a despairing little ghost of a voice. "It isn't fair—you go too, Bob and Rosa—I'll bear it alone—but I'll die of shame."

"We couldn't leave you to smell it all alone." Bob permitted himself his first grim hint of a smile.

Then the uneasy passengers wandered back, disconcertingly passing up and down the aisle by the uncomfortable trio, scouting curiously. And the improper, ungodly, merciless odor became more criminally clamant second by second.

"It's the man's misbegotten coon coat," said a drummer to a fat-necked, purple, suffering promoter.

"I'm betting on the little girl's lamb," the promoter grinned at her. "She looks guilty as the cinders of purgatory—see the cheeks of her—hotter than blazes !"

But the fatal, devastating, unmerciful perfume crowding into their throats, drove them to seek the relief of air on the steps where men already pushed and hung.

"You seem to be talking through your cape, Mary Millicent," said Bob.

"Oh, they're mean ! They're mean!" Mary Millicent had never known before the brusque brutality of men in discomfort. She grew incoherent and hysterical. "I'm a stricken child of Fate," she choked. "Did ever you know so *dismissing* an aura ?"

"You stop that, Mary Millicent," said Rosa, putting a firm hand on the fluttering, agitated fingers. "Try to open a window, Bob." Bob couldn't. "Sit tight !" he advised cheerily, "We'll soon be there."

Soon ? It was only ten miles, but Mary Millicent knew all about eternity after that ten miles, the length and breadth and height and depth of eternity, the immeasurableness of eternity, eternity and hell, fire and never-endingness, the scroudging voices of men from the smoker, voices raised in a vocabulary of resentment and disgust, a lusty, sinful, hideous havoc in your nostrils, a riot of shame beating in all your blood, noisy laughter at the station, and hurried dispersings, stride on stride.

An agonized entreaty to Rosa, "You'll never tell ?" And Rosa's comforting "Cross my heart, cross my neck, hope to die !" An imploring glance at Bob, and his hearty "I'm an oyster. Swords won't open me." Then Mary Millicent was somehow walking with her mother and Elizabeth up a white street, and that active, intolerable, drastic, villainous, protean smell brimmed fore and aft along the white street too.

Mary Millicent's mother fidgetted. "It's something that man has in his satchel," she said indignantly. "I think I'll go ahead."

Hot humiliation was clutching at the throat of Mary Millicent, beating in her face. She tried to speak, but could only laugh helplessly. Elizabeth waited to hear the joke, but the mother went ahead.

"It's worse here," she expostulated. "I think I'll go behind."

Mary Millicent, shaken with her helpless, hysterical laughter, was still trying to speak. "Tell her—" she said, "tell her—" she gasped. But the mother was growing impatient.

"It's worse everywhere," she decided. "Hurry !"

And up the white street, with a man or two still jesting through the graphic, restless, intimate, expansive, inexhaustible smother of smell, Elizabeth dragged Mary Millicent after a fleeting mother, a wilted Mary Millicent, laughing helplessly, sobbing foolishly, trying to speak—"Tell her—tell her—"and as they reached their own gate, evil breath still about them, she achieved speech—"Tell her—it's me—and I can't go in,"—she dropped despairing and forspent into the snow. "I can't ever go in any place again."

HASTILY THE PASSENGERS TUMBLED ABOARD, HOLDING THEIR NOSES AGAINST THAT RIOTOUS SMELL

"SIGN THAT BLANK, MARY MILLICENT, AND DON'T BE SO SOFT!" SAID HER MOTHER WITH DECISION

The practical, resourceful mother got the situation with a gasp and a laugh. They entered by the wood-shed where the dimmed glory of grey lamb was left, Mary Millicent, purified and calmed, summoned serenity so that they made an unconcerned entrance and greeting to the Man-who-Read. The Man-who-Read, you see, was a second husband, a foreign element in this inconsequent Irish family, because of his mingled English and Dutch extraction and ensuing seriousness among folk who must needs jest at their own death-beds. But what he lacked in foible he made up in hunch and possessed a nose like a catechism. This he soon followed to the wood-shed, returning precipitately. "There's a bad smell out there," he complained, and the family melted away up-stairs with choking noises and encrimsoned faces.

"A bold, bad smell met his gaze," sobbed Elizabeth.

In an interval of calm, Nubbins, round-eyed, spoke. "Are you goin' to leave it outthide all night ?" she wanted to know, "In the wood-thyed ? Won't thomebody thteal it ?"

"Won't thomebody thteal it ? No fear ! Bless you, darling, I wish they would. But a bouquet like that would protect the Koh-i-noor in open market." Mary Millicent had been talking in strange tongues all evening.

Barney had been in retirement in a corner with a stubby pencil and the back of a treasured valentine of his mother's youth, which he had abstracted from the top-drawer of her bureau, himself unnoticed in the excitement.

"I'm a pote," he announced.

"Calamities never come singly,"

Continued on page 67.

# The Radford-Street Expedition

## By Madge Macbeth

### Illustrated from Photographs

EDITOR'S NOTE—*This is the first detailed story of the expedition planned by Harry V. Radford, explorer and naturalist, and its disastrous termination. The explorer, accompanied by a half breed, an Indian and Thomas George Street, of Ottawa, left Fort Resolution on July 10th, 1911, intending to spend two years in the wilderness and cover about 3,000 miles of travel between the Mackenzie River and Hudson Bay.*

FOUR men sat in the cook shack of an exploration party at Smith's Landing. The month was June, and there was a strong hint of summer in the air. Another few weeks, and they would turn their backs on the northland and return to the east—to paved streets, white shirts, a glorious dinner of celebration, and the girls they left behind them.

"Street's a fool," said one of the men, taking his pipe from his mouth. "A big fool to take that trip, and that's the long and short of it."

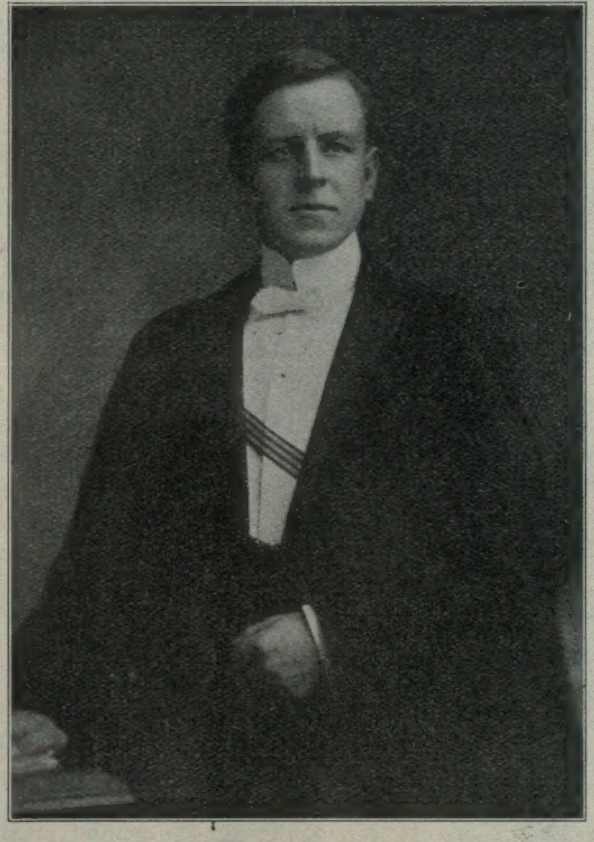
"We've all told him that," agreed another, "and it seemed the last prod necessary for him to make up his mind. Maybe if we'd urged him to go, he'd have refused."

"The Boss says he won't let him off until his people in Ottawa consent," volunteered a man who had not yet spoken.

"Rot! What good'll that do? They won't know what going across the Barren Grounds to the Bay means."

"Well, all I know is that he's a fool to do it," said the first man, coming back to the starting point.

Perhaps they were right. The fate that overtook the two men who—the consent of Street's people having reached the northern post at last—departed into the wilderness that sunny June might prove it to the prophets of the cook shack. But we are all prone to scoff at what we do not understand. It may be that none of the men of the New Northwest Exploration Party comprehended what prompted Street to pass up that long-anticipated dinner of celebration and turn his face to the desolate Barren Grounds with Radford for another two years of hardship and loneliness; what perhaps, even in that last swift moment of the treacherous Eskimo's spear-thrust, made him willing to take the chances of the long trail and, the chance this time being against him, to die as a man should.



THOMAS GEORGE STREET, RADFORD'S COMPANION AND THE SHARER OF HIS FATE

George Street was born in Ottawa about twenty-five years ago. From the time he could walk, he showed the sporting spirit. He was always a lover of out of doors. He played a fine game of football, and excelled in many other out-of-door games. The spirit of adventure early evinced itself, and he was always keen to search out spots off the beaten track, lightly undertaking whatever hardship might be entailed.

When little more than a boy, he joined a Transcontinental Railway party working around Grand Lake and thereabouts. In that party he got his experience. His powerful physique and great strength made him somewhat remarkable among the older men, and his pride in these attributes gave them an excuse to impose on him. He has said himself that many times they tried to "break him," to tire him out under the heavy weight of tasks that work in such a country as this demands. Added to strength and power of endurance, he had a still greater gift—that of unquenchable grit. What another man would do, he would do; should he be loaded with a good and sufficient pack for a portage and find several small things remaining, George Street was the man to add those remaining pounds to his load and travel on; should he see a hardened old packer carrying a load of two hundred odd pounds, he would assume an equal burden—and get away with it through sheer grit. Further, he was always ready to help lighten the load of a newer or weaker comrade, remembering the days of his own apprenticeship when no one served him in such a christian way, but on the contrary, in his own phrase, "tried to play me out."

In appearance he was short—five foot six inches approximately, stocky and powerful. He had huge arms and legs, matching a large trunk. He was heavy—nearly two hundred pounds—without being clumsy; quick without being nervous, fair of complexion, and possessed of a grin that made acquaintances into friends. He had a reputation for being fearless without being foolhardy. Splendid canoeist though he was, if he had an unfamiliar rapid to run, he took the precaution to study his course before plunging into the water. He was not the man to avoid a fight, provided his antagonist was big enough, and

his companions on the party often had trouble in persuading him to use diplomacy instead of his fists. He had a sort of superstitious faith in his physical strength, secure in the belief that he could bull-dog anything through, as one of the party put it.

Returned from the Transcontinental work, Street joined the party of F. J. P. Crean in June, 1909, coming back to Ottawa the following December and going out again with a newly organized outfit—also under Mr. Crean—in April, 1910. He was a sort of general utility man, his previous experience making him good at anything, and he earned honorable mention in the reports which were sent back to the Department. The party arrived at Smith's Landing in August of the same year and some six months later to that place came H. V. Radford, searching a companion for his exploration trip, undertaken at the instigation of a New York syndicate, which was to occupy a period of two years and cover a distance, roughly speaking, of 3,000 miles.

For reasons best known to themselves, natives, half breeds and men of the north in general, could not be induced to go. Mr. Radford took note of Street and consulted Mr. Crean. Reluctantly Crean released the young fellow, insisting, however, that his relatives should be advised of the undertaking. It was known to be a hazardous trip, and that fact, coupled with the offer of a comparative large monthly stipend, was a lure too strong to resist. In July of 1911 the two set out.

The expedition proper began on July tenth, from Fort Resolution, and the story of it can best be told in Mr. Radford's own words:

"A half-breed and one Indian accompanied us as far as Artillery Lake, at the edge of the Barren Grounds. We had a heavy load of supplies for a two years' residence in the Barrens and the Arctic, since I could not be sure that the relief supplies which I had requested to be delivered at Chesterfield Inlet would reach their destination. although the Hudson Bay Company at the last moment had very generously promised to endeavor to carry them to that point in their steamer, and land them at the Inlet for me.

"At Artillery Lake, the half breed and Indian turned back. . . I managed to engage two Yellow-Knife Indians whom we found encamped on Artillery Lake to accompany us through Artillery and Clinton-Colden Lakes and down the Hanbury River as far as the junction of the Thelon River. Paying them in advance for this service, they took with them a very small birch-bark canoe which could only carry a fraction of our load; but the Indians were expected to be of much service in helping us across the numerous portages on the Hanbury."

This portion of the journey was rendered even more difficult than it would have been under ordinary circumstances, owing to the increasing sulkiness of the Indians and the fact that Mr. Radford's finger became poisoned through the handling of a quantity of arsenic intended for preparing zoological specimens. One night, about the middle of August, they deserted. There were three reasons why they could not be pursued and brought back—Mr. Radford was virtually a cripple, the poison having spread from his finger all through his arm, and he could not be left alone; the chance of overtaking the deserters was remote and it was essential to push on with all possible speed to reach Chesterfield Inlet before freeze-up. In Radford's words:

"The task before Mr. Street was now indeed monumental, for we were then at the beginning of a long series of dangerous rapids, and portages; and the river was so low—the season being already advanced—and the load in our canoe (about 1,300 pounds) so great, that the navigation of the rapids became exceedingly difficult. Yet, realizing that I was a helpless cripple and unable to render assistance either in the canoe or on the portages. . . Street resolutely expressed his willingness to undertake to navigate the canoe single-handed and to carry every pound of our outfit across the portages."

The afternoon of the same day upon which the Indians deserted, George Street actually did pack the whole outfit across the portage on which they were encamped.

"My wound steadily improved"(Street had skillfully opened and cared for it) "but for several days I could give but little assistance . . . How we escaped disaster in some of the rapids is a mystery to me! Mr. Street rose to every occasion and literally did the work of two men under the most trying conditions. About the third of September we reached the head of Schultz Lake on the lower Thelon

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H. V. RADFORD IN HIS WINTER QUARTERS AT FORT SMITH. SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE INTO THE WILDS. THE WOOD-BISON'S HEAD IS THAT OF THE LARGEST BEAST OF ITS KIND ON RECORD, AND WAS KILLED BY MR. RADFORD FOR ONE OF THE LARGE MUSEUMS

# Madness of the Moon

## By Josephine Daskam Bacon

*Author of "Margarita's Soul," "The Strange Cases of Dr. Stanchon," etc.*

Illustrated by B. J. Rosenmeyer

"I DON'T BELIEVE WE'RE HERE AT ALL," SHE WHISPERED. "LET'S GO ON."

THE village clock boomed out the first strokes of eleven. Solemn and mellow, the waves of sound flowed over the sleeping streets; the aftertones vibrated plaintively. Caroline stirred restlessly, tossing off the sheet and muttering in her dreams. The tears had dried on her hot cheeks; her brows were still knitted.

"Four! Five! Six!" the big bell tolled.

Caroline sat up in bed and dropped her bare, pink legs over the edge. Her eyes were open now, but set in a fixed, unseeing stare.

"Seven! Eight!"

She fumbled with her toes for her leather barefoot sandals and slipped her feet under the ankle straps.

"Nine! Ten!" moaned the bell.

She moved forward, vaguely, in the broad path of moonlight that poured through the wide-open window, and ran her hands like a blind girl over the warm sill, lifting her knee to its level.

"Eleven!"

Before the murmuring aftertones had lost themselves in the night, Caroline was out of the window. She stole lightly along the tin roof, warm yet with the first intense heat of June, dropped easily to the level of the kitchen-ell, and, slipping down upon the massive trunk of the old wistaria, fitted accustomed feet into its curled niches and clambered down among the warm, fragrant clusters. Steeped in the full moon, it sent out its cloying perfume like a visible cloud; her white nightgown glistened ghostlike through the leaves.

She paused a moment in the shadow of the vine, and a great tawny cat, his orange markings distinct in the moonlight, stole to her, brushing against her bare ankles caressingly. As he curled and uncurled his soft tail about her little feet, a sudden impulse caught her, and she started swiftly through the wide backyard, bending to a broken gap in the privet hedge, cutting diagonally across the neighboring grounds, and emerging into a pleasant country road on the outskirts of the little village, with sleeping houses sprinkled along its length, well back, mostly, from its edge, showing here and there a light.

She struck into the soft, dusty road at a quick, swinging pace, the fruit of much walking, and the big yellow cat pattered at her side.

The night was almost windless; sweet, nameless odors poured up from the heated summer soil; the shadows of the grasses were outlined like Japanese pictures on the white roadway. Except for the child and the cat, no living being moved, as far as the eye could see; only the burdocks and mulleins swayed almost imperceptibly with breezes so delicate that the leaf tips of the trees could not feel them.

A great white moth, blundering against a heavy thistle head, tumbled against Caroline's elbow and fluttered clumsily into her face. She started, blinked, drew a long breath, and woke with a frightened gasp. Before her stretched the pale, curving road; above her the spangled sky throbbed and glittered; the earth, drenched in moonlight, beautiful as all lovely creatures caught sleeping, breathed softly into her face and with every breath put courage into her heart.

She looked down and saw the yellow cat, stopping, with one lifted paw, his green, lamplike eyes fixed unwaveringly on hers.

"Why, it's you, Red Rufus!" she whispered, "when did we come here? I don't remember——"

A bat whirred by; the cat pricked his ears.

"I don't believe we're here at all, Red Rufus," she whispered again. "We're just dreaming—at least, I am. I s'pose you're only in my dream. If I was really here, I'd be frightened to death, prob'ly, but if it's just a dream, I think it's lovely. Let's go on. I never had a dream like this—it seems so real, doesn't it, Rufus?"

They went on aimlessly up the road. Quaint little night sounds began now to make themselves heard; now and then a drowsy twitter from the sleeping nests, now and then a distant owl hoot. A sudden gust of honey-suckle, so strong that it was like a friendly, fragrant body flung against her, halted her for a moment, and while she paused, sniffing ecstatically, the low murmur of voices caught her ear.

The honeysuckle ran riot over an old stone wall, followed an arching gateway at the foot of a winding path that led to a lighted house on a knoll above, and flung screening tendrils over an entwined pair that paused just inside the gate. The girl's white, loose sleeves fell back from her round arms as she flung them up about her tall lover's neck; his dark head bent low over hers, their lips met, and they hung entranced in the bowery archway.

For a moment Caroline watched them with frank curiosity. Then something woke and stirred in her, faint and vague, but alive now, and

she turned away her eyes, blushing hot in the cool moonlight.

The soft tones of their good night died into broken whispers; parted from his white lady, he started on for a few, irresolute steps, then flung about suddenly and walked back toward the house, after a low, happy protest. The cooing of some drowsy pigeons in the stable on the other side of the road carried on the lovers' language long after they were out of earshot, and confused itself with them in Caroline's mind.

She wandered on, intoxicated with the mild, spacious night, the dewy freedom of the fields, the delicious pressure of the warm, velvet air against her body. Red Rufus purred as he went, rejoicing with his vagabond comrade. Just how or when she began to know that she was not asleep, just why the knowledge did not alarm her, would be hard to say. But when the truth came to her, the friendly, powdered stars had been above her long enough to accustom her to their winking; the tiny, tentative noises of the night had sounded in her ears till they comforted and reassured her; the vast and empty field stretches meant only freedom and exhilaration. In a sudden delirium of joy she slipped between the bars of a rolling meadow and ran at full speed down its long, grassy slope, her nightgown streaming behind her, her slender, childish legs white as ivory against the greenish-black all around her. Beside her bounded the great cat with shining, gemlike eyes. They rolled down the last reaches of the slope, and all the Milky Way wondered at them, but never a sound broke the solemn quiet of the night: the ecstasy was noiseless.

Her face buried in sweet clover, she panted, prone on the grass.

"Let's go right on, Rufus, and run away, and do just as we please!" she whispered to the nestling cat. "If I can't do like the boys do, I don't want to stay home—the fellows laugh at me! I'd rather be whipped than sent to bed like a girl. I *won't* be a young lady—I *won't*!"

Rufus purred approvingly.

"If I only had some trousers!" she mourned softly; "a boy can do *anything*!"

Across the quiet night there cut a thin, shrill cry; a little, fretful pipe that brought instantly before the mind some hushed, white room with a shaded light and a tiny basket bed. Caroline sat up and stared about her; such cries did not come from open fields. Hardly a stone's throw from her there was a small knoll, and behind it what might have been a large, projecting boulder suddenly flashed into red light and showed itself for a dormer window; a cottage had evidently hidden behind the little hill. Curiously Caroline approached it and walked softly up the knoll.

Almost on the top she paused and peered into the unshaded window. These householders had no fear of peeping neighbors, for only the moon and the night moths found them out, and the simple bedroom was framed like some old naive interior, realistic with the tremendous realism of the Great Artist.

The high, old-fashioned footboard of the bed faced the dormer window, and Caroline could see only the upper portion of the woman's figure as she leaned over a small crib beside her, her heavy dark hair falling across her cheek, and lifted up with careful slowness the tiny creature that wailed in it. Beside her, as he supported himself anxiously on his elbow, the broad chest and shoulders of her young husband rose above the screening foot-board. The mother gazed hungrily at the doll-like, writhing object, passed her hand over its downy forehead, smiled with relief into its opening eyes, and gave it her breast.

Instantly the wail ceased. A slow, placid smile—and yet, not quite a smile; it was rather an elemental content, a gratified drifting into the warm current of the stream of this world's being—spread over the woman's face; the man's long arm wrapped around his wealth, at once protecting and defiant; his head flung back against the world, while his eyes studied humbly the mystery that he grasped. The night lamp behind them threw a halo around the mother and her child, and the great trinity of all times and all faiths gleamed immortal upon the canvas of the simple room—its only spectator a child.

CAROLINE BOWED GRAVELY TO RED RUFUS, AND, SEIZING HIS FEATHERY PAWS, DANCED AROUND THE TINKLING GLISTENING FOUNTAIN

In her, malleable to all the influences of the revealing night, fairly disembodied, in her detached and flitting memories of an infancy that stirred and pained her even as it left her forever, and frightened longing for the motherhood that life was holding for her. No longer an infant, not yet a woman, this creature that was both felt the helplessness of one, the yearning of the other, and as she pressed the nestling cat tightly to her little breast two great, eager tears slipped down her hot cheeks, and a gulping sob, half loneliness, half pure excitement, broke into the gentle stillness of the lighted room.

"Who's there ?"

The man's voice rang like a sudden pistol shot in the night; before Caroline's fascinated gaze the gleaming, softly colored picture faded and vanished into the engulfing darkness, as the lamp went out and a dark, scudding mackerel cloud flew over the moon. Instinctively she fled softly down the knoll, instinctively she dropped behind a bush at the bottom. She heard the rattle of the window pane as the man pushed himself half out of the window; she heard him call back to the waiting room behind him ;

"It's a cat, dear—I saw it plain. It's pretty bright out here. But I thought I saw something white beside it too. I guess I'll take a look around outside."

There was a sound of movement behind the window, and, caught in an ecstasy of terror, Caroline turned at right angles from the fields and ran to the road that gleamed white, far on the other side of the cottage. Panting, she won it, crossed it, and, fairly safe behind the low growth of wayside bushes that fringed its other side, she dashed along, farther and farther from the cottage, more and more frightened with every gasping breath.

On and on she flew, light as a skimming leaf in the wind, the cat bounding in easy, flexible curves beside her. Now a little brown cottage in its plot of land sent them into the road for a moment; now some tiny pond, a mirror for the sprinkled heavens, broke into their course, and they skirted it more slowly, peering curiously into its jeweled depths. With them their hurrying shadows, black on the road, fainter on the grass, fled ceaselessly, hardly more quiet than they. A very intoxication of fear, a panic terror almost delicious drove Caroline through the night, though after a while she ran more slowly. Utterly ignorant of where she was, reckless of where she might go, she swung along under the streaming moon, no white moth or whispering leaf more wholly a part of the night than she.

Whatever idea of going back she might have had was lost long ago; however little she might have meant to range so far, she was now beyond any turning. No wood creature, no skipping faun or startled dryad dancing under the moon could have belonged more utterly than she to the fragrant, mysterious world around her. The bright, bustling life of every day, its clatter of food and drink, its smarts and fatigues, its settled routine of work and play, all seemed as far behind her as some old tale of another life, half forgotten now.

"TELL HER PETER BROUGHT YOU BACK," HE SAID. "JUST PETER. GET UP, JENNY."

Just as her pace subsided into a little skipping trot, a thick hedge sprang up across their path, driving them into the road, and continued, stiff and tall, along its edge. The pure pleasure of conquering its prickly stiffness sent Caroline through it, tearing one sleeve from her nightgown and dragging a great rent in one side of it. Emerging into a magnificent sweep of clipped turf, where wide, leafy boughs spread dappled moon shadows, they made for a whispering, clucking fountain that threw a diamond column straight toward the stars, only to break at the top into a beaded mist and clink musically back to its marble basin. Its rhythmic tinkle, the four ball-shaped box trees at either corner, the carved whiteness of the marble basin, and the massive, pillar-fronted stone house beyond it, all spread a glamour of fairyland and foreign courts. Caroline bowed gravely to the cat, and, seizing his feathery paws, danced, bowing and posturing, in a bewitched abandon around the tinkling, glistening fountain. The plumy tail of Red Rufus flew behind him as he twirled, his little feet pattered furiously after Caroline's twinkling sandals. Stooping over the fountain, she threw a silvery handful high in the air and ran to catch it on her head.

As she stood at last, panting and dazed with her mad circling, she was aware of the low murmur of a voice, rising and falling in a steady measure, reaching out of the dim bulk of the great house, dark and sunk in sleep before her. For a moment a chill fear struck to the bottom of her little heart; was some weird spell aimed at her, some malignant eye spying on her ? She stood frozen to the spot, the tiny drops of sweat cooling on her forehead, while the droning sounded in her ears. Then, out of the very core of her terror, some inexplicable impulse urged her on to face it, and she crept, step by step, the cat tight in her nervous grasp, around the corner of the great house, toward the sound.

This corner was a wing, set at right angles to the main building, and as she rounded it she found herself at the edge of an inner court. In the opposite wing, looking straight across the court, was a lighted room with a long French window opening directly on the shaven turf, and in the center of this window there sat in a high, carved chair a very old woman. She was carefully dressed in deep black, with pure white ruffles at her neck and around her shrunken wrists, and a lace cap on her thin, white hair. Her feet were on a carved footstool, and a quaint silver lamp, set on a slender table at her side, threw a stream of light across the court. Her face, lined with countless wrinkles, was bent upon a large book in her lap; from its pages she read in a low, steady voice—the passionless, almost terrifying voice of great and weary age.

"*Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.*

"*Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God.*"

Caroline stared, fascinated, down the path of lamplight. It marked a bed of yellow tulips with a broad band; they stood motionless, as if carved in ivory.

"*For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.*"

The grave, steady voice flowed out and mingled with the silver lamplight the marble sill of the long window was; white like the sill of a tomb.

"*We spend our years as a tale that is told.*

"*The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.*"

The hot excitement of this magic night cooled slowly; over Caroline's bubbling spirit there fell a mild, strange calm. A breath from the very caverns of the infinite stole out along the path of that silver lamp, and in the grave, surrendered voice there sounded for the child upon life's threshold echoes of the final tolling.

Entranced by the measured cadence, Caroline stepped forward unconsciously and stood, white against the gray stone, full in the path of the lamp. The heavy, wrinkled lids raised themselves from the deep-set eyes, and the aged reader gazed calmly at the little

figure across the court. The withered old hands clasped each other.

"Jemmy! O *Jemmy*!"

Caroline never moved.

"It *is* you, Jemmy!"

The faded eyes devoured the little white figure.

"I thought you'd never come, Jemmy—but I knew they'd send you. I'm all ready. Don't you think I'm afraid, Jemmy; I'm eighty-four years old, and I want to go."

Caroline hardly breathed: a nameless awe held her motionless and silent.

"You see, I don't sleep much any more, Jemmy," the old, toneless voice went on, "and hardly any at night. They're very kind, all of them, but I'm —I'm eighty-four years old, and I want to go."

The ivory tulips gleamed under the stars; the silver lamp burned lower and lower; its oil was nearly gone.

"And you brought your yellow kitty, too, Jemmy! To think of that! Did they think I wouldn't know my baby? It's only fifty years . . . shall I come now, Jemmy?"

The silver lamp went out. In the starlight Caroline saw the lace cap droop forward, as the old woman's head settled gently on her breast. Her hands lay clasped on the great volume; her deep-set eyes were closed. She read no more from the book, and the child, awed and sober, stole like a shadow behind the gray wall and left the quiet figure in the carved chair.

Her feet fell into a tiny graveled path, and she drifted aimlessly along it, musing on the meaning of what she had heard. Almost she had persuaded herself that the gray stone building was an enchanted palace, and herself a fairy messenger sent to break the spell, when the delight of pushing through a tiny turnstile and finding a running brook with a waterfall in it close at hand drove everything else from her mind. The grounds had completely changed their character by now; the turnstile marked the end of cultivation, and the little path, no longer graveled, wound through the wild woodland. Here and there a boulder blocked the way; the undergrowth became dense; great clumps of fern and rhododendron sent out their heavy, rank odors. Now and again the spicy scent of warm pines and cedars prepared the ear for the gentle, ceaseless rustle of their stiff foliage; little scufflings and chitterings at the ground level told of wood-people wakened by the presence of Red Rufus.

A strange whitish bulk that glimmered through the thinning foreground, too big for even a big boulder, too symmetrical and quiet for a waterfall, tempted Caroline on, and she pressed forward hastily, lost in speculation, when a sudden odor foreign to the woods stopped her short at the very edge of a little glade, and she paused, sniffing curiously.

A man, bareheaded, with grizzled curly hair, turned suddenly, not ten feet from her, and stared dumfounded at her, his twisted, brown cigar an inch from his lips.

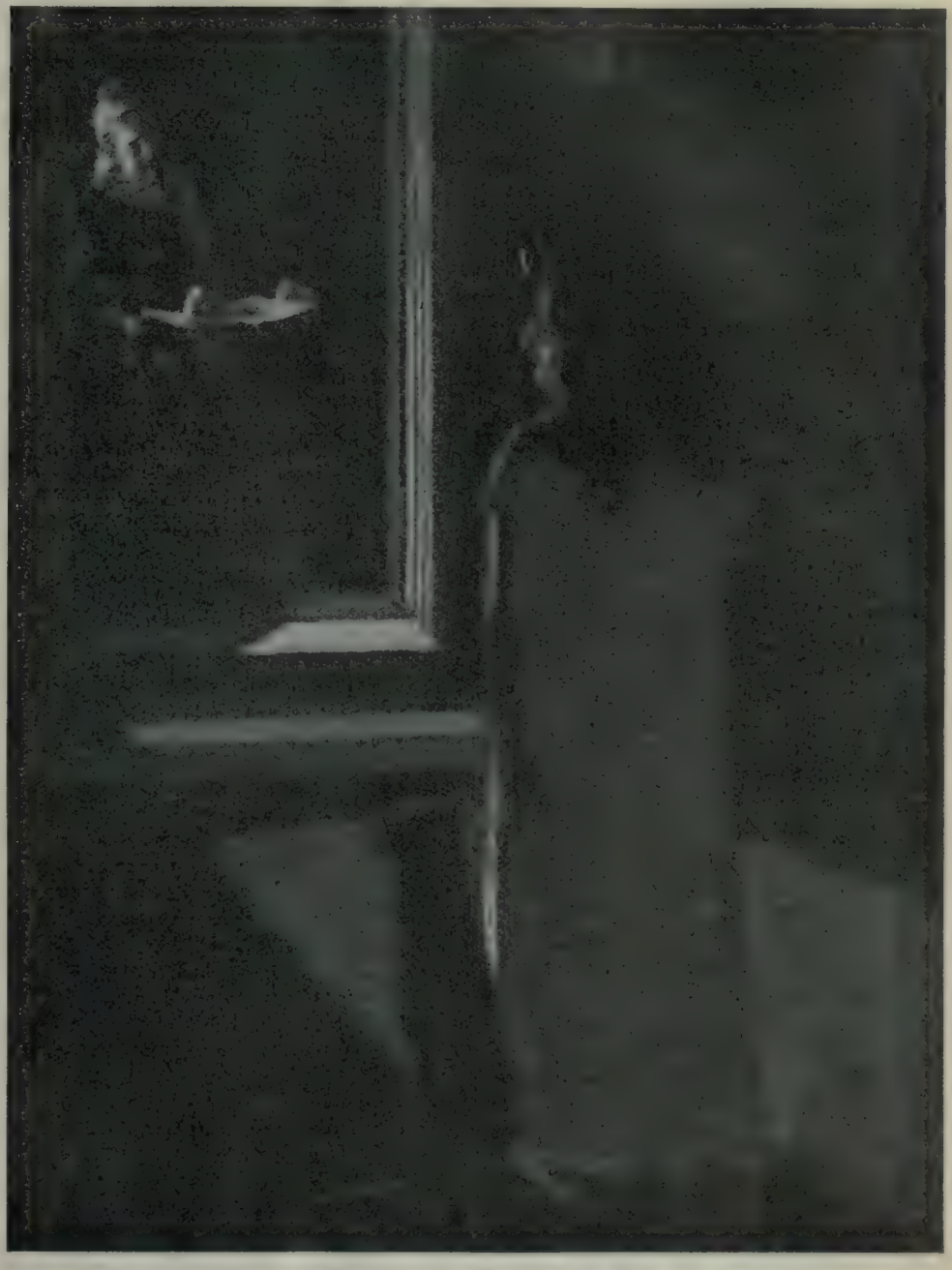
The torn-out sleeve of her nightgown had bared one side of her waist; the great rent that slit the lower half of the garment left one slender leg uncovered above her white knee. A spray of wild azalea wreathed her dark, tumbled hair, and Rufus, his plumy tail curled around her feet in the shadow, and his green eyes flaming, might have been a baby panther. She leaned one hand on the rough bark of a chestnut and gazed with startled eyes at the man; it seemed that the forest must swallow her at a breath from a human throat.

He lifted one hand and pinched the back of the other with it till his face contorted with the pain.

"Then there *are* such things!" he said, softly; "well, why not?"

He moved forward almost imperceptibly. "If I were younger, I should know you were not possible," he muttered, "but now I know that I have never doubted you—really."

Again he took a small step. Caroline, paralyzed with fear and embarrassment, for she thought he was merely teasing her a little before he punished her—his pleasant, low voice and whimsical manners brought her back suddenly to the ordinary world and the stern facts of her escapade—



"DID THEY THINK I WOULDN'T KNOW MY BABY?" SAID THE OLD VOICE. "IT'S ONLY FIFTY YEARS. . . . SHALL I COME NOW, JEMMY?

shivered slightly, but did not attempt flight.

"It was this extraordinary night that brought you out, of course," he went on, again slightly shortening the distance between them, "you and the little cub. It was a moon out of five thousand, I admit. Do you live in that chestnut ?"

With a sudden agile bound he covered the space between them and seized her by the shoulder.

"Aha !" he cried, "I have—good heavens, it *is* a child !"

"Of course I am—I'm Caroline," she murmured, writhing under his grasp.

He pulled her out into the little glade.

"Oh ! you're Caroline, are you ?" he repeated, thoughtfully; "dear me, you gave me quite a turn, Caroline. Where did you come from—the big house ?"

"I came from a long way," she said briefly. "I was—I was taking a walk. Where do you live ? Don't you ever go to bed ?"

The man chuckled.

"I have been feeling adventures in my bones all day," he said, "and here they are—a child and a cat. If you will come with me, Mademoiselle, I will show you where I live."

He led the way gravely to the dim, white object, and Caroline perceived it to be a tent, pitched by the side of a spring that poured through a tiny pipe set into the rock. The tent flap was tied back, and she saw inside it a narrow cot, covered with a coarse blue blanket, a roughly made table spread with a game of *solitaire*, and a small leather trunk. On the further side of the tent there smoked, in a rude, improvised oven of stones, a dying fire. Above it, under a shelf nailed to the tree, hung a few simple utensils; two or three large stumps had been hacked into the semblance of seats.

To one of these stumps the man led Caroline, and, seating her, he turned to the shelf above the fire and fumbled among the pots and pans there, producing finally a buttered roll, a piece of maple sugar, and a small fruit tart.

"You must be hungry," he said simply, and Caroline ate greedily. After he had brought her a tin cup of the spring water, he selected a brown pipe from a half dozen on the shelf and began filling it from a leather pouch that hung on the tree.

"Now let's hear all about it," he said easily.

"I am running away," said Caroline abruptly. At that moment it really seemed that she had planned her flight from the hour that left her, tear-stained and disgraced, in her little bed.

"They didn't treat you well ?" he suggested, picking out a red ember from the coals on the point of a knife and applying it to the pipe.

"I'm not to wear my knickers any more," Caroline said, with a gulp, "and my bathing suit has to have a skirt. I've got to stop p-playing with the b-boys—so much, that is," she added, honestly.

The man turned his head slightly.

"That seems hard," he said; "what's the reason ?"

"I'm 'most twelve," said Caroline; "you have to be a young lady, then."

"I see," the man said. He looked at her thoughtfully. "I suppose you *would* look larger in more clothes," he added.

"That's it," she assured him, "I do. That's just it."

"And so you expect to avoid all this by running away ?" he asked, settling into his own stump seat. "I'm afraid you can't do it."

Caroline set her teeth. He regarded her quizzically.

"See here," he went on, "I wish you'd take my advice in this matter."

They confronted each other in the starlight, a strange pair before the dying fire. The moon had gone, and the stars, though bright, seemed less solid and less certainly gold than before. A cool breeze swept through the wood and Caroline shivered in her torn night-dress. The man stepped into the tent and returned with a long army cloak. This he wrapped round her and removed to his seat, with Rufus on his knee.

"My name," he said, "is Peter. Everybody calls me that—just Peter. I don't know exactly why it is, but a lot of people—all over—have got into the way of taking my advice. Perhaps because I've knocked about all over the world more or less, and haven't got any wife or children or brothers and sisters of my own to advise, so I take it out on everybody else. Perhaps because I try to put myself in the other fellow's place before I advise him. Perhaps because I've had a little trouble of my own, here and there, and haven't forgotten it. Anyhow, I get used to talking things over."

A gentle stirring seemed to pass through the woods; the birds spoke softly back and forth, a squirrel chattered. Again that cool wind swept over the trees.

"Now, take it this week," the man went on, puffing steadily; "you wouldn't believe the people just about here who've asked for my advice. I usually camp up here for a week or so in the summer—the people who own the property like to have me here—and the first day I unpacked up comes a nice girl—I used to make birch whistles for her mother—to tell me all about her young man. She brought me that spray of honeysuckle over the pipes—grows over the front gate. She wants to marry him before her father gets to like him, but she hates to run away. "Would you advise me to, Peter ?" she says. And I advised her to wait.

"Then there's my friend the blacksmith. He lives in a queer little house with dormer windows under a hill, just off the county road. He's got a new baby, and he was afraid it wouldn't pull through. He knew I'd seen a lot of babies—black and red and yellow—and *he* wanted my advice. 'Peter, what'll I do ?' he says, 'what'll I do ?'

" 'Why, just wait, Harvey. He'll live. Just wait,' I told him."

Caroline listened with interest. He might have been talking to his equal in years, from his tone.

"Then, oddly enough," he continued, "here's my old friend in the big house up yonder—and she *is* old—and what do you think she's worried about ? She's afraid she *won't* die ! 'Oh, Peter,' she says to me—she's fond of me because I'm the same age of a little boy of hers that died—'it seems to me that I can't wait, Peter ! What shall I do ?' she says. And I tell *her* to wait. 'Dear old friend,' said I to her last night, 'it will come. It's bound to come. Just be patient.' "

He paused and knocked his pipe empty.

"Now, as to your case," he said, "I know how you feel. I'm sorry for you—by the Lord, I'm sorry for you ! But what's the use of running away ? You'll keep on growing up, you know. It's one of the things that doesn't stop. You can't beat the game by wearing knickers, you know. And then, there'd come a time when you'd want to quit, anyhow."

She shook her head.

"Really, you would," he assured her, persuasively. "They all do."

"That's what Uncle Joe says," she admitted, "and Aunt Edith. She changed her mind, she says——"

"Are you talking about Joe Holt ?" Peter demanded.

"Yes—do you know him ? He lives in a big white house with wistaria on the side," Caroline cried, joyfully.

"I was a senior when he was a freshman," said Peter. "Then he's taken the Washburn house."

"Do you know Aunt Edith, too ?" asked Caroline.

"Yes," said Peter, after a pause, "yes, I know Aunt Edith—or used to. But I didn't know she—they were up in this country. I haven't seen her—them for a good while. Does—does she sing yet ?"

"Oh, yes, but not on the stage any more, you know," Caroline explained.

"I see. Does she sing, I wonder, a song about—Oh, something about 'my heart' ?"

" 'My heart's own heart,' you mean,' Caroline said, importantly; "yes, indeed. It's her encore song."

"I see," said Peter again.

He looked into the fire, and there was a long silence. After a while he shook his shoulders like a water-dog.

"Now, Caroline," he said briskly, "here's the way of this business. You can't wear knickers until you're one of the boys, and you can't be one of the boys until you wear knickers. Do you see? So you don't get anywhere."

Caroline looked puzzled. She was suddenly overcome with sleep, and the old familiar names and ways tasted of home and comfort to her soul.

"You're too nice to be a boy, Caroline," said Peter, leaning over her and brushing her azalea-crowned hair tenderly with his lips. "If you persist in this plan of running away to be a boy, some boy, growing up anxiously, somewhere, will never forgive you! Take my advice, and wait—will you? Say 'Yes, Peter.'"

"Yes, Peter," Caroline murmured, drowsily.

"Good girl! Then I'll take you home with my little donkey. I don't believe they've missed you yet. You have come four miles, though, you little gypsy!"

He disappeared behind the trees, and Caroline nodded. Later she woke sufficiently to find herself and Rufus on the blue blanket on the bottom of a little donkey cart; Peter stood by the gentle, long-eared head.

"Thank you, Peter," she murmured, half asleep, "and you'll see Aunt Edith, won't you?"

"I don't believe so," he said, very low. "Not yet. Tell her Peter brought you back. Just Peter. But he can't come yet. Get up, Jenny!"

They wound out by an old wood road. A cool spiciness flowed through the green aisles, and as the tiny donkey struck into a dog trot, the man striding easily at her head, a faraway cock crowed shrilly and the dawn gleamed white.

# McGonnigal

## By Frederick William Wallace

### Part II.—Spring o' the Year.

*Continued from October.*

IN the shantys, a man is asked but few questions as to how he came to be there, and McGonnigal merely passed the fact that he had deserted from a ship in Quebec. From early morning to dusk, he labored as "odd job" man; sharpening saws and axes, loading teams in the rollways, breaking out and hauling logs in the bush, and in a variety of ways where agility and muscular strength are called into requisition. With the foreman he became a great favorite owing to his willingness to work, and among the men he was popular when he showed that he was not a camp "bully."

Around the blazing stove at nights, when the logs of the building cracked with the frost, they listened and laughed at his yarns of the sea and foreign ports, and when he trolled out the burden of the old deepwater hauling choruses, the gang would chantey the refrains with thundering gusto. Saturday nights were riotous with all hands shouting and singing, step dancing and wrestling, while the silences of the forest were rudely awakened by bawling of iron lunged men, and the melodious notes of mouth organ and fiddle. The inevitable jar of *whiskey blanc* would circle merrily, slaking thirsty throats and creating a jovial *bonhomie* among these rough hard bitten men.

It was a great winter, and McGonnigal loved the life. The hard work was play to him, after years of knocking about the Seven Seas, and the warmth and cheeriness of the bunkhouse appealed to him, as no "lime juicer's" foc'sle ever did.

A sailor has a strange love for the

woods and the greenery of the fields. On his watery home, he hungers for the pastoral and the rustic, and the smell of new mown or fresh plowed earth creates in him a strange longing to break for the soil. For a space, it was so with McGonnigal, but somehow or other, when the sun hauled to the nor'ard in his diurnal traverse, the McGonnigal soul sighed for the sight of blue water and the feel of a ship's deck again. The rustic life hardly seemed to satisfy, and when he heaved at a big stick with a cant hook, he often wished he was stamping around with a capstan bar in his fist, and a foretopsail loosed above him.

As the days passed, the sun's rays caused the snow to trickle from the pine branches, and sun blackened men hung wet socks and soggy moccasins to dry at the camp stove o' nights. The winter's cut of logs were nearly all hauled out to the banks or on the ice of the small tributary branching off from the St. Anne, and the gang were talking of the drives and the town again.

Before the opening of the dam and the disgorging of the winter's cut to the big river, McGraw took the sailor aside one night.

"Red," said he. "I guess ye've heard o' Morton's camp on the other side o' th' Sant' Anne yonder?"

McGonnigal nodded. "What about it, sorr?"

"Well, I hev a little scheme in mind that I wanter work on them. They've got a big French bully over there who thinks he's boss o' th' Sant' Anne River, an' ef he drives his cut down afore me, there's no workin' with him. He's full o'dirty tricks, an' him an' me don't pull on th' same whiffletree, so I wanter fix him good this time. He's big, tough an' ugly, an' a perfect devil ter scrap, but he's too much fur me ter tackl——"

"Is it Bully McShanty ye're talkin' about?" interrupted the sailor.

"Aye, that's th' man," continued McGraw. "Now th' Morton people have a creek runnin' thro' their limit which opens inter th' St. Anne a little lower down than ours, an' as soon as the ice goes, Bully Mechante is goin' t:r work like th' devil ter drive his logs down ahead o' us. Of course it's an even chanst for th' two of us, but I'm blamed if I'm goin' ter foller that big brute down this spring. I'm goin' ter be first, or I'll know th' reason why. What I want ye ter do, Red, is ter go

Continued on page 57.

# The Yankee Bar On Canadian Soil

## By Ernest Cawcroft

Illustrated from Photographs

LORD CHANCELLOR RICHARD BURTON HALDANE AND HIS SISTER ARRIVING AT MONTREAL

THE event of September was the meeting of the American Bar Association at Montreal. This organization is unique in itself, but its recent convention attracted the attention, no less than developed the keen interest, of lay and professional circles. England has associations of barristers in given cities, and organizations of solicitors in certain sections, but the advocates of England have no general society which is representative of the profession throughout the United Kingdom. The Provinces of Canada have their several legal associations, but the Dominion has no united body in which the profession in general may seek membership. In voting, therefore, to hold a general convention of the lawyers of the United States in the Metropolis of French Quebec, the American Bar Association indulged in an experiment vouchsafed to it alone; and one which because of its conceded successs is destined to affect the policies of the nations there represented.

The visitor to Montreal observed at the outset that more distinguished men were there gathered than in any previous assemblage on the continent of North America. And, indeed, the observer realized that what was designed to be a convention of lawyers had in fact resolved itself into an Anglo Saxon Peace Conference.

It implied breadth of vision upon the part of the American Bar Association to decide to convene on Canadian soil. This was the first instance in the history of the Dominion in which a Yankee organization of national scope held its convention on Canadian territory. But while the American brethren are entitled to credit for initiating an Anglo-Saxon peace conference in the guise of a professional convention, the bars of Canada, England and France are worthy of praise for the able and hospitable spirit in which their members joined in grasping the possibilities of this assembly, and in making of it not only a successful professional conference, but something more as a force in the relations of three nations.

Now there have been conventions of the American Bar Association before and there will be similar gatherings again. In the past, as surely in the future, the resolutions of this body as to relations of the law to questions of public policy have received the consideration of the people of America; but the deliberations of this association on Canadian soil, were for the first time brought to the attention of the world through being made the subject of discussion by the international press.

The giving of an international aspect to this convention may be attributed to three or four features of the gathering, each of which should—but cannot—receive more than a paragraph of consideration.

In the first place, the Bar Association by going to Montreal expressed the view of the American people that Canada is a member of the family of nations and that a marked difference of opinion about reciprocity trade treaties cannot mar the relations of the two peoples; secondly, the acceptance of an invitation by the Lord Chancellor, and the making of his presence the occasion of an international message, evidenced a newer conception of the relationship of an English minister of State to the dominions beyond the seas; and thirdly, but not inclusively, the convention attracted a larger number of men who, being more than lawyers, have played and are taking a distinctive part in shaping the judicial economic and political policies of the nations on each side of the international line.

But an American lawyer must admit that this convention of the Bar Association without the Lord Chancellor would have been nothing more, or less, than such a convention. It was the desire for his presence which was a factor in taking the convention to Montreal; and it was the fact of his presence which got the deliberations of the convention into the international prints.

It may, indeed, be an easy matter to get the Lord Chancellor into office, —although English barristers do not fight shy of this tenure at fifty thousand dollars a year; his term ends by death or decapitation, which in the past has not been so difficult; but it has not been in the past and it is not now, an easy thing to get the Lord

Chancellor out of the United Kingdom. Lord Chancellors seem to like old England, and moreover, they feel safer in the presence of the Great Seal.

The Great Seal—and many lesser ones—comes down to us from the days when even the learned, those high in authority, did not write, and when the affixing of the Seal was essential to the validity of official acts and instruments. The manner of appointing successive Lord Chancellors is indicative of the meaning of the Great Seal in the history and official life of England. Many great and small office holders are appointed by Letters Patent, or by certificates of authority as in this country.

But in the appointment of a Lord Chancellor the King signs no Letters Patent,—he simply delivers the Great Seal as the Lord Chancellor-elect kneels before him in the presence of the Privy Council. The possessor of the Great Seal has access to the Sovereign on terms of equality almost with the Archbishop of Canterbury as the hereditary spiritual adviser of the English Sovereign.

The Great Seal cannot be taken out of the United Kingdom; and thus in the past, successive Lord Chancellors have had a variety of personal and public reasons for not separating themselves from the Great Seal. These reasons cumulated into a precedent, and precedent is no light thing in the law and life of England. It is true that James II. threw it into the Thames, but that was the act of the king and not his chancellor; Cardinal Wolsey wanted to keep the Seal and desired to go to France and for doing both at the same time was subjected to impeachment. Lord Brougham, chancellor to George the Fourth, sometimes forgot the Great Seal when making the round of the great country houses, but that was in the days when no gentleman remained sober after sunset. It was under the pressure of these precedents that President Kellogg, of the American Bar Association went to London to invite the Lord Chancellor to attend the convention in the United States—and succeeded in getting his Lordship to attend in His Majesty's French Province of Quebec.

PRESIDENT KELLOGG, OF THE AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION

But sons of the Mother Country on both sides of the international line will be glad to learn that the Lord Chancellor did not depart without due deliberation from the United Kingdom and not until the Great Seal had as many guardians appointed as care for a an infant monarch.

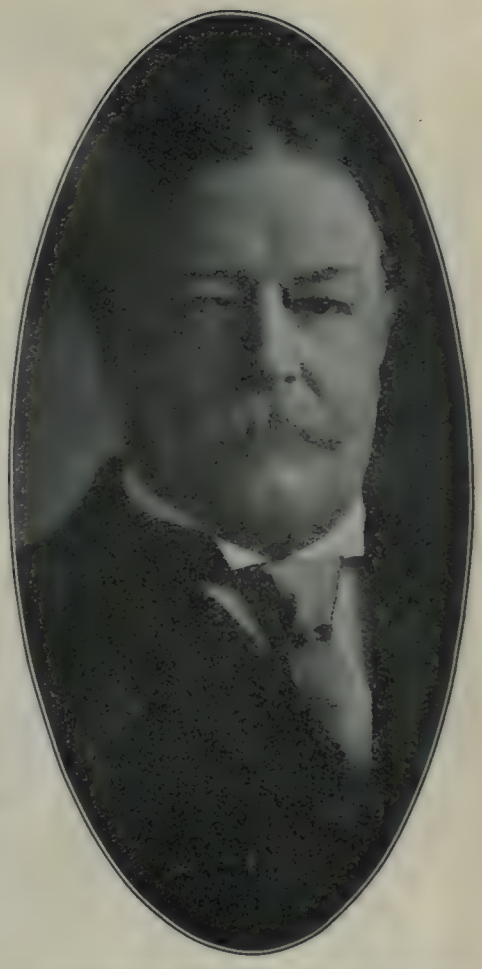
The London Gazette, which is the official circular of the English Court, recently contained this quaint sixteenth-century announcement under a twentieth-century date line:—

"Crown Office, August 7, 1913. The King has been pleased by Letters Patent under the Great Seal, bearing date the 25th day of July, 1913, to appoint:

The Right Hon. John Viscount Morley of Blackburn, Lord President of the Council; the Right Hon. William Earl Beauchamp, First Commissioner of Works, etc., and the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Hardy Cozens Hardy, Master of the Rolls, to be Commissioners for the care and custody of the Great Seal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, during any absence of the Right Hon. Richard Burdon Viscount Haldane, K.T., Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, from the United Kingdom."

And thus the Lord Chancellor got started for North America, with his own and the King's conscience in good condition.

His Lordship was the central figure in a series of international paradoxes from the moment of his arrival. He was greeted with marked applause as he came upon the platform at the opening session of the convention, and took a seat between Premier Borden and Ex-President Taft. An attempt at reciprocity helped one in and the other out of public office. Premier Borden welcomed Haldane and the Bar Association to the Dominion; and he did it with such delicacy of taste that every one seemed to forget that they were celebrating Commodore Perry and the war of 1812 over in Buffalo, and the facts seemed to have



EX-PRESIDENT WILLIAM H. TAFT, A NOTABLE FIGURE AT THE ASSOCIATION MEETING

steeped into the minds of those present, that while Canada and the United States could not get together on reciprocity; while the United States and England cannot strike a bargain as to Panama Canal tolls; and though the naval contribution of the Borden Government to the Mother Country has consisted of marine speeches and deep-sea editorials,—the world to-day recognized the two concrete facts that no fortress guards the three thousand mile line between the Republic and the Dominion; that war between the three nations is an impossibility; and that if the American and English marines ever smell each other's powder, it will be when the two fleets go into action under one commander in an effort to maintain the supremacy of the white race.

But the paradoxes did not end at the first session. There were a few at the Monday afternoon session, which was devoted to Lord Haldane. It was fitting that the highest judicial officer of the United States,—Chief Justice White,—should be presented to introduce the supreme judicial officer of Great Britain,—Lord Chancellor Richard Burton Haldane. We wondered as the suave Chief Justice welcomed the Chancellor if it occurred to him and to those present, that this

jurist who began his career in Louisiana,—which as a former French colony impressed its code on that state as a system of common law,—was indulging in an international novelty in their presenting an Ex-Minister of War in His Majesty's French Province of Quebec, where the same system of jurisprudence has left its imprint. How better to signalize the cordial relations of three ancient enemies?

But the Lord Chancellor is a man of vision. He showed it in the anticipations of his address. He presented a prepared speech which fitted into these novel and paradoxical features of what proved to be an international occasion. Those who knew of Haldane as a scholar among scholars would have been pleased to hear him discuss the historical evolution of the law; those who were familiar with his career as an English practitioner and minister-of-war would have been glad to hear him speak upon the concrete problems of modern legal administration; but both were gratified that he chose to depart from a mere professional lecture; that as a catholic minded cosmopolitan he chose the subject, "Higher Nationality," and that he made of his address an international message of good will by authority of his Sovereign, whose words he read as follows:—

"I have given my Lord Chancellor permission to cross the seas, so that he may address the meeting at Montreal. I have asked him to convey from me to that great meeting of the lawyers of the United States and of Canada my best wishes for its success. I entertain the hope that the deliberations of the distinguished men of both countries who are to assemble at Montreal may add yet further to the esteem and good-will which the people of the United States and of Canada and the United Kingdom have for each other.

It is needless to detail the text of the address here because that is not the purpose of this article and in any event the words of the Lord Chancellor were given as wide international publication in the first instance as is usually given to an important encyclical by the Holy See. It suffices to say by way of commendation that if the Carnegie Peace Foundation will arrange for the rereading of this address throughout America, it will do much to propagate that conception of international ethics without which the Peace of God, that peace not based on fear, is finally impossible.

The scene at McGill University the same afternoon was not less interesting than the one at the Princess Theatre. The decision of the University Council to confer degrees upon representative.

Continued on page 15.

# The Manor Inn

## By Margaret G. MacWhirter

### Decorations by Donald MacGregor

"IT'S a letter from Tom," said Ellen Winchester, turning to her mother with an open letter in her hand.

"And he wants me to go to him. He says his regiment is likely to be stationed in M—— for a while, and he thinks I had better join him."

"How can you go, Ellen? You have no money for the stage, and it's a long walk, my girl."

"I know mother, but I'm young and strong, and have enough saved to buy my bite and sup along the road. It's eight long months since we've been parted, mother."

"Belikes you're lonesome, lass; a soldier's wife is often that. Be thankful there's a little rest from the war. Well, well, my girl, you must just please yourself. If Tom bids you go, and you're willing to obey him, I've nothing to say; however much I'll miss you, I'll not bid ye stay; no doubt he's longing for a sight of your bonnie face, my lass."

Ellen threw her arms around the elder woman's neck, holding her in a tight embrace, while tears gathered in her eyes as she received her mother's kiss.

A few days later Ellen Winchester set off on her long walk of two hundred miles to join her husband whose regiment was stationed about that

THE MANOR INN WAS AN EXCELLENT STOPPING PLACE

distance from her home which was in the west of England.

The time was about the beginning of the last century, when the mode of travel was vastly different to that of the present day.

With a small bundle in her hand, her carefully hoarded money in her pocket, and stout shoes upon her feet, she set off. Her heart felt heavy at the parting with her mother, and she dreaded the long lonely journey through a strange country, yet as she had already said, she was young and strong; she was brave too, as became the wife of a soldier, and her heart was filled with love for her handsome husband who was now a corporal; so with as bright a face as she could present she bade the dear home people good-bye, and set her face to the journey.

Calling at the farm-houses along her way she was invariably treated with kindness and consideration, for England dearly loves a soldier, and this brave, bonnie soldier's wife with her shy, modest ways won all hearts. Often she was given a lift over weary miles in a farmer's cart, or market-wagon. Thus day followed day till the journey was more than half-done.

One evening she reached the Manor Inn, a larger and more imposing hostelry than any she had hitherto seen. In other days it had been a mansion of considerable size and magnificence, as evidenced by the number of buildings and out-houses. The eastern side of the old mansion had been converted into an inn. A long wing with upper and lower chambers extended beyond and behind the front of the main house, forming a division known as an L, and affording accommodation for the many travellers who called here, journeying back and forth

from north to south, and also across country, for the Manor Inn, situated near the cross-roads, was a convenient stopping place.

Tired out, Ellen Winchester requested admittance from the landlord, which was granted after a moment's hesitation, and she was brought into the large parlor, where seated in a huge arm-chair she met the one other guest, a big, burly, good-natured north country drover, returning from a journey to the south. The landlady, bustling around, soon had a good supper placed before the travellers. Ellen ate heartily of the bacon, bread and home-made cheese, with which the table was bountifully supplied. Soon after, pleading fatigue, she went to rest.

The old dame conducted her guest to an upper chamber in the front corner of the main house, remarking as she placed the candle on the table:

"I hope you're a good sleeper, for folks arrive here at all hours, but you needn't be alarmed; there's nobody'll harm you."

"I'm sure to sleep well, I'm so tired," Ellen answered pleasantly.

In fact she was almost falling asleep while she waited for the landlady to depart, ere undressing.

"Good-night, and thank you kindly," she said as the old woman at last went away.

Ellen was asleep almost as soon as her head touched the pillow. How long she slept she did not know, but suddenly she was awakened by a scream of agony, which rang through the silent house, followed almost immediately by the sound of a heavy body falling—then silence.

Shaking with terror, Ellen crept out of bed, and stole to the door of her room, which was unlocked, as she had been unable to find the key when retiring. She opened it very, very quietly; the long passage was dark and

WHEN SHE CAME TO HERSELF, THE BRIGHT LIGHT OF DAY HAD COME

silent as the grave. A shudder ran through her frame. Was it all a horrible night-mare brought on by the heavy supper she had eaten?

Closing the door softly she stole to the window and looked out. The night was clear; the sky studded with stars. Everything was still.

Ellen noticed that a light burned in one of the upper chambers of the long wing, into which she could see without difficulty. Two lighted candles placed upon a table revealed the apartment, which appeared to be in a state of disorder; the clothes had been thrown from the bed, and an upturned chair lay upon the floor. With her hands tightly pressed to still the wild beating of her heart, Ellen continued to gaze into the room. Presently a look of horror came into her eyes, but fascinated with terror she gazed steadfastly at the scene before her. Across her vision passed the figures of the landlord and his wife, dragging with difficulty the body of a man across the floor. Reaching the opposite side of the room they paused. Ellen saw the man rub his hand across the wall, as though searching for something. A door flew open, and towards this entrance the man and woman pushed and dragged the body; suddenly it disappeared from her sight as though it had tumbled down a descent, probably a stair-case. Trembling so that she could scarcely stand, Ellen turned to flee, but whither could she go?

Summoning all her resolution she lay down upon the bed in as natural a position as possible, and composed herself as though asleep. Gradually the wild beating of her heart subsided, and her pulses obeyed the mandate of her will. Now with herself under rigid self-control she awaited she knew not what.

Hours seemed to pass—so long the time seemed, then—ah! Now was the hour of trial.

A stealthy step sounded at her door; very gently the latch was lifted, and with a cat-like motion the landlord and his wife entered and approached the bed. Eagerly the intruders looked down upon the sleeping woman whose natural breathing satisfied the man, for he said in a low whisper:

"She's asleep; she heard nothing; come away."

But pushing him aside his wife crept closer to the edge of the bed, then leaning over the sleeping woman she passed the lighted candle before her eyes. Once, twice, thrice,—— Ellen felt that she must strike the candle from the old woman's hand and scream, and scream. She could not maintain that awful control a moment longer. Meantime, her brain worked with the rapidity of lightning; if she failed at this crisis, what then? Only too well did she know her fate. No, no, she must not give up. A little longer,—then the woman turned and joined her husband near the door. Their low-spoken words reached the ears of Ellen, strained to catch the slightest sound:

"She seems asleep; but what do you think, hadn't we better make sure? Dead men tell no tales."

"No!" was the impatient response. "What gain is it to kill her? She knows nothing; let her be, lest she wake and make bother. We've other work to do yet."

The woman turned, giving one final glance at the silent figure breathing in a deep sleep of fatigue and unconsciousness and softly as they had entered the landlord and his wife departed.

THE LANDLADY BUSTLED AROUND HEARTILY AND SOON HAD A GOOD SUPPER FOR THE TRAVELLERS

Ellen heard the door close, then stealthy steps echoing along the passage till finally they died away, descending a distant stair-case. Now she felt herself sinking, sinking to unfathomable depths, and she knew no more.

When she came to herself the bright sun was shining into her room. Thank God she was still alive, and the glorious day was here. But, she must be careful; one false step, and her life would be the forfeit.

Descending to the parlor she encountered the landlord.

"Good morning sir," she said shyly. "I am ashamed to be so late, but I was tired and the bed was soft, so I forgot to wake."

"Did you sleep well?" The man asked in a tone which he tried to render pleasant.

"You need hardly ask me that, when you look at the clock," she replied with a laugh.

"I hope you weren't disturbed in the night; there are so many coming and going at all hours," the man pursued.

"I think I must have fallen asleep as soon as I went to bed," answered Ellen so naturally that the man's suspicions were dispelled.

"It must be a hard, busy life for you," continued Ellen in a sympathetic tone; "but I do not know where else I could have gone yester' evening, I was so tired; so I thank you for keeping me."

"Oh ! It's hard enough, but some one must do it," the landlord said with a short laugh. "Here, good wife, bring the lass her breakfast."

From the alacrity with which she responded Ellen judged that she had not been far off during the conversation between the landlord and herself.

Quietly she ate her breakfast, then apparently loath to leave such comfortable quarters, she at last bade them farewell, with fervent thanks for their kind and generous treatment of her, and carrying along a substantial lunch of bread and cheese with which the dame insisted upon presenting her, and continued her journey.

Poor Ellen's feelings may be better imagined than described as she walked slowly away from the Manor Inn.

Her senses were oblivious to the charm of the summer morning—the green fields, hawthorn hedges and sweet scents of nature appealed to her in vain. Her mind was filled with the problem of the preceding night.

She had gone several miles when she observed a man on horseback coming towards her. As he came nearer he drew rein, accosting her civilly, enquiring if she had travelled far, and asking direction where he could rest and feed his horse, as he had been travelling since daybreak.

"I came from the Manor Inn," she replied. "And I have no doubt they would be glad to accommodate you."

"Is it a good house, madam ?" he asked, Ellen thought a little too quickly.

"They were kindness itself to me, for when I was leaving this morning the good woman insisted upon giving me a lunch that will last all day. I assure you I found them kind and obliging. Call and see for yourself sir," replied Ellen, dropping a courtesy, and preparing to move on.

The man gave her a searching look, then his brow cleared, and bidding her a civil good-day he spurred on his horse.

Heaving a sigh of relief, Ellen Winchester pursued her way.

The long summer day was drawing to a close, and wondering where she should find lodging for the night, Ellen suddenly came upon an old woman, sitting by the roadside apparently half-dead with fatigue. As Ellen drew near the old woman accosted her in a feeble voice, asking if she had a bit of bread to give her for the love of God. Immediately Ellen opened her bundle, and gave her the remainder of the generous lunch with which she had been supplied by the landlady of the Manor Inn.

"Where are you going, young woman ?" the old crone asked in a wheedling tone. "You look tired: have you travelled far to-day ?"

"Only from the Manor Inn," replied Ellen, while her heart gave a warning throb.

"The Manor Inn ! That's a good ways from here. Weren't you frightened to stop there, my woman ?" asked the old dame in an insinuating tone as though inviting confidence.

Looking quietly at her interrogator, Ellen asked:

"Why should I be afraid ?"

"They do say as it's haunted, and queer tales are told of strange noises that are heard in the night. Did you hear nothing ?"

Ellen laughed merrily.

"Such nonsense as people do talk. When people are as tired as I am at night, they are glad to sleep, and not bother with notions. Why I was ashamed to come down this morn, I

Continued on page 56.

# With "Pat" Burns' Cattlemen

## HOW A SCHOLASTIC GOWN WAS CHANGED FOR A PAIR OF SHEEPSKIN "CHAPS" AND A DOMINIE TRANSFORMED INTO AN ALBERTA COW-PUNCHER

### By W. Irving Thomas

TWELVE years ago, just out of college, I began what I thought was to be my life's work, teaching in a high school of an eastern city; but the city was growing rapidly and the students of the high school were increasing in number more rapidly than the dollars which the ratepayers were willing to furnish for teachers. Consequently I found that there were so many placed under my instruction that I must either neglect some of them or do more work than could possibly be crowded into regular working hours. I was young and ambitious; if I remember correctly there was some extravagant notion in my mind about doing unusual things for the benefit of the rising generation; at any rate I worked through all of the daylight hours and often well into the night; worst of all, though I had always been fond of hunting and fishing and horseback riding, I had no time for these; they were crowded out entirely. At first I did not realize how hard this sudden change in my habits would be upon my health; before I woke up to my danger, I could neither eat nor sleep and the doctors told me that if I were to live at all it would be out of doors. It was within a week or two of the summer vacation; I was quite at a loss to know what out door vacation offered the best prospects.

Ever since I can remember anything I have been very fond of horses; it chanced that in going to the business part of the city from my boarding place, I passed one of the fire halls; there were, of course, several very fine horses kept there by the fire department and I never tired of going in to look at them; incidentally I became well acquainted with one of the drivers. One day, just before the school year closed, I happened to be talking to this man and remarked that I was ordered to stay out of doors and didn't know just how to manage it. He said, "I'll tell you what would be the clear rig; I have a friend ranching out in Alberta. I'll give you a letter of introduction to him and you can go out there and herd cattle for the summer; you won't know yourself in the fall." It was the latter part of his speech which most appealed to me; I thought that by spending the summer on the ranch I could regain my health and come back to teach in the high school again. I

would have laughed at the idea of preferring ranching to high school teaching, but nothing could induce me now to go back.

I found that the fireman's friend was a "new settler" with a few cattle and a little bunch of horses, but one of Pat Burns' winter camps was located not far away. I soon became acquainted with his foreman, Mr. Duggan, though I never met Mr. Burns. The current story concerning him was that he came to Alberta with the men who built the first railroad, saw the cattle possibilities of the country and began to ranch in a small way at first, gradually increasing his "bunch" till he finally became the leading cattle man of Alberta.

His method was to establish winter camps wherever there was a large spring, capable of furnishing unlimited water, located in a coulee, the banks of which afforded shelter from snow storms, while the grass on the surrounding prairie could be cut and stacked in summer for winter use. Each of these camps wintered from one hundred to three hundred cattle according to the amount of hay which could be cut within reasonable hauling distance from the spring. These camps were located as near together as available hay, water and shelter permitted. There was one about eight miles northwest of the one just mentioned and another about six miles south. In the spring the cattle from these camps were brought together into large herds of a thousand or more, each herd placed under the management of a "beef boss" who had several cowboys working under him, a teamster and a cook. Beside the cattle there was the "saddle bunch" containing from two to three horses for each cowboy.

As spring approached these large herds began to be assembled, especially where one camp had run out of hay while another had a surplus. As the grass began to grow, when the frost first came out of the ground the cattle were taken out a little way from camp in the day time and brought back at night for hay and water. When the grass had grown sufficiently to be trusted to feed the cattle they were driven away from the region of winter camps, far back from the railroad so as to leave the grass near the camps to grow into hay for another winter.

As the winter camps were all located near the railroad to make supplies handy, the cowboys were frequently in town and were never riotous nor intemperate. Most of them took a drink at the bar when in town and sometimes brought a bottle out to camp, but I never saw one of them drunk during the winter. They were fond of playing tricks on one another and especially on a tenderfoot if one chanced to come among them.

A little while after I joined the camp I was out a short way from the corrall afoot with two or three of the cowboys; another cowboy came out to us riding a horse bareback and with no bit in his mouth. He had nothing on but a halter. They fixed up an errand for me to camp and the fellow with the gentle horse kindly offered him to me. I was scarcely on his back when he went straight up, ten feet it seemed to me. Knowing that I couldn't

ONE OF THE BEST-KNOWN COWBOYS IN SOUTHERN ALBERTA—A TYPE OF MAN THAT IS NOW ALMOST VANISHED

sit him bareback even if I had been an experienced rider, I slid down over his tail and lit on the ground behind him, to the uproarious delight of the cowboys. Very frequently when a wild horse is broken by a certain rider he becomes very much attached to his master and is as gentle as a kitten in his hands but he will buck to the last atom of his strength and endurance if anyone else tries to ride him.

From what I had heard I supposed that a bunch of cowboys was a sort of continuous vaudeville of drunks, shooting up towns and full of cantankerousness generally, but in winter camp and out on the range they were quite as regular in their habits as any set of working men and a great deal more to be depended upon than other classes of men whom I had known. It was when they were coming in from the range after a summer's absence from the frontier towns or when they were celebrating on the eve of departure from the winter camp for the range to begin another summer's herding that wild capers could be expected. To these men who met no one on the range but men of their own kind the tenderfoot was a great boon, for he brought a change, a diversion, he was different.

The most entertaining tenderfoot who came into the range during my stay with the cowboys was one O'Hara, just over from the "ould soil." He came over with a consignment of imported horses to Calgary. Clanahan, a foreman whose bunch was one of the latest in getting away for the summer range, being short handed and unable to find an experienced man, hired O'Hara thinking that, as he had a considerable experience with horses, he would be easily broken in.

Because he was so late in starting Clanahan had to content himself with a somewhat motley outfit. The chuck wagon was driven by a negro, a good driver and not a bad rider, who could help out with the cattle on occasion. The cook was a Chinaman, a thorough success at his job but new to the range.

The first day out some of the riders came into camp with specimens of a plant which proved very satisfactory when cooked for greens. They told the Chinaman that it grew abundantly at a spot which they pointed out not very far from camp. The bunch was supposed to be composed entirely of steers and dry cows but one of these supposedly dry cows had carefully concealed a newly born calf at the spot pointed out to the Chinaman and when he proceeded with pail and butcher knife to look for greens, if two mounted riders had not been keeping an eye on his movements, he would probably never have gotten back to camp. As it was he came in at the top of his speed, the cow thundering along at his heels, bellowing wildly. He was too much excited to notice that one of the cowpunchers roped the cow, and stumbling over the tent ropes rolled into camp, more white than Mongolian, to the great delight of the cowboys.

However, they overlooked the fact that they were not far enough away from civilization to make escape impossible and the next morning found themselves without a cook. As there was no other way out of the difficulty, they cast lots to see who should take the place of the missing Chinaman. The lot fell upon a lanky cowpuncher with little experience and less liking for his new job.

"I took a chanst with the rest o' you an' I'll stand to it," he said, "but I don't tech nary kettle ner skillet till every cuss o' you swears that the first

Continued on page 50.

# Following The

## WHERE BUSINESS MEN TAKE THEIR

THE winter vacation of the snowshoe and white trail began with the business man. In summer his office force melted to the woods and the seashore; he stayed, of necessity, at the desk. In the fall they returned; the machinery of the office went forward smoothly again; and for the first time the wearied and nerve-worn business man had a chance to think of his own playtime. One of them experimented with January at Algonquin Park, and had a "bully time." So the winter camping parties began,—men only at first; then wives and daughters.

Time was when the hair rose up on the back of our necks when anybody mentioned "Our Lady of the Snows," and for a long time we would have nothing to do with Mr. Rudyard Kipling because of his poem. But a more sensible view has come to us with the years and our Canadian winters are now our pride. To the Canadian-born there is no sound more unforgettable, more freighted with memories, than the sharp creak of the dry snow underfoot on a bright morning. His the line—again Kipling's—"And for one the creak of snowshoes on the crust." No tropic palm, no smell of saddles or arch of spray-wet sail can match it. The dry cold air, the deep snow, the winter woods have no terrors. The lower the thermometer, the keener the zest for the morning tramp, the merrier the laughing party at luncheon. Men and women garbed in sweaters and wool caps and moccasins dig their toes into the snowshoe thongs with vim and swing off for a seven-mile tramp in the wonderful winter forest.

And at night the moonlight that is found alone in the brilliant whiteclad north, the trails over the lakes and around the silent islands beckon irresistibly. The undimmed glamour of the moon, the crisp crunch of the snowshoe, the tingle of frost, and the merry

GETTING DRINKS OF FRESH SAP IN THE MAPLE SUGAR-BUSH —NOTICE THE UNFASTENED COATS AND BARE HANDS

A PARTY OF MEN RELEASED FROM THEIR OFFICES TRACING OUT TOMORROW'S SNOWSHOE ROUTE IN THE WOODS

OFF FOR THE DAY. A PARTY OF SNOWSHOERS CROSSING A BEAVER DAM HALFWAY BETWEEN THE CAMP AND HIGHLAND INN

# White Trails

## AND THEIR FAMILIES WINTER HOLIDAY

laughter of the line before and behind you, all have an elfin glamour. You chuckle like a boy—chuckle as if there were no such things as stockmarkets, tickers or deals in the world—and go exploring on your own account where a line of dotted tracks writes a legend in an unknown language on the snow. You may meet wise-eyed Reynard, returning with a kill; or perhaps the trail ends in a beaver colony of strange humped houses. Perhaps it brings you to a scarred and bloody spot where a white owl has swooped on a luckless rabbit and left nothing but slim, clean-picked bones to record his passing.

But the others are singing now—the voices, softened and sweetened by distance, ring out with almost unearthly harmony —and you turn, short-cutting through an aisle of lofty pines to catch up with them and in the sound of familiar human speech lose the uncanny feeling that haunted you when you bent above the bones of the little rabbit. Somebody in a white sweater and stocking-cap waves her hand as you cut across the open—it's good to be missed by a pair of bright eyes —and before you know it, you have tumbled in with the others to a low-ceiled room, where a rousing fire of logs roars in the wide chimney and sandwiches are waiting.

There, too, are the nights when skating takes the place of snowshoeing. Have you ever skated on black ice by moonlight, with never a track before your own ringing blades? Or tobogganed down the steep face of a hill with three dips and two bumps at the bottom of the second dip—and the tail-man can look out for himself? The business men who first began going to Algonquin didn't know they were upsetting a tradition and starting a fashion, but just the same their example has spread until winter Algonquin is full of merrymakers among the snowy woods.

GOING IN ON THE NOMINIGAN CAMP ROAD THROUGH THE WINTER WOODS OF THE PARK ON A "BOB"

A TEN-POUND SALMON TROUT CAUGHT THROUGH THE ICE — SUPPER FOR EIGHT HUNGRY SNOWSHOERS

TURNING ONE'S ATTENTION FROM THE GATHERING OF DOLLARS TO GATHERING SAP IS GOOD MEDICINE FOR WORNOUT NERVES

# The Crimson Parrot

## By George Frederick Clarke

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant

THE port of St. John was heavy with fog and rain and the old horn at the mouth of the harbor kept bellowing its warning every minute or so, and made me shiver as I sat in the little room at the back of the shop. My mind was busy with this thing and that, of tales I'd heard of the deep sea, pirates and smugglers, and blockade-runners, and God knows what not; for to our little store came seamen from all the ports of the old world, and I knew a heap of life in a quiet way.

And presently he came. The fog-horn had but ceased a lonesome warning when the door opened, and the room was filled with the creaking sign outside and the tinkling of the bell we'd put over the door when I was only a little gaffer. And I saw his eyes first, shining from his wet, grey-whiskered face like lamps through a fog. Then, as he stumped towards me, my eyes took him all in, the tarpaulin-wrapped bundle under his arm, his long body upheld by one wooden leg and one sound one, that was as crooked as Billy Margrove's tongue, what used to sell hemp and baccy and longshoremen's outfits down the wharf a piece.

He creaked and strained over to where I was, for I was too struck dumb even to move. I wanted to call mother but I knew her to be asleep in the next room, and decided it was best not to show myself cowardly before him.

And he set down the bundle he carried, all the while looking at me with his bright, uncanny eyes. Oh, he was an old, old man, wrinkled and seared and browned like mahogany, and his clothes were old, and patched together in many places. He opened his mouth, and his voice, so unlike the rest of him I almost jumped from my stool, was as kind and soft as the mission parson's I used to go to hear on Sundays, as he said: "It's a bad night, sonny," and I said, yes it was, and then he asked me for a plug of baccy which I got for him.

He had seated himself in a high-backed rocking chair we had, and pulled out a pipe and gully knife and began cleaning it, and when he'd got the baccy, started to fill up.

And after he'd lit and took a few puffs, he spit into the stove, and looked at me and through me with his bright blue eyes and says: "It's a bad night, Sonny, but not so bad as the night we sunk the 'Barbadoes'," says he, and shook his head and tapped the bowl of his pipe on a horny knuckle.

"IT'S A LIE," CROAKED THE PARROT

"Ah yes," he continued, puffing and blowing a great cloud of smoke. "The night we sunk the Barbadoes was a hundred times worse nor this, and the thunder was that heavy I thought the end of the world was come and knowed it was judgment for the sins that we'd committed.

He stopped a moment, and leaned toward me so suddenly his wooden leg creaked with the effort. "Hark ye, sonny," he says, "and I'll tell you a story. I'm an old man now, and it's been on my mind a score of years.

"THAT'S THE BARBADOES," HE SAYS, "AND WE SUNK HER IN FIFTEEN FATHOM OFF THE COAST OF MOROCCO ALONG WITH THE GOLD"

But it's gospel true," he says. And then,—just then, a voice came from the bundle he'd brought with him "It's a damn lie," it said, and laughed, a croaking laugh.

I'll never forget the look in the stranger's eyes—terror, anger, I know not which, then he stooped, and, tearing away the tarpaulin disclosed to my eyes a large crimson parrot.

"That's her," he says in his soft, peculiar voice. "That's the 'Barbadoes! ' and we sunk her in fifteen fathom off the coast of Morocco along with the gold and her and him, that was in love, both of them."

I shivered. Was the man a maniac, drunk, or what ? I tried then to call mother, but my mouth was dry and my tongue a dead thing that refused to move. And all the while the gale swung the old sign outside to and fro with a dismal clatter and whistled and moaned about the eaves as though it were some lost soul seeking entrance; and down the harbor the fog-horn repeated its mournful warning.

He took a piece of bread from a pocket and thrust it between the bars of the cage. The bird's beak darted for his fingers in impotent fury. He laughed, low and musical, and muttered something in a foreign tongue as the angry bird withdrew to its perch and pecked at the bread and grumbled alternately. Finally it closed one eye and, with the utmost solemnity said, "It's a damn lie, thank God—yes," and then the thing laughed.

"She's five hundred years old if she's a day," continued the seaman, "and she's seen a heap of life, both good and bad. But she knew too much, so we sunk her, as I said before, off the coast of Morocco along with her and him."

He stopped again, and I knew he must be crazy, and wondered when he'd start to kill me; for I thought of every tale I'd ever heard of the doings of crazy folk. But in a minute he began again and talked on slow and eager to the end of the tale.

"There was me," he says, "and Joel Stairs, and Alex. Robbins, and Peter Frome from Norwich. And one night, twenty year aback, we was seated in the ingle of the 'Bull' drinking ale and small beer and cracking jokes with Patience Croft, the barmaid, when in walks a tall, handsome man with the air of the military. He steps up to the bar, he does, and lays a gold piece on the marble, then his eye sought us and, 'Step up, my men,' says he.

"We all goes forward and drank his health. And he said, 'Another,' and we was again filled by the pretty barmaid.

"'What ship, men?' asks the stranger, and we said we was waiting for orders. It might be a month and it might be two.

"He looked at us solemnly and drew his brows together thoughtful-like and says, 'I want a crew, a good, hardy lot of men. My yacht, the "Barbadoes", is ready to sail in a week, Will you sign?'

"And Peter Frome spoke up. He was always quick with the tongue and generally our lead. "Where to?" he asks.

"Again the stranger's brows came together. 'What's that to you men?' he asks proudly. 'You get your pay—a month's salary down,' he hastens, 'and good rations. Better than you've been getting all your lives, I'll wager a thousand pounds. Will you sign?'

"It wasn't just regular. Every seaman likes to know his port. But there was an air about the man that was taking, and he'd mentioned wages that was more'n we'd ever thought to get. Moreover, there was something mysterious about it all that whetted our curiosity.

"When he'd gone, Joel Stairs spoke up. 'I'll stake my davy it's a treasure hunt.' And we all agreed it was more than a yachting cruise we'd signed to. And Joel Stairs swore—we'd all been drinking heavy—he'd bring Patience Croft home her pretty hands full of doubloons and pieces-of-eight. God knows the poor girl loved him. And Joel wasn't a bad sort—not a bad sort. But he never came back—nor never will.

"Well, in a week we saw her,—as trim a craft as ever tug-boat towed out of port—"

The old man stopped a moment, his blue eyes beyond me. His pipe had gone out. The parrot, Barbadoes, stood on her perch and seemed to sleep.

Presently he continued, "For a gentleman's yacht we soon found that she presented a very warlike appearance. On her forward deck, under a tarpaulin, was a wicked little six-pounder, and in the mate's cabin were rows of Lee-Metford rifles. And we wondered anew. Was it a treasure hunt, or gun-running we was bent on?

"Well, I have said the master was not more than thirty-five, with a quick turn to his tongue that showed he was used to ordering men. He was dark featured, with great grey-blue eyes, and we cal'lated he'd served in India.

"And he'd pace back and forth the length of the deck with his grey eyes fixed on the grey sea, as though he was impatient at the speed we was making. And he'd come to me a dozen times a day at the wheel and question me as to my knowledge of every piece of water on the globe. And there wasn't much I couldn't tell him, I say.

"He had directed me to shape our course to Gibraltar and in fifteen days we had passed the great fortress and was slipping through the straits to the Mediterranean. We was all puzzled. As a rule, men don't go treasure hunting in those waters, but rather south to the Caribbean Sea.

"On we went, stopping only at this port or that to take on fresh water or coal, and the farther we got the more anxious we grew to know our fixed destination. We was disappointed, we was, for we'd visions of treasure hunting and the possible share in a rich prize. But after all, it was a treasure we was after, and so help me God! the Indian Ocean is the greatest treasure-ground in the world.

"Hark ye, sonny," he said, and strained towards me so that his wooden leg creaked painfully to my ear. "Hark ye, lad, and I'll tell you of a treasure greater than Drake looted at Nombre Dois, or Captain Kidd is ever credited with burying. I'll tell you of Monohirini, the Hindoo princess, and the gold and jewels that we shipped aboard at Bombay nineteen years agone this very month.

"Six weeks from Southampton we dropped anchor at Bombay and the master had given his orders. He told us he was going ashore, would be gone a week at the latest, and cautioned us to stay aboard after the third day, then, dressing himself with the greatest care, he left us and went in the direction of Bankipore, we learned later.

"A week passed, a week of blistering days and there was nothing to do but lie beneath the awnings and watch the queer native boats putting into, or out of the harbor.

"And one night he came back. It had just struck eight bells when we heard the lookout's ahoy! A boat swung alongside; there was some talk in a low key, and a minute later we helped the master and a lady on board. There followed them a huge native with his arms full of traps.

"They hurried into the cabin and, in a moment the master came forward and in a quick voice superintended the removal of several boxes which they had brought with them.

"It was not until the last case was aboard and the niggers had salaamed and departed that he turned to us, and I saw his eyes, as bright as the stars that filled the heavens. His face was thinner, but there was something new, a glad triumph that had not been there the previous week. He says, 'Billy,' says he, 'we must be out of this at once. Is everything aboard, coal, water, everything?' And I said yes, and he became familiar with me, the only time I ever saw him stoop from his reserve. He clapped me on the back, 'Good, old boy!' he tells me. 'They're likely to follow us; but we'll give them a warm reception, eh?' and he chuckled. 'Keep a sharp lookout and arm the men,' he commanded, and stayed on deck until we was well out of the harbor.

"We saw her the next day with him by her side, his deep grey eyes contented and filled with love. She had her hand on his arm and she walked with a swaying, lithesome movement from her hips as do all Eastern people.

"Beautiful? I have no words to tell of her beauty. I heard him, as they passed the wheel, call her a goddess. And his voice, that was so commanding to us beneath him, softened like a woman's as he told her that her name, Monohirini, had been well given. It seems it meant in English, 'Stealer of men's minds.' He exclaimed that she had stolen his soul.

"I know she worshipped him. Her whole heart trembled in her eyes as they gazed into his. I remember well her hair, as black as the darkest night.

"The Hindoo servant they had brought with them kept himself aloof from us. He was tall, and silent, and fierce. He slept at night just outside and before their cabin door, like a great faithful dog.

"Joel Stairs overheard the master and her talking one day. He said; 'My Princess, is it well with you? Are you quite happy?' and she replied, 'My lord's happiness is mine. He is my star that guides me through his Heaven.' And she stooped and caught up his hand fondly and kissed it.

"Some of us had heard of the beautiful Hindoo princess Monohirini and of her great wealth. The very chairs in her palace were said to be studded with jewels. Many suitors had vainly tried for her hand,—foreign princes and nobles; but with no success. She was said to be the proudest of her race, and her brother boastfully declared that no member of his family would ever wed with any of the white race.

"Yet, here she was, my lad, and as deeply in love as woman ever was. How the master had accomplished it we never knew. This much, however, we did know. He expected us to be pursued, hence the gun on the forward deck, the Lee-Metfords in the cabin, and the constant watch kept day and night.

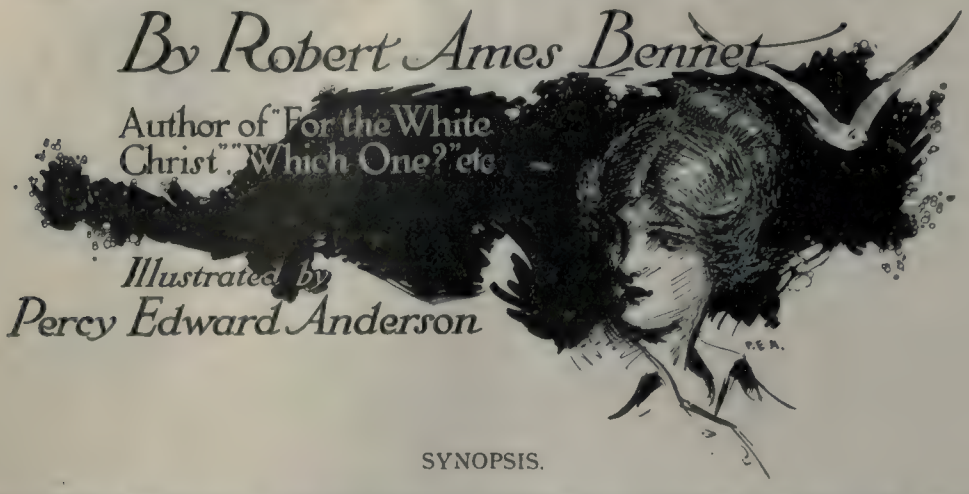
"In our own quarters we talked the matter over, and speculated on the boxes they had brought on board, jewels and money—a king's ransom, no doubt, and we gloated over our evil dreams.

Continued on page 35.

# UNWILLING EVE

## By Robert Ames Bennet

Author of "For the White Christ," "Which One?" etc.



Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS.

Three people, Genevieve Leslie, a society girl; Cecil Winthrope, an Englishman in the diplomatic service; and Tom Blake, a Canadian civil engineer, are wrecked on the most desolate and wildest stretch of the Mozambique coast. Blake's admiration for Miss Leslie has been squelched by Winthrope on board the steamer, but shortly after the storm subsides, Blake proves himself the strongest and most resourceful of the three, and assumes command of the party. A headland shows some ten miles to the south, with promise of water and safety from the malarial swamps. This the party heads for, and in the journey Winthrope sprains his ankle, which forces Blake to carry him. Almost spent with thirst, they reach a river, and Blake, pushing ahead, finds that it is salt with the sea-water of high tide. Meantime, Winthrope discovers an uprooted cocoa-palm, and the nuts serve as both food and drink. They spend the night in a baobab tree, hearing wild beasts about them, but safe from their attacks. Next morning, Blake starts out to find a way to cross the river and so reach the headland. On reaching it the party find a drove of wild catttle, a spring of good water,—and a family of leopards in command of the situation. Being weaponless and without fire to smoke out the leopards' den, they are forced to withdraw. "Men's pockets seem so open," remarks Miss Leslie, as they retreat, "I've had to pick up Mr. Blake's locket twice." He gasps "Locket! I never had one in my life! Give it here!" and opens a surveyor's burning glass, which solves their fire and food problem. They burn out the leopards, eat roast kitten and start to create a dwelling place in the den. Miss Leslie determines to show she can help, and takes hold of the work bravely. Then she overhears a conversation between Blake and Winthrope in which Blake states angrily, "I'd like to know where in hell you come in? She's not your mother, nor your sister, nor your aunt, and if she's your sweetheart, you've both been dammed close-mouthed over it." Terror-stricken, she hastens back to camp. She tells Winthrope of her fear, and he urges her to marry him, but she refuses. Then Winthrope comes down with the fever, and Blake is poisoned by eating fish. While he is gone, the jackals attack the camp, but the girl manages to beat them off, and when Blake returns in the morning, he shows open admiration of her bravery. When Winthrope recovers from his attack of fever, the three make a trip back to the cocoanut grove. Miss Leslie goes to pick an amaryllis, and finds a huge poison adder. Blake kills it, but not before it has apparently struck Miss Leslie on the knee. Unceremoniously he flings back her skirt and puts his lips to a small red wound to suck out the poison, only to receive a furious repulse from the girl who says it is only a thorn wound. Winthrope takes her away, in hysterics, and Blake, after extracting the snake's venom to poison arrows, picks the amaryllis as a peace offering for Miss Leslie. By this time both men are in love with her, Blake silently, Winthrope constantly urging his suit. Blake begs forgiveness for his blunder about the snake and is forgiven. Then he makes her a strong bamboo door for her cave, heavy, armed with sharpened stakes, and yet set so ingeniously on a hinge that a child can swing it. Winthrope, in Blake's absence, hints to Miss Leslie that Blake is afflicted with paranoia, and has made this door to protect her from himself in his irresponsible moments. A tropical storm of terrible fury bursts over the camp while the men are away. Cowering in her cave for shelter, Miss Leslie sees by a lightning flash that Winthrope is stealthily crawling in upon her, his face like that of a beast. The sharp bamboo door, caught by a gust, whirls on its axis, and strikes him down. She manages to bolt the door, and faints. In the morning Blake staggers in, calling her name. When he learns of Winthrope's attempt he is furious, but she restrains him, and they find that Winthrope has been struck by the door, and is already dying. He confesses in his last moments that he is only a valet masquerading as a gentleman, with a lot of stolen emeralds sewn up in a stomach-pad. Left alone they put Winthrope's body up on the headland, hide the emeralds and clear up the debris of the storm. Not until Miss Leslie is again alone does she realize that under the stress of the day she has called Blake "Tom."

### CHAPTER XXII.

#### UNDERSTANDING AND MISUNDERSTANDING.

In the morning she found Blake scraping energetically at the inner surfaces of a pair of raw hyena skins.

"So you've killed more game!" she exclaimed.

"Game? No; hyenas. I hated to waste good poison on the brutes; but nothing else showed up, and I need a new pair of pa—er—trousers."

"Was it not dangerous—great beasts like these?"

"Not even enough to make it interesting. I'd have had some fun, though, with that confounded lion when the moon came up, if he hadn't sneaked off into the grass."

"A lion?"

"Yes. Didn't you hear him? The skulking brute prowled around for hours before the moon rose, when it was pitch dark. It was mighty lonesome, with him yowling down by the pool. Half a chance, and I'd given him something to yowl about. But it wasn't any use firing off my arrows in the dark, and, as I said, he sneaked off before——"

"Tom—Mr. Blake!—you must not risk your life!"

"Don't you worry about me. I've learned how to look out for Tom Blake. And you can just bank on it I'm going to look out for Miss Jenny Leslie, too! . . . . But say, after breakfast, suppose we take a run out on the cliffs for eggs?"

"I do not wish any to-day, thank you."

He waited a little, studying her down-bent face.

"Well," he murmured; "you don't have to come. I know I oughtn't to take a moment's time. I did quite a bit last night; but if you think——"

She glanced up, puzzled. His meaning flashed upon her, and she rose.

"Oh, not that! I will come," she answered, and hastened to prepare the morning meal.

When they came to the tree-ladder,

she found that the heap of stones built up by Blake to facilitate the first part of the ascent was now so high that she could climb into the branches without difficulty. She surmised that Blake had found it necessary to build up the pile before he could ascend with his burden.

They were at the foot of the heap, when, with a sharp exclamation, Blake sprang up into the branches, and scrambled to the top in hot haste. Wondering what this might mean, Miss Leslie followed as fast as she could. When she reached the top, she saw him running across towards an out-jutting point on the north edge of the cliff.

She had hurried after him for more than half the distance before she perceived the vultures that were gathered in a solemn circle about a long and narrow heap of stones, on a ledge, down on the sloping brink of the cliff. While at the foot of the tree Blake had seen one of the grewsome flock descending to join the others, and, fearful of what might be happening, had rushed on ahead.

At his approach, the croaking watchers hopped awkwardly from the ledges, and soared away; only to wheel, and circle back overhead. Miss Leslie shrank down, shuddering. Blake came back near her, and began to gather up the pieces of loose rock which were strewn about beneath the ledges on that part of the cliff.

"I know I piled up enough," he explained, in response to her look. "All the same, a few more will do no harm."

"Then you are sure those awful birds have not——"

"Yes; I'm sure."

He carried an armful of rocks to lay on the mound. When he began to gather more, she followed his example. They worked in silence, piling the rough stones gently one upon another, until the cairn had grown to twice its former size. The air on the open cliff top was fresher than in the cleft, and Miss Leslie gave little heed to the absence of shade. She would have worked on under the burning sun without thought of consequences. But Blake knew the need of moderation.

"There; that'll do," he said. "He may have been—all he was; but we've no more than done our duty. Now, we'll stroll out on the point."

"I should prefer to return."

"No doubt. But it's time you learned how to go nesting. What if you should be left alone here? Besides, it looks to me like the signal is tearing loose."

She accompanied him out along the cliff crest until they stood in the midst of the bird colony, half deafened by their harsh clamor. She had never ventured into their concourse when alone. Even now she cried out, and would have retreated before the sharp bills and beating wings had not Blake walked ahead and kicked the squawking birds out of the path. Having made certain that the big white flag was still secure on its staff, he led the way along the seaward brink of the cliff, pointing out the different kinds of seafowl, and shouting information about such of their habits and qualities as were of concern to hungry castaways.

He concluded the lesson by descending a dizzy flight of ledges to rob the nest of a frigate bird. It was a foolhardy feat at best, and doubly so in view of the thousands of eggs lying all around in the hollows of the cliff top. But from these Blake had recently culled out all the fresh settings of the frigate birds, and none of the other eggs equalled them in delicacy of flavor.

"How's that?" he demanded, as he drew himself up over the edge of the cliff, and handed the big chalky-white egg into her keeping.

"I would rather go without than see you take such risks," she replied coldly.

"You would, eh?" he cried, quite misunderstanding her, and angered by what seemed to him a gratuitous rebuff. "Well, I'd rather you'd say nothing than speak in that tone. If you don't want the egg heave it over."

Unable to conceive any cause for his sudden anger, she was alarmed, and drew back, watching him with sidelong glances.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "Think I'm going to bite you?"

She shrank farther away, and did not answer. He stared at her, his eyes hard and bright. Suddenly he burst into a harsh laugh, and strode away towards the cliff, savagely kicking aside the birds that came in his path.

When, an hour later, the girl crept back along the cleft to the baobab, she saw him hard at work building a little hut, several yards down towards the barricade. The moment she perceived what he was about her bearing became less guarded, and she took up her own work with a spirit and energy which she had not shown since the adventure with the puff adder.

At her call to the noon meal, Blake took his time to respond, and when he at last came to join her, he was morose and taciturn. She met him with a smile, and exerted all her womanly tact to conciliate him.

"You must help me eat the egg," she said. "I've boiled it hard."

"Rather eat beef," he mumbled.

"But just to please me—when I've cooked it your way?"

He uttered an inarticulate sound which she chose to interpret as assent. The egg was already shelled. She cut it exactly in half, and served one of the pieces to him with a bit of warm fat and a pinch of salt. As he took the dish, he raised his sullen eyes to her face. She met his gaze with a look of smiling insistence.

"Come now," she said; "please don't refuse. I'm sorry I was so rude."

"Well, if you feel that way about it," he responded gruffly.

"It would be missing half the enjoyment to eat such a delicacy without some one to share it," she said.

Blake looked away without answer. But she could see that his face was beginning to clear. Greatly encouraged, she chatted away as though they were seated at her father's dinner-table, and he was an elderly friend from the business world whom it was her duty to entertain.

For a while Blake betrayed little interest, confining himself to monosyllables except when he commented on the care with which she had cooked the various dishes. When she least expected, he looked up at her, his lips parted in a broad smile. She stopped short, for she had been describing her first social triumph, and his untimely levity embarrassed her.

"Don't get mad, Miss Jenny," he said, his eyes twinkling. "You don't know how funny it seems to sit here and listen to you talking about those things. It's like serving up ice cream and onions in the same dish."

"I'm sure, Mr. Blake—"

"Beats a burlesque all hollow—Lady What-you-may-callum's chop-sooey tea and young Mrs. Honorable Somebody's autocotillon—with us sitting here like troglodytes, chewing snake-poisoned antelope, and you in that Kundry dress——"

"Do you—I was not aware that you knew about music."

"Don't know a note. But give me a chance to hear good music, and I'm there, if I have to stand in the peanut gallery."

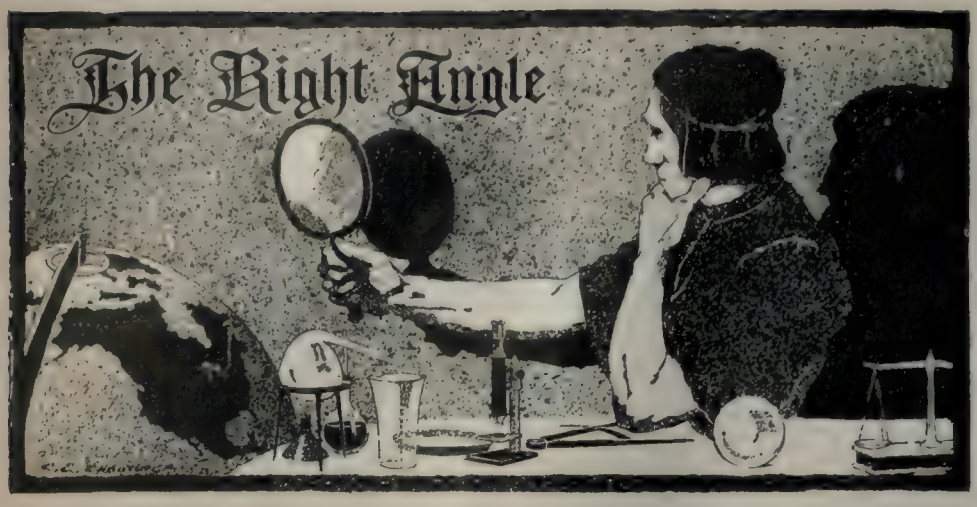
"Oh, I'm so glad! I'm very, very fond of music! Have you been to Bayreuth?"

"Where's that?"

"In Germany. It is where his operas are given as staged by Wagner himself. It is indescribably grand and inspiring—above all, the Parsifal!"

"I'll most certainly take that in, even if I have to cut short my engagement in this gee-lorious clime—though when it comes to leopard ladies—" He paused, and surveyed her with frank admiration.

Continued on page 45.




### BUMPER CROP AN OLD STORY

THE production of two hundred million bushels of wheat in a country that was recently inhabited by Poor Lo and his four-footed associates, is surely concrete evidence of development. But Canada's latest bumper crop is more surprising to outsiders than to those who live close to the ever-marching procession of home-seekers. When we know that newcomers have been reaching us at the rate of 350,000 a year, we expect to see tangible results of their labors. Ten years hence our mighty advance will cause less excitement than we felt over the big crop of a decade ago. We are now 8,000,000, but, as Immigration Superintendent W. D. Scott said the other day, we are planning with 40,000,000 in view.

### WITH PRESIDENT WILSON'S COMPLIMENTS

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON has recently widened his circle of admirers in the Maritime Provinces. Captain James and Seaman Richardson of Publico, N.S., heroically rescued the crew of a United States schooner which had become disabled in a fierce Atlantic storm. The story of their bravery reached Washington — reached the White House itself. Captain James has received a handsome gold watch, and Seaman Richardson a gold medal, both suitably engraved, with the president's compliments.

### THE AGITATOR

THE agitator from Great Britain with a meritorious cause and ability to present it, is always given a fair hearing in the Dominion. But he must behave himself in our midst. We can stomach much less lawless oratory than our neighbors in the States. Tom Mann's wild antics at a Windsor (Ont.) gathering not long ago, when he denounced all Government whatsoever, spoke impudently of the King, and left the platform while the national anthem was being sung, were characteristic of a type of radical that will never be popular here. The Canadians comprise Liberals, Conservatives, Laborites, Socialists, Independents and others, but the Loyalists are the most numerous partisans in the nine provinces.

### ART AND UTILITY AT WINNIPEG

WINNIPEG the up-to-date, one day arranges to spend thirteen millions on her new waterworks system, and the next throws open her new Art Institute. A school of art, conducted as an important branch of an industrial bureau, is surely the last word in western progress. Competent instructors will train young Manitobans in the use of brush and pencil. Winnipeg citizens believe that there is no reason in the world why a few Turners and Raphaels should not be discoverable in their region, as well as an army of farmers, manufacturers and bankers. And, as usual, they are right.

### GOLD IN THE NORTH

CANADA'S treasure-house of natural resources shows variety as well as vast extent. The latest Mecca of precious metal seekers is the MacLeod river, in the far northwest. Here has been discovered a placer territory whose wealth promises to rival California and the Klondike. Simultaneously news comes of another big natural gas "strike" near Edmonton which will afford the lucky folk in that vicinity fuel and lighting at nominal rates. It will also tempt enterprising American manufacturers looking for a desirable factory site.

### CANADA'S OLDEST AND BEST BOOSTER

THE oldest Canadian in active service resents the insinuation that it is time for retirement at ninety-three. Canada will never see his like again, and will never have another servant in her employ more faithful, more industrious, or more skilled in his line of work. On returning to London after a flying visit, Lord Strathcona insisted that he was still in harness and would remain at his post as long as his zest for action held out. Let us hope the century mark will find the illustrious High Commissioner still hale and hearty, an eager booster of the land that loves him.

### THE POET OF THE WOODS.

HAVE you ever lain on a hill side where the sun shone warm on the pines, and felt lazy and peaceful and contented clear down to your roots? If you have, "The Woods" is your book. Douglas Malloch, its author, is a Scotch-Canadian who knows our beautiful forests and loves them—and has put them into song for all the world to hear. In fact, the young poet says that his best ambition is to express the charm of the deep woods and the people who, living there, have taken on the character of their surroundings.

Mr. Malloch has long enjoyed a reputation among foresters, lumbermen and others whose lives are threaded out among the woods. The men who are leaders in the forestry movement both here and in the United States know and love his poems. But he deserves a wider audience, for in all of us, no matter how city-bound and convention-crusted we are, there is a remembrance, an undercurrent of affection for the out-of-doors that bred our ancestors, and an instinctive under-

DOUGLAS MALLOCH
Author of "The Woods," a new book of poems with the tang of the pines and the ring of the axe in its verses

standing of it. Dim and clouded though it may be, we know something of the woods life, and take a pleasure in it at second-hand with the mosquitoes carefully handpicked out, and no danger of our getting rained on.

Not only does Mr. Malloch voice the woods, but he speaks also for the woodsman. His out-of-doors is not the country of Shelley, Wordsworth, and the other so-called "nature poets." It is a region of mackinaws and peavies, of the "tank-wagon" and the skid-road, the boss and the "hoss," a place where powerful rough men war with grin Nature for their bread. The song and story, the humor and philosophy of the lumberjack are put into his verses. Take for instance the poem "Possession," which is the reflection of a lumberjack sitting on the stoop in the sun:

"The boss in town unrolls a map
An' proudly says 'It's mine.'
But he don't drink no maple-sap
An' he don't smell no pine
The boss in town he figgers lands
In quarter-sections red;
Lord! I just set with folded hands
An' breathe 'em in instead."

"Back on the Job" is the quaint philosophy of the lumberjack whom "Miss Spring" has overtaken with part of his cut still in the woods.

". . . . . Up here in the timber
We think we are runnin' the thing;
We're fallin' the trees
An' we're makin' it freeze—
But all of a sudden it's Spring.
Then it's mix up a walk for the swampers
An' can the whole mackinaw mob;
No use fer the boss
Er the crew er the hoss—
Miss Spring has got back on the job."

The flying geese, the first snow, spring fever, the partridge drumming in June—these are the things that inspire Mr. Malloch and make his book delightful to woods-lovers, wherever they are. (George H. Doran Co., New York.)

### WITH THE PUBLISHERS

A SCHOLARLY and careful work is "The Natural History of the Toronto Region" which has been prepared by the Canadian Institute for the members of the Twelfth Geological Congress and for all who may have an interest in the history and natural history of the city and its vicinity. David Reid Keys, M.A., contributes the historical sketch; Alexander Francis Chamberlain, M.A., Ph. D., discusses the Indians of the region; A. P. Coleman, Ph.D., F.R.S., writes of the geology; R. F. Stupart, F.R.S.C., of the climate; C. D. Howe, Ph.D., of the life zones; Prin. William Scott, of the seed plants, and other botanical, zoological and entomological studies are made by men well-known in their respective fields. It is thoroughly authoritative, and an addition to the student's library. (William Briggs & Co., Toronto, $2.00)

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E. L. Marsh's "The Story of Canada" is picturesque, rather than profound. Children will read it with pleasure, as if it were a story-book, and in the reading cannot help but learn pleasantly much that is hard to acquire in the dry form of the average history. (Thomas Nelson & Sons, London.)

### WOLFE'S HEARTHSTONE

CANADA now owns a venerable dwelling, surrounded by an acre of ground, at Westerham, England, that will be forever among the most prized of our historic possessions. It is the spot where General Wolfe made his home. Some 240 letters, documents and portraits constituting the Ware Collection. will he placed there for the reverent inspection of coming generations. Of Canada's little group of military immortals, James Wolfe, whose lifeblood stained the sod of Quebec Heights in 1759, is easily the favorite of the people.

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# The Crimson Parrot

Continued from page 29.

"One day we stopped by a beautiful little island, uninhabited—a mere half mile extent.

"'We had relaxed our vigilance since passing Gibraltar, and now imagined we were safe from pursuit. The master and his princess were jubilant, and the sight of the green foliage and the pretty beach caused him to heave to and go on shore to explore.

"In a short time he returned and ordered the steward to put some food in the boat. When all was complete he helped Monohirini down the side and was rowed to shore. We saw them, hand in hand, scamper up the beach and into the woods like a couple of children.

"Now was our chance. The scheme to get hold of the treasure was simplified. We were all Englishmen, save one, the cook, a Bermuda nigger, and we had sworn to commit a crime, but we were glad that there was to be no bloodshed. We had now only the native servant to settle with.

"Immediately, therefore, we set to work. A council was held and it was decided to fill the long boat with provisions and row them to shore; we were not utterly heartless, my lad, though we was rascals; and it went against the grain to leave them to starve on a barren island.

"It was a wild, devilish plan and would have worked all right, but God, I cal'late, had a hand in the game. For no sin goes without its punishment in this world, and ours came quickly.

"When all was complete we rowed the long boat to shore, and while one stood with a rifle, the rest unloaded. But there was no need for a guardian. The master had gone into the interior.

"It took five of us to overpower the stalwart Hadji, and then not before three of us were cut up with the long knife he carried. But a blow on the head silenced him at last, and, trussing him up securely, we rowed him to shore and, a rifle and cartridges by his side left him well upon the beach.

"A little later, with the engines beating a steady tune, we tore open the boxes in the cabin. Gold? Jewels? Aye, lad, enough to make us all rich for life.

"It couldn't have been an hour later when the lookout sent word below that a strange vessel was bearing down on us, which he thought suspicious. We rushed on deck, and there, sure enough, not a league away, was a great steam yacht changing her course to cut us off. In an instant we remembered the master's warnings, the swivel on the forward deck, the rifles stored below. On that boat, no doubt, was the brother of the princess, or one of his command, and a band of savage warriors who would show us no quarter in a fight. We had a crew of twenty-five but, as we had no desire to meet an enemy twice or three times our number, our course was changed. Immediately the stranger altered his course, while we prepared for battle. Two things were in our favor, night was approaching and the barometer was falling.

"Hardly had we turned about however, when we heard a shot and a rifle bullet sang over the wheel, a signal to heave to. We had no idea of this. One crime more added to the one already committed couldn't stain us much blacker. So we trained our little four-pounder on the vessel and sent back the answer.

"For a moment we thought they were about to turn; but presently, on she came straight for us, and we knew it was fight. They were faster than us and they kept up a fusilade of small

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arms that ploughed up the deck and sent splinters in all directions.

"Then the fight began in earnest. The sea rose, and as we staggered along at top speed we answered shot for shot with steady earnest. Our little vessel shivered and strained as, smoke begrimed and sweating we fought them. Joel Stairs and Peter Frome had served in the navy, and I can see them to-night stripped to the waist, working the little swivel gun until she was so hot they had to cease and take to the small arms.

"God, it was awful! Our decks were a mass of wreckage. Big Jack Cornish, shot through the lungs, knelt on the deck swearing and coughing blood. The Bermuda nigger lay with his white eyes rolled to the skies, stone dead. Billy Roper, the cookee, cried and moaned his mother's name, with his lower jaw half shot away. Two thirds of our men were wounded.

"A half hour later, at nightfall, they ran us abroad, and a crew of turbaned warriors leaped on our deck. It was every man for himself now and those that were left fought—fought like the fiends we were. God help us all. Twice—three times we fought them back, foot by foot, and the deck was slippery with our blood and theirs. I parried the thrust of a heavy tulwar in the hands of a gigantic Hindoo and swung my rifle for his head. The beggar ducked, and the butt caught him on the shoulder. As he fell I turned my attention to another adversary."

The old man stopped a moment and his eyes scorched through me; then he stooped and tapped his wooden stump with his pipe. "Sonny," says he, in a pathetic voice, "I lost the leg God gave me in that fight. The nigger I'd knocked on the shoulder come to,—I guess he was only half stunned; for suddenly I felt a sharp pain and grew sick. As I fell, my eyes caught sight of my late opponent on his knees on the deck, his great brown hands clutching his bloody, broken tulwar. With one slash of the weapon he had severed flesh and bone of my leg below the knee.

"Sometimes I dream of that night, and always I see that wild face below me, the strong teeth clenched in deadly hate, the great brown hands clutching the broken tulwar.

"'I don't know how long I was unconscious. When I awoke, I at first thought the fight was yet on, but as my senses gradually came to me and I sat up, I realized that only the elements were at war! Overhead, the lightning splashed in chains into the blackness of the night, and the thunder rolled in mighty reverberations. There was no sign of any enemy save those who, stark and stiff, rolled about on the deck beside me. A feeling of sickness came over me and I had much ado to keep from going off again, but I pulled myself together and looked about me. I called.

"There was no answer, only the shriek of the gale; and the vessel rolled and pitched like a dead thing in the trough of the sea. And now, I noticed for the first time, that the engines had ceased, and that there was no sign of any life on the vessel. Horrified, I cried again at the top of my voice. The wind picked it up and carried it into the night.

IN ordering your next lot of groceries be sure to order a supply of ***Knox Plain Gelatine,*** also a supply of ***Knox Acidulated Gelatine,*** which is the same as the plain, except that it contains an envelope of Lemon Flavoring, saving the expense of buying lemons. Each package contains tablet for coloring.

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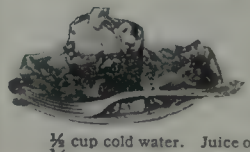

**Serve this Prize-Winning Perfection Salad**

½ box **Knox** Sparkling Gelatine.
1 cup finely shredded cabbage.
½ cup cold water. Juice of 1 lemon. ½ cup sugar.
½ cup mild vinegar. 1 pint boiling water.
2 cups celery, cut in small pieces. 1 teaspoonful salt.
¼ can sweet red peppers finely cut.

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes; add vinegar, lemon juice, boiling water, sugar and salt. When beginning to set add remaining ingredients. Turn into mold and chill. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing, or cut in dice and serve in cases made from green peppers; or mixture may be shaped in molds lined with pimentos. A delicious accompaniment to cold sliced chicken or veal.

**Try this Lemon Sponge or Snow Pudding**

1 envelope **Knox** Sparkling Gelatine.
1 cup of sugar.
Whites of two eggs. ¾ pint cold water.
¾ pint boiling water. Rind and juice of two lemons.

Soak the gelatine in the cold water five minutes. Dissolve in boiling water and add grated rind and juice of the lemons and sugar. Stir until dissolved. Strain and let stand in a cool place until nearly set. Then add the whites of the eggs, well beaten, and beat the mixture until it is light and spongy. Put lightly into glass dish or shape in mold. Serve with a thin custard made of the yolks of the eggs, cream and sugar.

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"Over the dead bodies of comrade and foe I crawled on hands and knees sobbing like a child. Were they all gone, dead? Where were the stout seamen who had set out from Liverpool eight weeks before? Some dead, no doubt, others captured to meet some horrible fate. I thought of the master and his sweetheart and Hadji on the island, and I envied them. They at least, were safe, and I thanked God, I who was stained with crime. It was surely the hand of God!

"If ever the vessel weathered the gale how could I work her to a port? and even so, I would be marked for life,—a poor crippled seaman only fit to sit on the docks and answer the questions of children.

"Ay, sonny, it was the hand of God! The ship was deserted save for the dead and me. As I crawled painfully down the companion way I could think of nothing but Joel Stairs and Patience Croft, and the promise he had made to bring back her pretty hands full of Doubloons and pieces-of eight. Poor Joel!

He stopped again. I was trembling like a leaf, but it was not with the cold for the little cylinder stove was red hot.

He raised a crooked finger and held me with his eyes, that had now taken on a peculiar, uncanny stare. "Sonny," says he, "I reached the master's cabin. The door was half open and a light burned inside. I heard a voice, plain as I hear my own now, saying; 'It's a bad night, mate,' just like that, and then there was silence. My heart beat wild, and I thanked God that some, at least, of my companions were alive.

"I pushed open the door and crept in, and, as I live, there, before the table, was seated the master, writing on a great sheet of white paper; white I said it were, sonny, and as big as the table, and on his shoulder stood Barbadoes, his crimson parrot; the same that you see now, the very same.

"The master never looked up, just sat there writing; and I grew curious at last and drew myself to the table and raised to one foot. And then I saw that he was making his will. It read 'Lat. —Longitude—off coast of Morocco. I John Rownsly Peterboro, Knight of the County of Sussex, Berkley Place, do bequeath my crimson parrot, Barbadoes, and all my estate, goods and chattels of the same place to Billy Firth, Captain of the Merchant Marine and late of my yacht Barbadoes.'

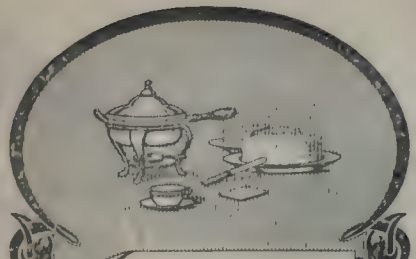
"I stopped then and noticed that, hanging about the parrot's neck was a large golden locket and in it was his face and hers, Monohirini's; and round and about the edges were set with precious stones, diamonds and rubies and emeralds."

The old man stopped and suddenly leaned his head sideways as though he were listening, and then,—just then, the parrot spoke. "It's a damn lie, thank God—yes," and then the thing laughed.

The man stooped, and grasping the cage, fastened the tarpaulin about it with trembling hands and rising, reached the door with a few creaking steps, shot back the bolt and stepped into the night.

I sat rooted with terror to the stool for a moment, then, for I saw he had dropped something in his flight, I hastened to the door and picked up a small packet wrapped in oil-skin. Tearing it open, my eyes were almost dazzled with the sight. A locket, set about with priceless gems, held the face of a man and a beautiful woman.

Clasping it to my breast I shoved the door open and searched the dark for the strange figure of the seaman. I saw nothing, heard nothing but the dismal bellowing of the fog-horn at the harbor's mouth, and the sad creaking of the sign above the door.



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### MISTY NOVEMBER

*The wild November comes at last*
*Beneath a veil of rain:*
*The night-wind blows its folds aside.*
*Her face is full of pain.*

*The latest of her race, she takes*
*The Autumn's vacant throne*
*She has but one short moon to live*
*And she must live alone.*

THE stillness of July and the silence of November mark these two among the months of the year. The distinction between them is like to that between sleep and death—or the better simile might be, between exhaustion and rest. In July, Nature, wearied after her exertions of spring and early summer, takes a siesta. Her trees are full in the leaf, her gardens glow with flowers, the corn and wheat are ripening towards their golden harvest grain. Life is at its fullest. The earth is like a young mother with the ripe fruit of love cradled in her arms. One feels that there is life everywhere, above, below, around. In November one walks abroad into a world of wreckage and mist and fog. Some exquisite gray-gold November days there are in this land where the autumn is of all seasons the loveliest, but for the most part we find lifelessness and decay. Over all the face of nature lies the shadow of death. The emblems of death, the shroud-like mists, the blackening trees, the carpet of dank leaves, the sodden ground, and above all the silence of autumn. Old earth seems to fall into a state of coma, that precursor of death. The pear tree stands bleak and gaunt in the little garden, where, in the night, the ghosts of the dead flowers of summer seem to the watcher looking through the wreaths of mist, to skim along the low borders seeking their old haunts. But it is only the wraith-like trails of fog, through which here and there a vagrant night-moth flits as he makes for the bright beam which the night lamp sheds across the murk below. The nights are chilly without being cold. There is none of the briskness of winter about them. Churchyard nights filled with the earthy smell of decaying leaves. Bare, forlorn days in which one hugs the cheery fireside, and, looking out once in a while at the lingering remnants of discoloured vine that nod and sway upon the garden fence, thinks long thoughts of the summer that has flown—of the many sweet summers that lie like faded flowers on the grave of the forgotten years.

### FAIRY-LAND LORE

NOVEMBER for all its lethargy, its silence, is the month of the fairies. The ructions in Fairyland begin on the last night of October, the night of All Hallows. Then it is that milk and cake, or failing cake, a good "scib" of potatoes is set outside the door for the Good People to take away with them. You may call this talk of fairies a superstition of the Celtic races, but a close study of the old fairy stories unveils the strong probability that they are founded on fact, though garnished extravagantly by the powerful imagination of a poetic people.

An Oxford professor is the authority for the statement that the fairies really existed and were a small race inhabiting the British Isles, or those parts of them (who ever heard of an English fairy!) now known as Scotland and Ireland, before the coming of the Aryans. Regarding these invaders as terrible giants, the little people hid away in natural caves and subterranean haunts from which they came forth in the night for recreation or pillage.

But though that race must have

perished centuries ago; the old, old people will tell the children sitting large-eyed and eager about the turf fire while the November winds are moaning in the creaking larches, and the November rain is tapping furtively on the pane, that there was once a time when the Little People went forth from their caves to do battle for old Ireland. Oh, those tales of enchantment and delight! How the children brought their little stools closer in a circle round the glowing sods and listened to the "ould people" in the corner tell of "Hy-Breasil," the land of the Blessed, and of "Tir-na-n-oge, the land of perpetual youth, where Ossian, the last of the old Fenian heroes of Erin, was transported by a wondrous maiden of unearthly beauty, who, mounting him before her on her white steed, flies with him and his two hounds Bran and Sceoluing, across the ocean to where the deep sea opens and they go down to the most exquisite sea caves where Ossian weds the maiden, the Princess of the land of everlasting youth.

Only to get weary of her—as all the faithless do, and hunger for the old world of woe and pain and little joys, where men and women grow weary and old and fade into the grave.

But, just as you and the Fedlar would find if they went to-morrow to the land of their youth, Ossian found everything changed. Men were preaching the Christian faith throughout Ireland, and the old Druidical worship was no more. A sense of desolation and loneliness overtook him and he determined to return to his beloved princess and the happy Tir-na-n-oge.

It was then that his fate fell upon him. As he passed Gleamn-a-Smolach —the Glen of the Thrushes—near the Liffey, he saw men building a temple for the new worship. They were fumbling about a big stone, endeavoring in vain to lift it, and had partly raised it when it slipped. Ossian, leaning from his horse caught it and flung it high into place. As he did so, his girths slipped, and snapped with the violent strain of his body. The rider fell. The fairy white horse flew away. Youth, blessed and wonderful Youth, departed, and Ossian lay a blind and withered old man with all the years he had missed in the Land of Youth weighty upon him.

#### EARL GERALD AND HOME RULE

THERE was the story of Earl Gerald, which through all the years of stress and strain and feeble joys which have attended a poor pedlar, remains fresh and green to this day.

Here is how an old woman skilled in fairy lore, tells it—you may find it written up in fine language, but that is not the way Betty talked:—

"Shure Earl Gerald," she would say, between dhraws of her black dhudheen, "doesn't be dead at all, but only sleeping in his choice place under where his own grand castle used to stand beyant there near the Curragh. It is well known that his sogers are there with him in the big hall. The Earl do be sittin' at the head of a long table and his men down be the side and they all of thim have their heads on the table for 'tis fast asleep they are. Agin the wall do be rows of stalls and every man has his horse in wan of thim. Wance in every sivin years the Earl wakes an' calls for his horse. Then he rides out free as air wid his men behind him. He rides round the Curragh of Kildare, wance, twice and the third time. Then he goes back into his cave and sleeps for another sivin years."

About here, Betty would knock the ash off her pipe, refill it with cut twist, and put a live coaleen off of the fire on

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it. Then after a blast or two to set it going,—"All the worrld knows that when Ireland is set free of th' English—bad scran to thim !—the Earl will come back an' there will be fine doings at the Castle. They'll be roasting pigs whole, and there'll be cauldhrons of cabbage, an' barr'lls o' porther. Lashin's an' lavin's for all comers. May God send the day soon ! The way 'twas I heard the story was through me own mother's great gran'-uncle's first cousin. He saw the Earl an' the great Hall.

"It was this-a-way:

"Me mother's great gran'-uncle's first cousin was a bit of a horse-dealer in his way an' fond of the hard sup, too. Wan night he was comin' home from the fair, he saw a door in the hill open, an' he walked in. He was the worse for a glass or two, but he could kape his feet an' his siven sinses for all of it. Well, agra, there he was in a fine big room, with lamps hung in it, an' a row of tattered banners swayin' up high. An' the light av the lamps was shinin' on the armour of men who sat at a big table asleep, wid their heads on th' table, an' behind them were rows of horses all saddled an' bridled ready for th' hunt.

"Faith it was me mother's great gran'-uncle's first cousin that had the fear of God on him that time. He thrimbled so that a bridle that he had in his hand fell wit' a big noise, an' the warrior that was nearest to the poor onshuck of a man raised up his head.

"'Is it time ?' was what he said.

"'Arrah, what time would ye be wanting ? Shure 'tis time everybody was asleep an' in bed an' that's where I'm going,' said me mother's great gran'-uncle's first cousin, and wid that he lepped out of the cave an' away wid him, an' thry as he would for ever afther he never could find the door again."

Staring into the red heat of the fire, the children could see the door in the hill, and it was wide open and the firelight was shining on the steel helmets of men who sat in rows with their heads on the table.

"But, as sure as I'm dhrawin' this pipe, childer alanna, an' I lay me in me narrow bed, the day'll come when they'll free ould Ireland an' Earl Gerald will ride out at the head of his min, an' tie the green flag wid the harp on the top of his castle tower an' it will curl in the win', God bless it! and wave bold and proud for all it's so long down in the dirt."

And here's to your memory, old Betty, long laid in your narrow bed. One of the children, maybe, will be here to throw a hat in the air the day Home Rule comes, if but for love of you, darling old woman, who taught us how to live for ever in the land of Tir-na-n-oge.

### WAISTCOATS

THE Suffragettes are gradually gaining ground. Mrs. Pankhurst has decided that militant methods must be abandoned, and a Castle of Peace, so to speak, be erected upon a Cellar of War. To this end, no doubt, may be attributed the gradual encroachment of women on things masculine, even to clothes. The extreme skirt of the moment is as near to trousers as a mere skirt may go. And now we've taken to wearing waist and morning coats. Not that the waistcoat is a new comer. The Pedlar wore one when he was playing at being a young lady. But they were mere vestings compared with the magnificent effort of to-day. The Pedlar adores waistcoats. He has made a study of the waistcoats of romance and history, and has hung them in a dream closet along with many another fabric made of gossamer and fancy.

Let us look in upon them. Here are two which belonged to bluff King Hal. His best" of cloth of silver, quilted with black silk, and stuffed out with fine camerike." His second, a sleeved white satin "embroidered with Venice silver." This he wore the day he wedded Anne Boleyn, that care-free and flirtatious maid who died shortly after of a malady of the throat.

But what were these in splendour as compared with the scarlet waistcoat, embroidered with golden bees, worn by Queen Elizabeth's Essex, or with Jos. Sedley's magnificent crimson satin sewn with gold butterflies, or with the great and good Dr. Johnson's vest of scarlet and gold lace which he wore the first night of "Irene?" These were weskits as were weskits.

Which reminds us of Dickens. The cult of the waistcoat was a favorite one with the Genius of London. Not only does it take an important part in every Dickens novel, but the author himself was partial to waistcoats, and was, when over forty, pronounced irrecognizable "without his bright waistcoat." Once when giving one of his famous readings, Dickens appeared in a white and black or magpie waistcoat which created a strong sensation. The novelist was delighted when he heard people about asking one another "What is it? Is it a vest?" "No, it's a shirt," all of which he took to be very complimentary and gratifying.

Not satisfied with his own, and Sam Weller's waistcoats, Dickens once wrote to Macready about one. "You wore it," he says "in 'Money'. It was a remarkable and precious waistcoat, wherein certain broad stripes of blue or purple disported themselves as by a combination of extraordinary circumstances, too happy to occur again . . I saw it with feelings easier to be imagined than described." And then Dickens goes on to tell the actor that he has need of just such a waistcoat to show to his artist who cannot imagine such a paragon. Will Macready let him show it as a sample of what the writer wants? Macready did, and Dickens went to a wedding in that waistcoat and eclipsed the bridegroom!

### MORE WAISTCOATS

THUS we get in Dickens—or rather from him, the psychology of the waistcoat. You remember that vest of Tigg Montague when he sat as chairman of the Anglo-Bengalee? "Flowers of gold and blue and green and blushing red were on his waistcoat." Then the porter of the Anglo-Bengalee, Bellamy, in his "vast red waistcoat." A practical weskit that not only got a man a good place on his own terms, which were high, but actually doubled the respectability of the concern with every square inch of it that was exposed to view. "The whole charm was in his waistcoat." Some sense in a business waistcoat of that sort.


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As to the ladies. There were no suffragettes in the time of Evelyn or Pepys, but an item in the milliner's bill of Evelyn's cousin reads "one j waistcoat." What the j stands for we dare not surmise. It was the blue and white riding waistcoat of another lady that suggested the colours of a uniform for the Royal Navy. So you see the waistcoat is not without fame. But talking of that there are three waistcoats which are historically famous and as such stand alone.

The most famous in England is the yellowed jersey vest with its faded lace that Nelson wore aboard the Victory. The most expensive waistcoat was another kersey with snuff-stained pockets over which the first Napoleon buttoned his green coat—but perhaps the one that cost Britain most was the vest of "figured Manchester velvet" which Franklin took off when "His Majesty had no further occasion for his services as Deputy Post-master," and which he put on nine years later when a certain treaty was signed that lost America to England.

Looking deeper into our waistcoat cupboard we espy one worn by the second Charles in 1679; an affair of white and silver worn by the poet Shenstone; divers vests of Beau Brummell, and some wonders of young Mr. Disraeli, which we must bring into the light. Dizzy evidently looked on the waistcoat as a medium for advertisement. He had a prodigious assortment of them. When he went on his first tour, he heard on landing at Gibraltar, of King William's death. "It will be the ruin of my dress waistcoats," he wrote: "I am deeply grieved." Lady Dufferin beheld him years later, at an evening party, in purple satin trousers and scarlet waistcoat. Once he wore three—a crimson velvet, a white, and a plain red, reminding one of the first gravedigger in Hamlet who takes off—the deuce knows how many—before delving. There are waistcoats galore in Thackeray. You remember how gorgeously Harry was breasted when he went after Miss Amory, and how fond Pendennis was of the figure he cut in a splendid new vest.

Then there is Jeames's waistcoat—ample and magnificent—and the modest vest of the cleric—and there is also the strait waistcoat—but we close the cupboard door upon that horrifying garment. What business hath it among the flaunting breastings of Royalty and Romance?

## EUGENICS

THE serious world is busy studying eugenics. It is in its reading, its lectures, its conversation. Talk for a little with one of those progressives whose strange desire it is to schoolmaster the world, and you will find yourself in a few minutes floundering about in eugenics. Time was, and not

so long ago, when people asked the meaning of this new term. Now every school-marm knows it. Eugenics is to be taught in the schools. It is to preside over the wedding feast. Possibly we will find it at funerals, forbidding the burial of the dead, and pointing sternly to the crematory. Assuredly it is present in its most aseptic form at every birth of any importance.

I think we should call upon Burbank to explain. He or some other wise horticulturist experimenting with vetches—or was it peas?—succeeded in convincing himself that he got certain results from cross fertilizing, and immediately put forth the axiom: "If this be true of vegetable life, why not of animal? and if animal, why not human life?"

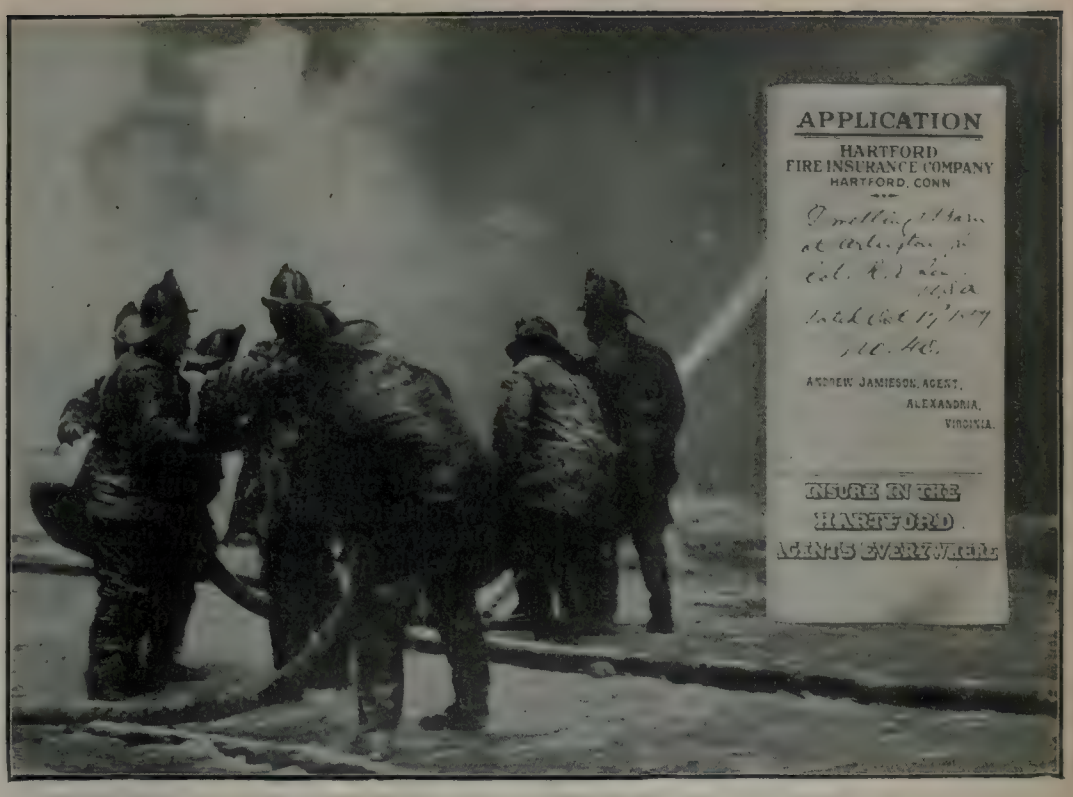
The world, weary of this philosophy and that—seized upon the new invention, and lecturer, writer, cleric, schoolmaster, all came forward to push the new theory—and the foremost agitators for racial purity are, we venture to say, either single persons, or people who are married but childless.

We have ever found the single woman to be the "wisest" adviser in the matter of feeding babies and bringing up the children. The dear soul tells the mothers—with the most honest simplicity—what to do for little Johnnie when he is teething, and explains with delightful ingenuousness why Baby won't sleep of nights, or permit anyone else in the house to get a wink. Old Maidy knows all about it. She could give pointers to every mother in the land as to how to hold the baby, to dress him, to feed him. But her fingers are icy, her breast barren. What does she—can she—know of the everlastingness of mother-love, of the strange secrets that Love whispers in the ear of the little mother whose warm arms are cradled about the wonderful human atom that lies within them. So it is with eugenics. It is the fad of the moment. It is the favoured topic with the single woman lecturer. You will not hear much about it from the doctors, except from those professional gentlemen who write for the magazines.

But let us look at it from the other side for a moment.

We hear a great deal about the mentally defective. We have statistics and sermons pointing to liquor, venereal diseases, and insanity, as the whole trouble in this question of eugenics when only consanguinity is *known* to reduce what is commonly called resistance, mental and physical. Who is to judge the so-called mentally defective? Assuredly not some narrow-minded pedagogue of set ideas who has never seen beyond his own limited horizon. Him you will always find willing to preach the gospel of how it should be done, to tell you what the outcome of human mating will be, forgetting or overlooking the fact that he is but a poor example of what he preaches so glibly.

How do the eugenists propose to settle this old question which has puzzled the human race since the dawn of history? Humans of small mental attainments, are, experience teaches us, indolent, and to be frank, sensual. They are prodigiously prolific as a rule, but they are neither mad nor half-witted. Are such persons to be locked up and fed by the few who consider themselves mentally fit to judge them? Who is without beam or mote in his own eye? What does survival of the fittest mean? If the fittest alone survive what of the non-competent, non-producing class, of the crowds of "no-accounts" that flock to the cities? What of vacant farms, luxury loving autocrats, weary vagabonds? Should



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**BUST AND HIPS**

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these be permitted to mate and bring children to life? Must all the sinners be eliminated for all time and only the saints be permitted to rule the world—a dull world, indeed!

Take the questions of large families. It is noteworthy that the brainiest people have fewest children. But in any family great or small, what mental dissimilarity exists even though physical likeness is apparent! Why should the offspring of the same pair be so different in the matter of temperament, or mental efficiency? Why should a genius be found among a flock of commonplace children? Apart from genius, which we know to be rare—how is it that one alone out of four or five children will make headway, and ultimately win a brilliant success of life while his brethren remain among the failures? They have had the same educational advantages and the same environment, the same parental love and care, but one or two have flown to the stars while the others remain gaping on the ground? There is, as we said before but one known and sure law that will reduce resistance, mental and physical—consanguinity. Every cattle breeder, every fancier who goes in for the best in dog or cat or pigeon is wary of the dangers of inbreeding. Yet in every argument which has so far come under our notice in the matter of eugenics we have not seen this point—the actual one—mooted. Consanguinity does not, of course, account for all the world's human failures—for the syphilitic, the insane, the drunkard, but neither should these be blamed on heredity but rather on habit. Men run themselves upon these rocks, and though eugenics were to regenerate the world for one generation, it would depend on the will of man himself that the purity of the race be continued. Not until sin is removed will man be perfect. As long as drink and lust and dire poverty remain, so long will we have degenerates and failures. Man alone—in his own person and by his own will—can redeem himself. That eugenics will help, few will doubt—but all the eugenics that ever were taught or enforced will not cleanse the Augean stable in which humanity rots. That cleansing must be done by every human Atom for himself. Only thus will it benefit the whole.

---

An English tourist was sightseeing in Ireland and the guide had pointed out the Devil's Gap, the Devil's Peak and the Devil's Leap to him. "Pat," he said (all English tourists call Irish peasants "Pat," just as they call little boys "Tommy"), "the devil seems to have a great deal of property in this district!"

"He has, sir," replied the guide, "but sure, he's like all the landlords—he lives in England."


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ASK YOUR DOCTOR
BIG BOTTLE ALL DRUGGISTS


Sylvia Pankhurst will be known in history as the person who wouldn't open her mouth while in jail and wouldn't shut it while at large.

A young lady who had no knowledge of nautical phrases, asked a friend: "Do you know, I often wonder why a ship has to weigh its anchor every time it leaves port." The young man hesitated, but plunged gallantly in. "Why—er—the weight is constantly changing, you know, because of the —er—binnacles and things that accumulate on the anchor."

## The Yankee Bar

Continued from page 22.

jurists of four nations, was in keeping with the spirit of the convention, for the purpose of presiding on that occasion. North America cannot and should not soon forget that gowned procession which entered the Hall. Strathcona and McDonald led, followed by Haldane and White; Taft and Borden came arm in arm; Ex-Ambassador Choate and the Canadian Minister of Justice walked side by side; these men received the degrees in person, while Senator Root who was absent in Europe in connection with the work of the Hague Tribunal and Maitre Labori, who was confined to his room with a sprained ankle, received the degrees "in absenti." The mention of the name of the defender of Dreyfus brought forth applause from the American lawyers, and generous evidences of appreciation from his assembled compatriots of the Province of Quebec.

The Lord Chancellor hurried away the night of the first day to be with his Great Seal. He is a bachelor and evidently married to it. Then the convention settled down to professional discussions of no general interest to the laity. But the personality and the one day of the Lord Chancellor in North America, had been sufficient to make his concluding words ring around the World:—

"And now I have expressed what I had in my mind. Your welcome to me has been indeed a generous one and I shall carry the memory of it back over the Atlantic. But the occasion has seemed to me significant of something beyond even its splendid hospitality. I have interpreted it, and I think not wrongly, as the symbol of a desire that extends beyond the limits of this assemblage.

"I mean the desire that we should steadily direct our thoughts to how we can draw into closest harmony the nations of a race in which all of us have a common pride. If that be now a far-spread inclination, then indeed may the people of three great countries say to Jerusalem 'Thou shall be built,' and to the temple, 'Thy foundation shall be laid.'"

## Unwilling Eve

Continued from page 31.

The blood leaped into her face.

"Oh!" she gasped, "I never dreamed that even such a man as you would compare me with—with a creature like that!"

"Such a man as me!" repeated Blake, staring. "What do you mean? I know I'm not much of a ladies' man; but to be yanked up like this when a fellow is trying to pay a compliment—well, it's not just what you'd call pleasant."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Blake. I misunderstood."

"That's all right, Miss Jenny! I don't ask any lady to beg my pardon. The only thing is I don't see why you should flare out at me that way."

For a full minute she sat, with downbent head, her face clouded with doubt and indecision. At last she bravely raised her eyes to meet his.

"Do you wonder that I am not quite myself?" she asked. "You should remember that I have always had the utmost comforts of life, and have been cared for— Don't you see how terrible it is for me? And then the death of—of—"

"I can't be sorry for that!"

"But even you felt how terrible it was . . . and then— Oh, surely, you must see how—how embarrassing—"

It was Blake's turn to look down and hesitate. She studied his face, her bosom heaving with quick-drawn breath; but she could make nothing of his square jaw and firm-set lips. His eyes were concealed by the brim of his leaf hat. When he spoke, seemingly, it was to change the subject: "Guess you saw me making my hut.

# A book for the insecure

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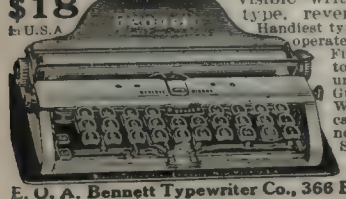


E. U. A. Bennett Typewriter Co., 366 Broadway, New York


I'm fixing it so it'll do me even when it rains."

Had he been the kind of man that she had been educated to consider as alone entitled to the name of gentleman, she could have felt certain that he had intended the remark for a delicately worded assurance. But was Tom Blake, for all his blunt kindliness, capable of such tact? She chose to consider that he was.

"It's a cunning little bungalow. But will not the rain flood you out?"

"It's going to have a raised floor. You're more like to have the rain drive in on you again. I'll have to rig up a porch over your door. It won't do to stuff up the hole. You've little enough air as it is. But that can wait a while. There's other work more pressing. First, there's the barricade. By the time that's done, those hyena skins will be cured enough to use. I've got to have new trousers soon, and new shoes, too."

"I can do the sewing, if you will cut out the pattern."

"No; I'll take a stagger at it myself first. I'd rather you'd go egging. You need to run around more, to keep in trim."

"I feel quite well now, and I am growing so strong! The only thing is this constant heat."

"We'll have to grin and bear it. After all, it's not so bad, if only we can stave off the fever. Another reason I want you to go for eggs is that you can take your time about it, and keep a look-out for steamers."

"Then you think—?"

"Don't screw up your hopes too high. We've little show of being picked up by a chance boat on a coast with reefs like this. But I figure that if I was in your daddy's shoes, it'd be high time for me to be cabling a ship to run up from Natal, or down from Zanzibar, to look around for jettison, et cetera."

"I'm sure papa will offer a big reward."

"Second the motion! I've a sort of idea I wouldn't mind coming in for a reward myself."

"You? Oh, yes; to be sure. Papa is generous, and he will be grateful to any one who—"

"You think I mean his dirty money!" broke in Blake, hotly.

Her confusion told him that he had not been mistaken. His face, only a moment since bright and pleasant, took on its sullenest frown.

Miss Leslie rose hurriedly, and started along the cleft.

"Hello!" he called. "Not going for eggs now, are you?"

She did not reply.

"Hang it all, Miss Jenny! Don't go off like that."

"May I ask you to excuse me, Mr. Blake? Is that sufficient?"


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"Sufficient? It's enough to give a fellow a chill! Come now; don't go off mad. You know I've a quick temper. Can't you make allowances?"

"You've—you've no right to look so angry, even if I did misunderstand you. You misunderstood me!" She caught herself up with a half sob. His silence gave her time to recover her composure. She continued with excessive politeness, "Need I repeat my request to be excused, Mr. Blake?"

"No; once is enough! But honest,

now, I didn't mean to be nasty."

"Good-day, Mr. Blake."

"Oh, da-darn it, good-day!" he groaned.

When, a few minutes later, she returned, he was gone. He did not come back until some time after dark, when she had withdrawn to her lean-to for the night. His hands were bleeding from thorn scratches; but after a hasty supper, he went back down the cleft to build up the new wall of the barricade with the great stack of fresh thorn-brush that he had gathered during the afternoon.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE END OF THE WORLD.

In the morning he met Miss Leslie with a sullen bearing, which, however, did not altogether conceal his desire to be on friendly terms. Having regained her self-control, she responded to this with such tact that by evening each felt more at ease in the new relationship, and Blake had lost every trace of his moroseness. The fact that both were passionately fond of music proved an immense help. It gave them an impersonal source of mutual sympathy and understanding,— a common meeting-ground in the world of art and culture, apart from and above the plane of their material wants.

Yet for all his enjoyment of the girl's wide knowledge of everything relating to music, Blake took care that their talks and discussions did not interfere with the activities of their primitive mode of life. As soon as he had finished with the barricade, he devoted himself to his tailoring and shoemaking; while Miss Leslie, between her cooking and wood-gathering and daily visits to the cliff for eggs, had much to occupy both her thoughts and her hands.

At first every ascent of the cliff was embittered by a painful consciousness of the cairn over the north edge. Fortunately it was not in sight from the direct path to the headland, and, as she refrained from visiting it, the new happenings of her wild life soon thrust Winthrope and his death out of the foreground of her thoughts. Each day she had to nerve herself to meet the beaks and wings of the despoiled nest-owners; each day she looked with greater hope for the expected rescue ship, only to be increasingly disappointed.

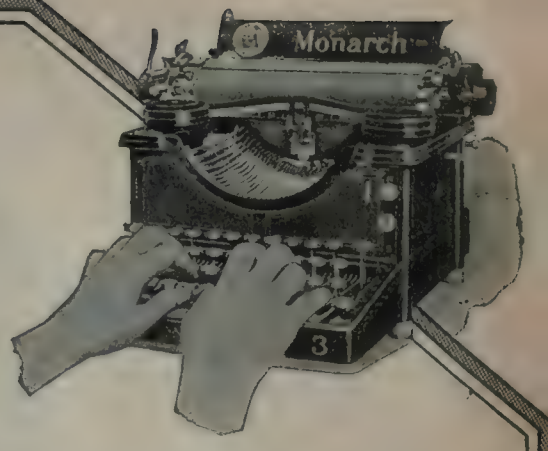
But the hours she spent on the cliff crest after gathering the day's supply of eggs were not spent merely in watching and longing. The inconvenience of carrying the eggs in a handkerchief or in one of the heavy jars suggested a renewal of her attempt at basket-making. Memory, perseverance, and a trace of inventiveness enabled her to produce a small but serviceable hamper of split bamboo.

Encouraged by this success she gathered a quantity of tough, wiry grass, and wove a hat to take the place of the flimsy palm-leaf makeshift. The result was by no means satisfactory with regard to style, its shape being intermediate between a Mexican sombrero and a funnel; but aside from its appearance, she could not have wished for a more comfortable head-cover. Before showing it to Blake, she wove a second one for him, so that they were able to cast aside the grotesque, palm-leaf affairs at the same time.

The following morning Blake appeared in an outfit to match her leopard-skin dress. He had singed off the hair of the hide out of which he had made his moccasins, and his hyena-skin trousers quite matched the bristling stubble on his face.

"Hey, Miss Jenny!" he hailed; "what d' you think of this for fancy needlework?"

"Splendid! You're the very picture of an Argentine vaquero."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That's the whole story of the

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On the average typewriter the touch is an *incidental thing.* On the Monarch it is *THE fundamental thing.* The machine is literally *built around the touch.* The long levers, the creeping fulcrum, the straight line pull—all of these are factors in the *Light Touch* for which the Monarch is famous.

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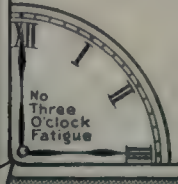

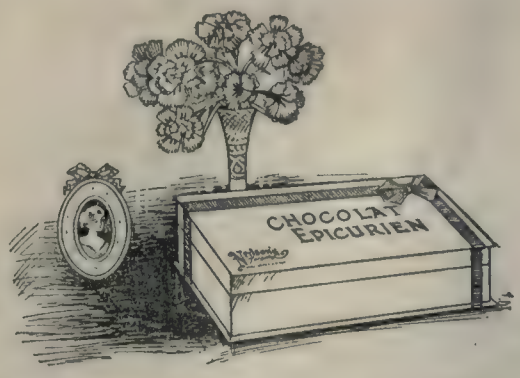


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Study out the things that make a piano **a splendid musical instrument.** Find out the reasons why this **piano is a permanent joy-giving** investment. Write to the Sherlock-Manning people and ask them to **show** you wherein their instrument is **worthy** of the title

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"Greaser ?—ugh ! Let me get back to the Weary Willy pants !"

"I mean you are very picturesque."

"That's it, is it ? Glad I've got something to call your leopardine gown that won't make you huffy."

"We can at least call our costumes serviceable, and mine has proved much cooler than I expected."

"But our new hats beat all for that—regular sunshades. What do you say ?— there's a good breeze— Let's take a hike."

"Not to the river ! The very thought of that dreadful snake—"

"No; just the other way. I've been thinking for some time that we ought to run down to that south headland, and take a squint at the coast beyond. Ten to one, it's another stretch of swamps, but—"

"You think there is a chance we may find a town ?"

"About one chance in a million, even for a native village. The slave trade wiped the niggers off this coast, and I guess those that hit out up-country ran so hard they haven't been able to get back yet."

"But it has been years since the slave trade was forbidden."

"And they don't sell beer on Sunday —oh, no ! I'll bet the dhows still over from Madagascar when the moon is in the right quarter. At any rate, niggers are mighty scarce or mighty shy around here. I've kept a watch for smoke, and haven't seen a suspicion of it anywhere. Maybe the swamps swing around inland and cut off this strip of coast. It looked that way to me when I made that trip along the ridge. But there's a chance it used to be inhabited, and we may run across an abandoned village."

"I do not see that the discovery would do us any good."

"How about the chance of grain or bananas still growing ? But that's all a guess. We're going because we need a change."

She nodded, and hastened to prepare breakfast, while he packed a skin bag with food, and examined the slender tips of his arrows. As a matter of precaution, he had been keeping them in the cigarette case, where the points would be certain of a coat of the sticky poison and at the same time guarded against inflicting a chance wound. But as he was now about to set out on a journey, he fitted tips into the heads of his two straightest shafts.

The morning was still fresh when they closed the barricade behind them and descended to the pool. There was no game in sight, but Blake had no wish to hunt at the commencement of the trip. The steady southwest wind had blown the sky clear of its malarial haze, and gave promise of a day which should know nothing of

Continued on page 71.

# Accept Howard E. Coffin's 1914 Automobile Review—We'll Send It!

NO AUTOMOBILE buyer should fail to read Mr. Coffin's Automobile Review.

He shows why six cylinder cars are now so popular.

He explains the reasons for their smoothness, and why they are so desirable. With diagrams, and in the clearest language he makes you understand why so many makers are now manufacturing sixes exclusively.

He tells about wire wheels and wood wheels—about left side drive and right side drive—about gasoline economy—electric and other gear shifts—streamline bodies—speedometer drive—new things in lighting, and other features embodied in the 1914 designs.

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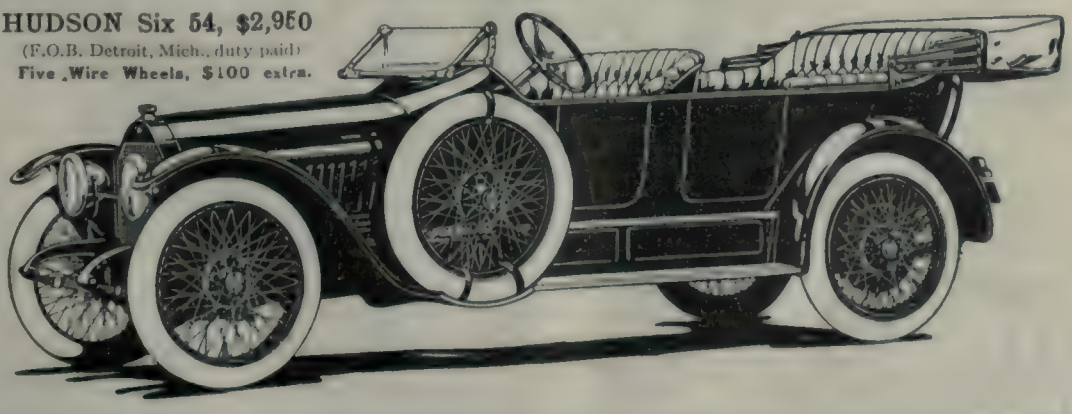
**Five Wire Wheels, $100 extra.**



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**Shirriff's True Vanilla**


# *Pat Burns Cattlemen*

Continued from page 25.

one as puts up any roar about the chuck takes my place."

This proposition was agreed to and the new cook took up his disagreeable duties. When the men came in for dinner they found a huge dish of bean soup awaiting them as the first course. When O'Hara put the first spoonful into his mouth he jumped to his feet and yelled: "Damn them beans, they're that salt they'd tie a knot in yer tongue. As he turned from the tent door whence he had gone to empty his mouth, he noticed that the other men were eating the beans as though they were the greatest of delicacies and bethought himself after it was too late. "But I'm fond o' salt soup, so I am," he hastened to add and sat down and swallowed the beans with their bath of brine as stoically as the others. But his effort at recovery was in vain; the cook maintained that he had cussed the beans, thereby, according to the compact, forfeiting the chaps for the apron. The other cowboys backed him up in this and O'Hara reluctantly took posssion of the pots and pans. His first thought was to duplicate his predecessor's ruse, but he overheard several conversations, intended for his ears, in which dire persecutions were planned, ready for execution, in case the cook committed any more foolishness.

Now O'Hara was not a coward, but he was more cautious than he would have been on his native heath; everything was strange to him; the wild, measureless prairie kept his imagination active and, moreover, he had already had one experience with cow country retribution. When he first came among the cattlemen, he talked too much about the spirited hunters he had broken to ride for gentlemen in the old country. When he was about to begin his first day's herding, the horse wrangler generously offered him first choice as the cowboys gathered to get their mounts. The wrangler moved them slowly so that he could get a good look at them. As the foreman's favorite horse came out to the edge of the bunch he caught O'Hara's eye at once. His sire was an English thoroughbred; his mother, a wild prairie cayuse that had never felt the touch of spur, bit or saddle. He was a buckskin with four white feet and legs white to the knees, a blazed face and eyes that showed white rims about dark centers.

"Now, there's a hoss fer yez," said O'Hara, "he's the most like a thoroughbred I've seen since I left Ireland."

"I supposed you'd be pickin' out somethin' hard to ride to show us how they do it in Ireland," said the wrangler. "That's the quietest hoss in the bunch, I'll have no need o' ropin' him." Hanging his lariat over the horn of his saddle, he took O'Hara's bridle, stepped over to the buckskin, bridled him and led him up to O'Hara. O'Hara looked him over admiringly, felt the hard muscles of his forearm and patted his neck caressingly. "He'll do! be gorry he's fit fer a gentleman's ridin' anny place." As O'Hara threw the saddle on and drew the cinches tight, the buckskin was quietly picking grass


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Contents of one packet make a quart of rich, nourishing soup, a plateful of which, with bread, offers a delicious, sustaining meal

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as though quite unconcerned in what was going on. O'Hara mounted but the horse kept on grazing and seemed reluctant to leave the grass.

"He's lazy, O'Hara, you'll have to wake him up with the spurs, "suggested one of the cowpunchers.

O'Hara acted upon the suggestion. He never knew what the horse did, for the next second found him describing a parabola, high in the air like a skyrocket and skyrocket-like he lit on his head with his heels in the air. He lost connection with events for a time. When he finally regained consciousness, he was deeply impressed by the cowboys' heartlessness as they laughed uproariously over his dismay to find that he saw double. There were two of everything he looked at and the landscape, men, horses and cattle, seemed to be jumbled up in a hopeless muddle, but time and cold water slowly brought his optics into proper relationship and objects finally shifted into their accustomed perspective. The remembrance of this experience deepened the effect of the threats which he overheard. Accordingly he continued to discharge his duties as cook, but it was work to which he was not accustomed and in order to do it satisfactorily he was compelled to work over hours.

During his first week as cook the outfit camped near a large spring in a draw covered with willow while the prairie about it was an unbroken expanse of grass land. Sam Dunlap, the negro driver of the chuck wagon, was in the habit of turning his mules loose to graze about the camp. The wrangler found them a nuisance in the horse bunch and either from attachment to Sam or the wagon they never strayed far. One evening O'Hara finished up his dish washing after supper later than usual and started down to the spring for two pails of water to be used in cooking breakfast in the morning. As is often the case in Alberta, even in midsummer, after the sun went down the wind grew chilly. The mules went into the willows to hunt for a quiet place to lie down, out of the wind. While O'Hara was dipping the water out of the spring, one of the mules selected the path from the camp to the spring as the most fitting place for the night's repose, as it was one of the few places in the draw free from willows. He had just gotten himself well settled when O'Hara started back to camp. As he had been working for some time by the camp lights, his eyes were not accustomed to the darkness and he was following the path more from force of habit than by sight. As he was late and in a hurry he stumbled over the mule without seeing him, giving him an ice cold bath with the spring water. The mule bounded to his feet with a terrified bray, hurling O'Hara in a headlong somersault into the bush and crashed off through the brush as though he were running from a prairie fire. Mules were something new in O'Hara's experience and he did not recognize in his terrified victim's voice, anything which he had ever heard before. He scrambled to his feet and with all the speed he could muster rushed, hatless and breathless, into camp where he told a wild tale of the narrow escape he had had from a fearful creature as large as an elephant with a voice louder than Gabriel's trumpet.

The riders took up the cue and entered into an impromptu contest to see who could tell the most bloodcurdling, hair raising yarn about prairie hobgoblins, and night-walking spirits of Indians slain in old tribal wars. One fellow was quite thoroughly convinced that O'Hara had encountered the spirit of an old chief of the Stony Indians, noted for bloody atrocities in

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Home portraits by daylight or flashlight, developing and Velox printing—each has its fascination.

Get our little book "At Home with the Kodak." It shows what *you* can do with Kodak or Brownie and tells in simple manner how to do it. Free at your dealers or by mail.

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the torture of captured enemies, who had been killed while attempting to get water at the spring during a battle with the white men of a wagon train which had camped there when the first settlers came to Alberta. O'Hara was noticably affected. The cowpunchers observed that he did not go back to get his hat nor to fill his water pails for morning. The prairie which had been to him a vast empty loneliness which inspired him with nothing but the fear that he might get lost in it, now began to be peopled by his imagination with a host of dreadful creatures. As daylight faded into night, the uncertain light transformed moving objects in the distance into veritable confirmation of the worst things he had imagined. O'Hara's experience and the cowboy's fiction to which he eagerly listened, made as marked an impression on the negro teamster as it did on O'Hara.

To the practiced eye of the foreman it was evident that he was in danger of losing the second cook as well as his teamster if the cowpunchers were allowed to continue their pranks unchecked. He painted as dire a picture as possible for them, of the camp short of riders and without cook or teamster. The dread of over-work and the possibility of being compelled to take the place of either O'Hara or the negro forced caution upon even the most thoughtless; but when the season was nearly over and they had returned to the spring where the mule had so frightened O'Hara and only a few days lay between them and the edge of the range, perhaps it was association of ideas that brought back the desire to torment O'Hara and the negro. They found the skeleton of a buffalo, bleached in the sun till it was as white as chalk. They attached the bones to a stake so that when it was driven into the ground the remains of the buffalo looked like the skeleton of a huge man or devil if one took the horns into account.

That evening the cowboys were amusing themselves by hurling at each other whatever came handiest when a boot fell, plunk, into the drinking water; at once a clamor arose for fresh drinking water.

"Go on wid yez," said O'Hara, "ef yez will be after dirtin' the wather yez can drink it dirty." But the cowpunchers, to a man, set up a howl for water and O'Hara had learned that when they were a unit in any demand it paid to concede to their wishes. However, remembering his former experience in getting water from this spring in the dark, he induced Sam to go with him. In the meantime the skeleton had been set up at the turn in the trail where O'Hara had his former experience with the ghost of the Stony Indian. The eye sockets of the skeleton had been rubbed with matches till they glowed with a cold fire. As O'Hara

and the negro turned the bend in the trail, the white, fiery eyed skeleton suddenly confronted them. They dropped the pails and gripped each other in an embrace of terror. They froze to the spot, utterly unable to move till something touched them from behind; as they looked around, a huge dark creature, resembling a man, towered above them, fire and smoke issuing from its nostrils, eyes and mouth, They were worse than between the devil and the deep sea, they were between two devils. With a whoop that only a negro can utter, Sam bounded away across the prairie like a coyote, O'Hara doing his best to keep up to him.

When they finally discovered that nothing was following them and sank down on the grass exhausted, away back in the distance, in the direction of the camp, they heard the uproarious laughter of the cowpunchers. At once it dawned upon them that they were the victims of a cowboy joke and began to plan vengeance.

"Do you know what I's gwine do ?" said Sam. "I's gwin' light right out o' here an' leab 'em widout no driber. Dem cowpunchers t'ink dey's mighty knowin' bout hosses, but dey ain't none ob 'em kin dribe dat Rastus mule. Yo's got to know jes' how ter talk de proper talk ter 'im an' yo's got ter han'le 'im jes' so, er he ain't gwine pull nothin.' He ain't gwine tech de collar, no how."

"How will yez hike widout a hoss ?" said O'Hara. "I'd like to have a picture o' yez, when a bunch o' range steers got sight o' yez, an' it wouldn't make no difference how hard yez scratched grass yez couldn't keep out from under foot o'thim, an' it's jist three days aff o' payday. I've no mind to lave me summer's wages behint me. There's mor'n drivin' mules thet them cowpunchers don't know. At least it's meself as will find out what they know about the foin awld game o' sparring."

O'Hara started for the camp as though he already had his eye on the fellow in the other corner of the ring. He was the real O'Hara then. The mystery of the prairie had begun to wear off and had lost some of its grip on his imagination; he had learned to ride a bucking horse and was beginning to believe in himself again. As he entered the camp with Sam at his heels, he was greeted with a burst of derisive laughter.

"Is it laughin' yez air?" he said, "an' it's meself as thought yez'ud be weepin'."

The cowpunchers were too wary; no one bit; but Clanahan, willing to give a fellow countryman a lift and fearful lest he lose his cook, accommodatingly inquired: "How's that, O'Hara ?"

"Why, Sam here, is after tellin' me thet DeMar is drownded."

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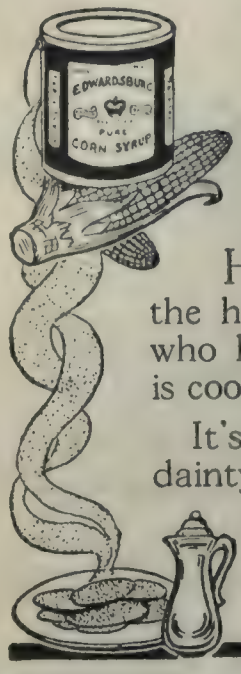
DeMar was the smallest man in the outfit, only five feet two, but a good rider and cattleman. By way of compensation he and McDougal were pals, always together when off the herd. McDougal stood six feet four in his stockings, lean, sinewy and so muscular that he could pick a calf up from the ground and lay it across his saddle in front of him without dismounting. As a prodigious tobacco chewer he was principally noted for the enormous amount of tobacco juice his crater emitted at a single eruption, and as Clanahan enquired how DeMar got drowned, O'Hara answered: "McDougal spit on 'im."

Everyone understood this as a challenge to McDougal who was not slow in accepting it as he had unbounded confidence in his great strength. O'Hara was of the type which has usually worn the belt of the world's championship. He was a fraction of an inch under six feet tall, was deep chested and heavily muscled, had a short, strong neck and a square jaw. He was capable of standing almost any amount of punishment

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and able to strike blows that would tell, even on the strongest, when his opportunity came. He had been in training in Ireland and fought according to approved tactics. McDougal had never been whipped, but he owed his success entirely to his tremendous strength and reckless courage. Understanding that O'Hara's last speech was intended for him, he roared: "Shut yer ugly yap er I'll spread it all over yer face."

"An' that would be kind o' yez," said O'Hara, "fer I've always been told it was too small. If yez can't find it, it's right here," and placing his index finger on his mouth he stepped up in front of McDougal.

Uproarious laughter followed O'Hara's jest and McDougal, quite beside himself with rage, charged O'Hara like an enraged bull with a red flag flaunted in his face. He struck out viciously with his right, but O'Hara, seeing that he was not close enough to make the blow effective, caught it on his chin, allowing his chin to sink down with the spent blow, thus overcoming McDougal's greater reach and bringing him up within the length of his own arm. With all the force of his legs, back and shoulder behind the blow he landed directly over McDougal's heart. The big cowpuncher stood tottering, gasping for breath; another blow on the chin would put him out and he was momentarily helpless to defend himself; every cowpuncher in the crowd knew it and held his breath to see what O'Hara would do.

"Call it a draw, McDougal," advised one of the cowpunchers, "he's too well onto the game fer you; there's no use tryin' to beat a man at his own game."

With a bellow like a steer cornered in a coulee by a wolf, McDougal pushed in on O'Hara and clinched him; but here again he did not know how to take advantage of the prodigious strength upon which he depended for success in this last resort; as they closed, O'Hara slipped his right arm around the small of McDougal's back and caught his chin in the palm of his left hand. McDougal's greater height was a serious disadvantage, as there was little difference in their weights. O'Hara, putting all the power of his shorter back into the strain, began to draw McDougal's waist in toward him while he forced his head, slowly but steadily back. McDougal, gathering all his strength for a last frantic effort exerted himself till the veins stood out on his neck, almost to bursting; but the struggle was useless; his head slowly went back till the strain on the small of his back was unendurable; suddenly a sense of suffocation overcame him and his grip relaxed. O'Hara, feeling him growing limp in his arms, gave him a backward shove, without strik-

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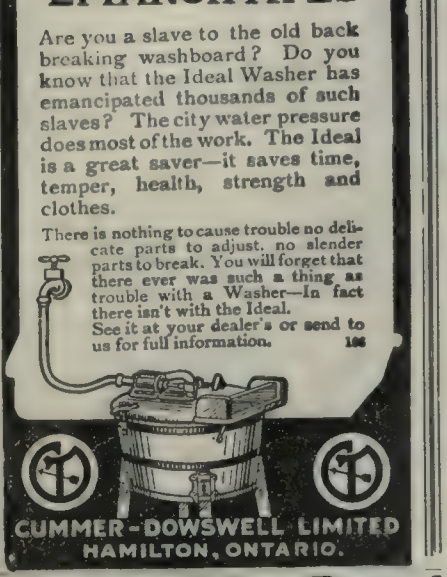

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ing, sending him to the ground in a crumpled mass where he sat panting in deep, gulping breaths. When he had somewhat recovered himself, O'Hara remarked in a patronizing voice: "Yez air all right bustin' bronchoes, McDougal, but it's another game when yez tackle men."

## *The Manor Inn*

Continued from page 24.

slept so late. It was so comfortable I was in no hurry to leave, and when I did the landlady gave me food for the day,—that is the last of it you are eating," indicating the remnants of food which still remained in the old woman's hand, "was she not generous?"

"True, young woman, and you are not ungrateful for kindness shown to you, and deserve to be well treated. For my own part I've nothing to say, and you mustn't mind an old woman's gossip. No doubt it's all idle tales of superstitious folk. And now, thanking you kindly for your bite which has put new strength into my old body, I'll go on my way."

Once again Ellen resumed her journey.

"How many more?" she inquired wearily to herself.

A mile farther she obtained shelter with a cotter and his wife, and that night thoroughly worn out with the experiences of the preceding night, the journey and the interviews of that eventful day the soldier's wife slept the deep sleep of exhaustion.

At last the long toilsome journey was over. The town of M——was reached, and Corporal Thomas Winchester held his wife in his arms, gazing long and lovingly into her winsome face.

"It's good to see you, lass I've missed you sore, my girl. You must rest now for sadly tired you must be with the long tramp. You're the right stuff for a soldier's wife, Nellie."

Throwing her arms around his neck, Ellen Winchester burst into tears. "O Tom! Dear Tom! It's glad I am to see you. One time I never thought to see you again."

. . . . . .

The captain of the regiment to which Corporal Thomas Winchester belonged listened attentively to the story told him by his subordinate officer, and questioned closely his pretty modest wife.

As a result of the information which he laid before the authorities the secret door in the wing in the old Manor Inn was discovered.

Descending the stone stair-case which they found on the other side of the secret door the officers of the law found buried the body of the unfortunate drover and also the remains of many others who had mysteriously disappeared from time to time.

As the landlord and his wife were led off to prison the dame exclaimed in an aside to her husband:

"If you hadn't been so soft-hearted over that jade of a soldier's wife she would have had no tales to tell."

The landlord utterly cowed by the revelations of the underground chambers of horrors shook his head and answered sadly:

"I'm glad I haven't to answer for her too. She was a pretty lass, but a deep one."

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# McGonnigal

Continued from page 19.

with Micky Sullivan, Johnny Lachappelle, an' Dan McDonald to th' mouth o' Morton's creek an' dam it up with snags or logs. When they open their sluices their logs'll jam, an' we'll git a chanst ter pass them. Y'understand ?"

"I hev a hazy idea, sorr," replied McGonnigal slowly.

"Never mind. McDonald an' th' others will know—they'll show ye. Ye kin go down with them, so keep yerself in readiness an' in good fightin' trim." And the foreman strolled away.

"In good fightin' trim ?" murmured McGonnigal. "I wonder phwat he manes by thot ? Kape yerself in good fightin' trim, he said. B'jabers, me coat tail is always draggin' in th' mud, an' it only needs a man ter tread on it ter start a foight. Wirra ! I'll soon find out."

Day after day, a mysterious atmosphere of expectancy pervaded the sun flooded woods and proclaimed the advent of spring. The snow became honeycombed, and the ice frazzled, while gaunt crows in the pine tops made the mornings discordant with their caws, and the hibernating animals of the forests turned in their lairs to look at the sun. Along the banks of the creek, naked logs, limbed and marked, steamed in the noonday heat, and the ice of the little river turned weak and mushy. The dams above, were filling fast with spring water, and when an Indian river driver came up from below one balmy morning with the intelligence that the St. Anne was moving out, McGraw sent the four men off on their mission with a team, axes, canthooks, old logging chains and a box of timber dogs.

It was night when they reached the St Anne River, and as the ice had given way in several places, leaving open leads, they left the team and sleigh in charge of Sullivan. The others shouldering their implements, found a leaky flat bottomed boat, tumbled into it, and pushed off. It was risky work crossing the frail ice, as they had to haul the boat out and push it over the cakes, and several times, they crashed through mush into the icy river. When at last, they grounded the boat on the muddy banks on the other side, the plotters heaved a sigh of relief and wiped the perspiration from their faces.

Dan McDonald—a Glengarry man from the Scotch settlements on the Ottawa—took the lead. "We've got a guid mile yet tae go afore we strike th' mouth o' Morton's creek. Dinna mak' a noise, fur it's mair than likely they'll hae a watch set tae spile tricks like oors "

Scrambling and crawling through the wet bush, over rocks and stones, and floundering thro' morass and mud, the trio wended their way in the dark, until McDonald called a halt.

"Wheest !" he commanded. "I'm thinkin' they've got a mon posted at th' mooth o' th' creek, an' he's smokin'. Kin ye no smell *tabac canadien* on th' win'? Wait a meenit, an' I'll gang forrit an' see."

A few minutes later he crawled back, quivering with suppressed excitement. "There's twa o' them, boys, an' yin o' them is Bully Mechante with a rifle. What th' deevil are we gaun tae do ?"

"Knock 'em on head," growled McGonnigal.

"Ye don' knock a man lak' Bully Mechante on de head ver' easy," said Lachappelle. "I t'ink we better for crawl up to dem, an' see w'at we can do. Maybe we'll git chanst to rush dem, or maybe they'll go asleep after a while. Mechante nevaire come down here without some *whiskey blanc* for keep de cold out."


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Lachappelle's plan was agreed upon, and like snakes the men wriggled through the undergrowth with their load. Grovelling and crawling among the slushy snow, wet to the skin, they drew near the scene of action until they could hear the growling monotone of the sentry's voices.

McDonald's arm shot out, and he crushed the impetuous McGonnigal to the snow. "Wait!" he whispered. For a solid, shivering, and apparently endless hour, they lay crouched in the slush, until they were electrified to sudden watchfulness by an unmistakable snore. McDonald looked up. "By thunder, boys, they're both asleep. Me an' Red wull tackle Mechante, an' Lachappelle kin handle th' other man. He's a little feller."

Mechante, a huge muscular brute of a man, with a swarthy pock marked face, awoke to vigilant activity when McDonald tripped over a stump, and in a trice he reached for the gun.

"*Qui est la?*—" he bawled, when a heavy fist smashed him between the eyes. A powerful arm encircled his chest, and in a moment he was back-heeled and rolling in the snow with horny fingers groping for his wind pipe.

"*Mojee*—" he gurgled.

"Shut up, you scowbanker!" growled a voice, and a handful of slushy leaves and mud was crammed into his mouth. Deft hands rolled him over, and a sailor's fist half hitched his arms behind his back with a piece of snowshoe thong. Mechante was powerful, and he boasted that he could tackle any two men, but taken by surprise as he was, he had little chance to make a fight. Thinking it was McGraw that felled him, he spluttered. "Goddam, McGraw, I feex you for dis——"

"'Tis not McGraw, me joker," hissed a rich brogue in his ear. "'Twas McGonnigal, from Donegal—a modest man that don't loike bad langwidge." And Mechante's face was thrust down into the mud.

In the meantime, Lachappelle and McDonald labored like Titans, rolling some old dam logs on to the ice of the creek, where they lashed them with the logging chains threaded through dogs well hammered in. The whole mass was securely bound by chains to stumps on either bank, and remained, a log jamming barricade, calculated to impede the progress of a veritable Niagara.

Seated on the body of Mechante, McGonnigal caressed the gun, and kept it pointing in the direction of the other prisoner, who lay still and said nothing. Every now and again, the big captive would give a wriggle, and Patrick would bring the butt of the rifle down on the back of his head.

"Bad scran to ye—ye squirmin' blag'ard. Move again an' I'll jam yer

ugly figgerhead inter th' dirt. Why can't ye kape still loike yer mate thar'?"

Panting and sweating, the others finished their task and rejoined the sailor and the prisoners. For an hour they stood around, the Irishman amusing his comrades by pushing Mechante's face in the mud in order to quench the flow of bad language which trickled from the mouth of the aggrieved one. He was almost black in the face with helpless rage, and the malevolent glances he gave McGonnigal boded little good for that gentleman in the future if Mechante got his hands on him.

During the night, the St. Anne cleared and at daylight, McDonald held up his hand. "Listen!" he cried. "They're openin' th' dams! I hope McGraw is awake an' losin' no time."

A low, thunderous murmur could be heard on the vibrant morning air, and almost instantly, a roaring flood of ice and water careered down the almost empty watercourse, followed by a whirling, tossing chaos of logs. Shouts rang through the woods, and McDonald cried, "Here they come. Run like th' devil for th' boat. Scoot, boys, scoot!"

Mechante gave a mighty heave at his bonds, snapped them like twine, and rolled McGonnigal over on his back among the brush. In a minute he was at him, and while Lachappelle and McDonald were pelting thro' the bush, the sailor and Mechante were engaged in a battle royal, snarling, striking, and kicking like a pair of wildcats.

When the two men reached the boat, they missed McGonnigal.

"Where's Red?"

"I t'ought he was behind me."

"Let's git back. Mechante an' the other feller have got him—"

Bang! went a gun, and a rifle bullet whizzed above their heads as the redoubtable Irishman crashed through the bush, his red mop over his eyes, face cut and bleeding, and one arm of his coat missing.

"Inter th' boat, bhoys," he panted. "McShanty's loose an' he's got th' gun!

In less than a moment, they scrambled into the boat and pushed off. "McGraw's opened th' dam!" cried McDonald joyfully, as he glanced up the river at the flood of logs pouring down.

Using their paddles they swung across the river, swirling with the force of long pent up waters, and careering and grinding among the timber thundering out of McLean's creek, made their way across to the other bank, where McGraw and his river drivers awaited them.

It was daylight when they passed Morton's creek, and the McLean camp hooted and yelled at Mechante and his men, who were working with cant hook and pole, trying to break a jam of logs which had piled across the entrance of the little stream like a barricade. As they tramped past, the Frenchman spied them, and shaking his fist, screamed curses.

"*Sacre*!" he yelled. Goddam! I'll feex you, *tete rouge*! Wait till I get ma han's on you sometam' wit' dat *mojee* McGraw."

McGonnigal extended a broad thumb to his nose and performed a sign of contempt, familiar to men of all nations. "B'jabers," he growled to McDonald. "Th' bounder gave me a clip in th' figgerhead wid his spiked hoof. I'd like ter pay him back fur that.

"Phwat was that he called me? Tate rooge?"

"Which means 'red head' in the peasoup language," explained Sullivan. "ye'll want to look out fur Mechante. He's a bully an' tough nut. See that he don't catch ye down th' river."

McGraw strolled up with a satisfied expression beaming over his bronzed

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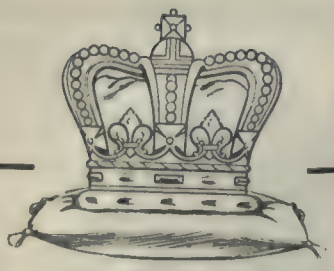

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face. "Great work, boys," said he. "We've fixed Morton's gang good. He'll be all day pickin' th' key o' that jam. I had all th' boys up all night, rolling inter th' creek, an' we've got th' whole cut clear an' away. Who scratched ye, Red?"

"McShanty," growled the latter, lighting up his pipe. "Druv' his boot in me mug——"

"All right, boys," cried the foreman, turning away. "Some o' you cross th' river an' roll off stranded logs. Keep 'em movin', while we've got th' water."

For many days, they followed the logs down; walking along the river banks through mud and slush, wading creeks, sleeping in the chilly open, and devouring their food raw. Whiskey was plentiful, and it was astonishing how much the men drank to stave off the cold of eternally wet clothing, and continual sloshing about in icy water.

The timber was carefully steered in and out of booms, over rapids, and chutes, until a fine, balmy spring day saw the cut boomed in slack water with those of several other companies, and the work of sorting the various cuts began.

Dexterous rivermen performed wonderful feats of agility, jumping from stick to stick across the booms, and birling the logs with spiked boots and never wetting the soles. McGonnigal received many a cold ducking essaying these tricks, but as his fame had spread far, the observing shantymen took care not to laugh too loud.

At last the logs were sorted and boomed in their respective "sacks": McLean's cut was taken in tow by the company's tug, and the gang made for Quebec. Mechante came in soon after, rampaging and swearing, and the butt of all the shantymen on the River. The big Frenchman cursed and promised himself a fine revenge when he got to the ancient capital, and with these thoughts in his mind, he hustled his gang from morning to night, until he got his cut clear.

McLean's gang were paid off, and after the married and steadier men had gone to their homes, the rest held high carnival, and endeavoured to paint the old world town in sanguinary hues. McGraw, McGonnigal, and a dozen others located at Murphy's Hotel in the lower town, and the hostelry staged some wild scenes. Drunken shantymen reeled in and out continuously during the day, and at night the place rang to rude bursts of song, loud laughter and noisy dancing. Fights were common occurrences, and the clatter of broken glass became a familiar sound.

Mechante had come to town, and made Grevier's Hotel the rendezvous for his gang, and as the news of McGraw's exploit had spread among the lumbermen, the fraternity wondered if the two would meet, and discussed probabilities. Such however was not McGraw's intention. He had no desire to have a turn with the big Frenchman, who was a past master in the art of *savate*, and could fight as well with his feet as with his hands. In his cups, Mechante declared that if McGraw would not come to him, he would, like Mahomet, go to McGraw, and spend a pleasant evening with the latter and the "*tete rouge*" wiping off old scores.


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Next day, an excited bushwhacker stamped into Murphy's with the news that Mechante and his gang were coming down to clean the place up that night, and true to his word, while McGraw and McLean's men were congregated in the bar smoking and drinking, Mechante strolled in, followed by his henchmen. The singing stopped as if by magic, and in the silence that ensued a pin could have been heard to drop.

Mechante leered around, and spying McGraw, made a bow of studied politeness. "*Bon soir*, Meester McGraw. I thought I would call an' see you dis tam,' eh ?"

"You're welcome," growled the other coolly. "What'll ye have ?"

"*Merci*," said Mechante ironically. "I have still enough *piastres* to pay for my own dreenks. You weel dreenk wit' me, Meester McGraw." Both men strode to the bar, and Murphy, with an ominous glance at McGraw, placed the bottle of *whiskey blanc* on the counter.

The men of the opposing camps filled the room, and an uneasy, tense silence dominated the atmosphere of the bar-room, as the foremen stood up to the bar and filled their glasses.

The bully drained his liquor at a gulp, and setting down his glass, placed his elbow on the rail, and leered tigerishly at the other.

"I hear, McGraw, dat a man leecked you dis wintaire, eh ? Is dat so ?"

Roddy colored. "Maybe so, Mechante, maybe so. Ye hear many things in th' bush these days."

"Huh !" replied the other sarcastically and with an insolent stare. "You're a poor devil for camp boss. You let your men leeck you w'en dey like. I hear dat, me."

"I've heard things too, Mechante," said McGraw coolly, while the assembled men strained their ears. "I heard that ye had yer mouth full o' somethin' ye couldn't swaller, a few days back—"

"Yes, by Gar," roared the other. "Where's dat man—de *tete rouge* ?"

"I also heard," continued Roddy, "that ye allowed yer logs ter jam at th' mouth o' yer chute—"

"Where's de *tete rouge* ?" bawled Mechante. "Who jammed ma logs ?"

"I did, by heck !" shouted McGraw. "Have ye anythin' to say about it ?" Both men were by this time glaring into each other's faces, and the tension became almost unbearable. Mechante stared for a moment, and then burst into a harsh laugh.

"You did ?" he reiterated with contemptuous sarcasm. "Why, McGraw, I c'd break you lak' wan leetle puppy dog. You jam my log ? Ha ! ha ! Where's your *camarade*—the *tete rouge*?"

At this juncture, McGonnigal thrust himself forward from the bench he had been sitting on, and faced the Frenchman with an airy, devil may care smile playing over his features.

"Is it th' red head, ye'll be after wantin' ?" he rumbled. "Sure an' me hair happens ter be o' that gloryus, aristocratic hue. Maybe ye don't like th' color ? Maybe ye still have a dhry throat wid th' mud ye swallered up th' river ? G'wan, mate, yer mug's still dhirty ! Maybe me chum McGraw ain't treatin' ye right ?"

Mechante was nonplussed for a moment with the Irishman's aggressive attitude and he blurted out, "McGraw ees good feller !"

"Then what in h—l are ye bawlin' about ?" cried the sailor thrusting his hard bitten visage into the Frenchman's.

Mechante, with an oath, turned his head to the bar, and snarled at Murphy to set him up a drink. McGonnigal gazed at the man for a space, and swung around to McGraw, saying loud enough for everyone to hear. "Roddy, me bhoy, we don't need to be scared o'


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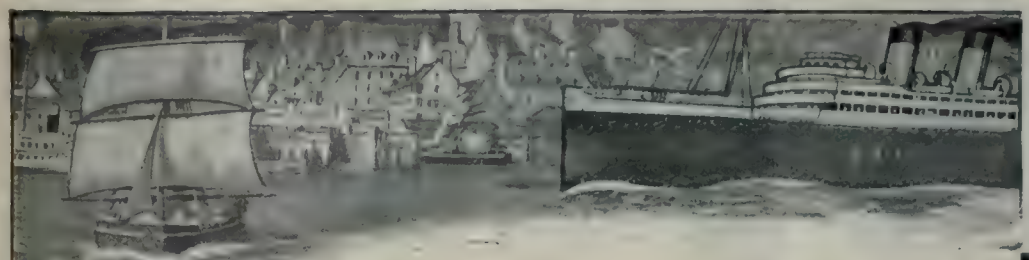

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that big stiff. He's all wind, but there ain't enough in him ter flap a main skysail."

The men of the two factions drew apart, crowding to the bar and drinking noisily. The Bully began talking and shouting to his companions in a loud voice, and swigging drink after drink. McGraw and McGonnigal drew over to a corner, for the former knew that the trouble was by no means over yet. With a skinful of "rot-gut" in him, Mechante would regain his courage, and a fracas would start.

"Red," whispered the foreman, "look out for the Bully. He's drinkin' to get his fightin' blood up an' he'll come fur ye yet. If he does, look out for his feet."

From an aggressive silence, the two gangs began to pass various stinging pleasantries at each other across the room, and Mechante lolled across the bar encouraging his men to further bravado. The whiskey he had consumed was rising to his head, and he felt fearless and strong.

"Meester McGraw," he bawled. "Watch me keeck !"

Striding into the center of the room, he made a spring into the air, and turning a complete somersault, sent his calked boot heels with a crack into the ceiling; landing on his feet again amid a storm of applause. Pointing to the marks of the calks in the ceiling above, he leered at McGraw.

"Meester," he cried. "Can you do dat treeck ? I t'ink not, eh ? You're too stiff in de joint for dat. De man in your camp leeck you w'en dey lak'. You call yourself a foreman—a boss—hey ? I say dat you're leetle puppy dog, an' I whip you lak' leetle dog—" With the dark blood mounting to his face, McGraw rose. "I'm a leetle puppy dog, am I ?" he muttered, taking off his coat.

The Bully watched him with an evil grin. "You'll fight me, hey ?" he chuckled. "Boys, de McGraw is goin' to fight. De puppy dog wants a leeckin from Napoleon Mechante—de bully of de Sant' Anne——"

As he spoke, McGonnigal advanced and pulled McGraw aside. "Roddy ! Leave th' big swab ter me. He guv me his boot in th' mug wan day. See fair play."

Rolling up to the astonished Mechante the sailor coolly looked him up and down, with his hands in his pockets, and then deliberately squirted a stream of tobacco juice over the Frenchman's boots.

"*Sacre,*" screamed Mechante, and he swung for McGonnigal's head with a terrific roundarm punch. "I'll feex you, *tete rouge*, for dat ! You stuff ma mout' wit' mud—Ouch !"

McGonnigal jumped in and delivered a crashing drive into the Frenchman's

chest, which choked his utterance, and followed up his advantage by a socker on the jaw.

"Ouf !" grunted Mechante, as the blow went home. Up went his booted feet—sock ! sock !—and McGonnigal crashed back among the chairs and tables with a splintering of broken furniture.

"Ow ! th' cursed swab !" he rasped. "He caught me atween wind an' water wid his hoofs."

"Watch his feet !" hissed McGraw in his ear as he stepped up to his opponent again.

"How you lak' dat, Rouge ?" leered Mechante.

"Same as you like that !" roared McGonnigal, as he feinted with his hand, and caught the Frenchman a terrific kick in the stomach with all the power in his heavily booted right foot.

Mechante doubled up in agony. He never for a moment expected that the other would pay him back in his own coin—Englishmen never used their feet in fighting, and he was taken by surprise. As he lowered his guard to clasp his stomach, McGonnigal rushed him to the floor with vicious blows, and in tense grips, the men rolled under the feet of the mob, sending tables and chairs flying in all directions.

As they swung towards the Quebec heater, men yelled a warning. McGonnigal looked up for an instant, and grasping Mechante by the neck with iron fingers, jammed his face against the side of the almost red hot stove !

With a bellow like the ancient Polyphemus, the Frenchman struggled out of the sailor's grip, screaming and cursing.

"Dat's what ye git fur stampin' yer spikes in me mug up th' river," growled a voice, and the combatants were buried in a horde of fighting, shouting men. Both camps were at one another's throats, and McGraw's voice could be heard above the din. "Heave them out, boys. McLean's camp ! McLean's camp ! Clean them up !"

Swinging a chair with tremendous sweep, he led his gang, and pandemonium reigned. Murphy screamed in vain for order to be restored. A flying bottle sent him under his own bar counter for refuge, and McGraw's chair sent the lamps clattering to the floor. Men fought with whatever they could lay their hands on. Bottles, glasses, chairs, and tables were hurled and broken in the hands of maddened lumbermen, and the air was thick with yells and oaths—French, American and Canadian. Struggling, stamping, and punching, the combatants reeled around the room to the accompaniment of smashing glass, splintering woodwork, and cracking partitions. The stove pipes came down with a run, and the air was thick with soot and smoke, and the din was indescribable. The noise had brought up every lumberman in the lower town, and they thronged the sidewalks outside.

One by one, Morton's gang crashed through windows and doors pursued by some enraged McLean man, hatless, coatless, and often shirtless, and one of the first to leave was Mechante, who was hove through a huge plate glass window out to the sidewalk. While he was trying to pick himself up, McGonnigal assisted his journey by heaving a bottle of squareface at him, and the blow made him yelp.

When at last the trembling Murphy struck a match and gazed on the secne of action, he almost wept. "Och, blazes ! I'm ruined !" he cried. "Furniture all broken, winders an' mirrors all smashed, half me stock gone, an' th' place lookin' like h—l struck wid a cyclone. Wirra ! 'twas a sorry day that I allowed yez into me hotel. Five hundred dollars gone to Hades in thirty minutes ! Och, sure, 'tis worse nor a Fenian Raid ! That's what I git fur allowin' them scrappy, boozy shantymen to hang around here. 'Tis


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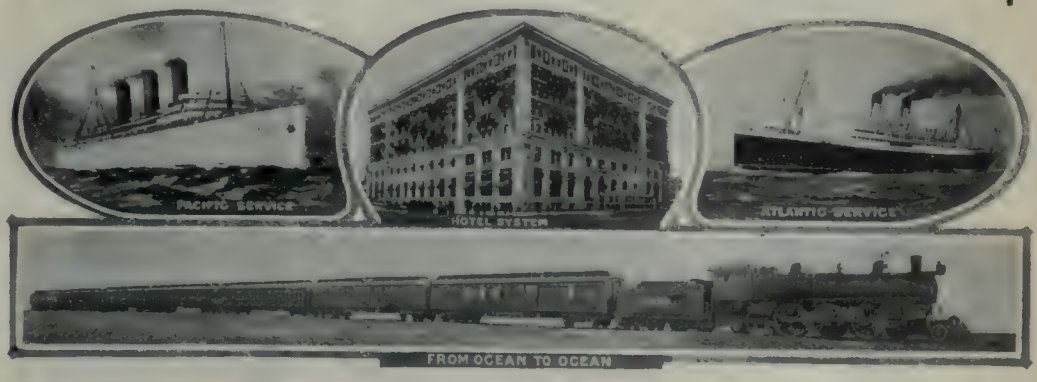


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th' same ivery spring, but this is th' worst yet. Ochonee !"

It was some two days later that the second mate of the British barque "Falls of Clyde" turned at the mate's query. "Who are all that gang shoutin' an' singin' in th' foc'sle ?" The junior officer smiled. "I understand that they're friends o' that new bos'un's mate we signed here. They came pilin' aboard th' ship to see him, an' by th' hook block ! 'twould take a regiment to stop them."

"What are they?"

"Lumbermen, sir—an' every man jack as full as a tick."

The mate smacked his lips reminiscently.

"Well, Mr. Gammon, ye kin pass th' word along for all strangers to get ashore. We'll be heavin' up in a few minutes."

McGonnigal—metamorphosed to the sailor again by slop chest dungarees, peaked cap, and creaking sea boots, lurched drunkenly on to the foc'sle head, followed by about twenty of the old camp gang, who proffered him drinks out of handy flasks, and wept in maudlin farewells.

An old chorus came floating aft, and the mate listened to the hoarse words.

Oh it's pork an' beans for breakfast,
Pork an' beans at night,
Pork an' beans at noontime,
By G—, boys, it's a fright——"

"Hey, thar', Mr. Gammon. Send these fellers ashore."

With hearty, honest hand grips, they bade McGonnigal goodbye, and scrambled into the boats alongside.

"Good bye, Red," almost wept McGraw. "Cut th' sailorin' business in th' fall an come up on th' St. Anne again with me. Ye're a decent sort, an' ye kin handle yer mitts like a plug-ugly, an' it's great times we've had together. So long, Red." And he clambered over the side.

"All hands to th' windlass !" came a thundering hail along decks, and a few minutes later, the barque was hove short.

"Pass the hawser down, an' heave up !" The tug ranged alongside; the anchor came up from the mud of Quebec Harbor to the tune of a plaintive chantey, and McGonnigal stood at the heel of the bowsprit looking down at his former comrades.

"Tell McShanty to put a pitch plaster on his jib th' next time ye see him. I'm thinkin' it wuz burnt some. I'll maybe see ye in th' fall. So long, boys." With a wave of his hand, he turned to his work. The barque swung round to the pull of the tug, and glided down the river, while the lumberjacks watched their comrade disappear.

"Thar' goes th' Boss of th' Sant' Anne, an' th' hardest scrapper I iver met." And McGraw looked for consolation in a flask of rye. "Ef he comes back, there'll be somethin' doing."

# *Radford-Street Expedition*

Continued from page 13.

and here to our great satisfaction, we found an encampment of Eskimos, at a crossing place of the caribou, known as Od-e-uk-tellig. Remaining here two days, we resumed the canoe journey with a crew of three Eskimos to Chesterfield Inlet; searched the entire length of the Inlet for our relief supplies, and on the last day of September found them at the Inlet's mouth, on the shore of Hudson Bay, where the Hudson's Bay Company, faithful to their promise, had landed them three weeks previously from their steamer Pelican."

Many readers will remember the hardships J. B. Tyrrell experienced on his journey from Chesterfield Inlet, where he had not arranged for supplies, to Fort Churchill, the nearest post. Several explorers know parts of the country through which the two men travelled, but Mr. Tyrrell is one of the few who has made the journey right through from the Mackenzie Basin to Hudson Bay. Mr. Radford continues:

"On the third of October, we re-ascended Chesterfield Inlet, sailed up Baker River into Baker Lake in a small forty foot schooner which was placed at my disposal for the transportation of my supplies for the interior, and reached the head of the lake the night before it set fast with ice. We proved the navigability of the lake for vessels of light draught, and were the first whites to navigate these inland waters with any craft larger than a canoe or skiff since their discovery by Captain Christopher in 1762."

They had arranged with Chief Akulak to come for them with dogs and sledges and bring their supplies to the Eskimos' winter camp. This was reached about the first of December and there Radford and Street spent the winter in a sort of annex to the chief's own igloo. From these headquarters—Od-e-uk-tellig—Street made sledge journeys aggregating seven hundred miles. On March the twenty-sixth, 1912, the explorers set out accompanied by three Eskimos, one of whom was Chief Akulak. They had two sledges, one loaded with the canoe, "Hope," which they had carried with them throughout. After an overland journey of seven weeks they reached the Arctic coast near the head of Bathurst Inlet. By this time it was the middle of May.

Mr. Radford's letter goes on:

"Our route lay up the Thelon River valley to Beverly Lake; thence northwesterly to Back's River. . . .up Back's River to Lake Beechey, thence northerly and westerly to Bathurst Inlet."

This journey is reported as not being especially trying, the lowest temperature being only forty-five degrees below zero, while in camp the lowest was sixty-one below. But they did have difficulty in feeding their dogs, owing to the scarcity of caribou—in fact they lost eight of the twenty-five during the trip.

Hanbury explored this country in 1902, spending three weeks in an igloo, but did not go further than Lake Pelly.

An interesting portion of the letter gives a description of a primitive tribe of Eskimos inhabiting Bathurst Inlet:

"These have had no intercourse with whites; do not possess rifles, and hunt as of old with a bow, spear and harpoon; they all use stone kettles, and knives of hammered, native copper, and strike fire with stones and tinder or by rubbing a pointed stick into another piece of wood, until the latter becomes heated enough to ignite."

An arrangement was made with three of these Eskimos to accompany the white men westward along the Arctic coast to the Mackenzie delta—the intended route to civilization being Fort Macpherson, Dawson and through Alaska. Toward the end of the letter there is a statement that Dawson should be reached in the winter of

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1912-13, and something of the tragedy lies in the fact that within a few hours of the expression of this hope, the man who uttered it and his companion lay dead, slain by the Eskimos who were to guide them.

Fourteen months ago this letter was written, and passed from hand to hand through the wide silent spaces of the north to come at last to the one of whom Radford thought as he guided the pencil over its pages. Twenty-four hours after the postman left it at the door, word was flashed to the newspapers of the explorers' death.

They started out that last morning, feeling that the worst was accomplished and the final stage of their journey to Dawson and the world outside was begun. Perhaps a light snow was falling. Breakfast was prepared and eaten, and the men lighted their pipes as they superintended the loading of sledges and the harnessing of dogs. The guide stood ready for the signal to move, the whole party were on the point of departure—all but one dog driver who suddenly refused to go further. The accounts of what actually happened vary. Certainly there was a swift change from buoyant cheerfulness to flashing wrath—perhaps there was a blow struck. One can imagine the cracking of the dog-whip in the white man's hand. Suddenly as a striking snake the recalcitrant driver turned, plunging his ready spear through Radford's breast. Street grasped his rifle and sprang forward, but in doing so he turned his back to the man at his sledge, and in that moment met death from the point of a spear in his back. He fell, and two crimson blots widened to meet each other upon the snow.

. . . . . .

According to the schedule of the explorers, they were not expected in Dawson until the winter of 1912-13, and anxiety as to their safety was not acute. But rumors leaked through to a Hudson's Bay post that there had been a tragedy. This was hard to believe, for it has been the experience of travellers in the northland that the Eskimo is faithful and reliable, although it is stated that certain primitive tribes have cruel customs and repulsive superstitions. Chief Akulak yearly treks into the interior to barter with the Bathurst Inlet Eskimos who have no dealings whatever with the white men. During the winter following the departure of Radford and Street with men of this tribe, Chief Akulak made his inland journey as usual, and inquired at the conference in the igloos for news of the white explorers. The replies did not satisfy Akulak, and it may be that he saw property belonging

to his friends the white men. At any rate his suspicions were aroused, and bit by bit he pieced the story together. When he came out from his trip, he confirmed the rumors that had already reached the Hudson's Bay post, and on his report the Royal Northwest Mounted Police sent a detachment into the Bathurst Inlet region to investigate More we cannot learn of the manner in which the explorer met death until the constables return, but there can be little doubt that Akulak's story is true, and that two more names are added to the roll of those who have perished in the Arctic. The strange thing about it is the treachery of the Eskimos. From the days of Franklin down to Fitzgerald, men have set out upon the quest for the unknown and the north has swallowed them; but since the murder of Lieutenant Hood there have been very few authenticated cases in which an explorer's failure to return has been the result of treachery on the part of the natives.

## *And Everywhere Mary Went*

Continued from page 11.

sighed Mary Millicent, "How did that happen to you, Barney ?"

"I wrote a pome," and he waved the valentine.

"Let's have it, Barney"—Mary Millicent gaily invited disaster—"Don't be blossoming there unseen. Some have poetry wafted upon them."

Barney wet his stump of a pencil in a twisted tongue, put in a comma where it didn't belong, and began—

"Mary had a kape of lam—
It had a nawful purrifume—
And everywhere, that Mary went
The peepul swore an' lef' the room"—

But his mother had seen the valentine, and, instead of the poet's crown of bay, Barney departed twisting wreaths of rue.

"I could better write epitaphs than poetry," said Mary Millicent," 'It was a cape', I'd say in elegy."

"You talk queer, Mary Millicent," said her mother, "and you look feverish. Now, you girls go to bed and in the morning we'll fix the cape all right."

Mary Millicent disappeared into a feather tick without observing the order of evening prayer.

"Aren't you going to read your chapter ?" asked Macedonia Elizabeth.

"My Bible dropped where—the—thing—was," said Mary Millicent sullenly.

"But aren't you going to say any prayers ?" persisted Macedonia, hoping still to know through older Mary Millicent and her faith the origin of the Deity.

"No," said Mary Millicent, more sullenly, "You shut up, Elizabeth. I have left in me only one faculty—the sense of smell."

The first rites of the aid to the tainted took place on Saturday morning in the privacy of the wood-shed. Cedar shavings a-smoke on the dust-pan sent up a sweet-smelling incense to the infected lamb. It was a double house and a double wood-shed with cracks between the boarding, and the little neighbor woman's eyes and nose were given her to use. She used them. Then she came around to the wood-shed door. But she was a discreet little neighbor woman with no sense of humor, and she didn't even laugh, but offered sympathy and promised Mary Millicent solemnly not to tell, then went home for reinforcements, which consisted of Condy's Fluid, moth balls, oil of cedar, camphor, iodoform, Florida water and benzoin.


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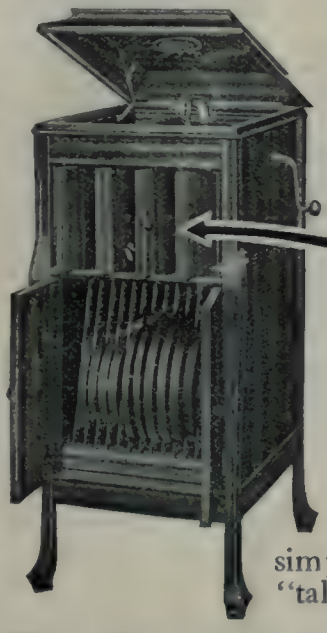

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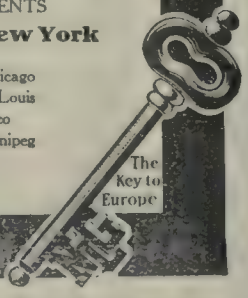




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"The alleviations seem almost worse than the affliction," suggested Elizabeth through the diffusing emanations. But the mother was busy burning charcoal and Mary Millicent had just stubbed her toe on the mop as she carried out a shovel of fuming sulphur, and was incapable of speech.

The children made offering of all their treasured bits of extracts. Chlorines and chlorides and cologne took turns. And, finally, in the bright afternoon sunshine Mary's lamb was allowed out on the line, the original immoral odor bewildered among all known deodorizers and all the perfumes of Araby.

To the older Doyles, resting and hoping, came Barney reporting.

"Arretta Brown's mother is out on her steps pointin' at our line an' talkin' to our Auntie Warren" (the little neighbor woman) "an' Pete Gibson come up to them an' looked an' laughed an' said 'Hell !' an' went home hurryin' an' laughin' an' hittin' his leg an' sayin'—"

"That will do, Barney," decided his mother.

The little neighbor woman came down her cellar steps and up the Doyles' cellar-steps.

"Oh, what is it ?" implored Mary Millicent. "Do they *know* ? You didn't *tell* them ?"

"No," said quiet Mrs. Warren, "She thinks you're showing off your new furs. 'They're poor,' she said to me, 'poor as pizen—and stinkin' proud !' "

And Mrs. Warren sat in amazed gravity while the Doyles laughed on each other's necks till they wept, and Mary Millicent, shaking the tears out of her lashes, spoke in an unknown tongue to Mrs. Warren—"That qualifying adverb," she said, "may not be according to the grammarians, but she spoke more truly than she knew,"—and that mad family were off again.

Came Barney once more dragging his sled in on the new carpet and forgetting to shut the door. "Pete Gibson's laughin' an' sayin' 'Hell !' an' puttin' skins on his line," he panted.

Pete's butcher-shop was just across a couple of lots, and Pete's nose was redder than just the winter afternoon had made it, and Pete's humor more broad than the Lord had endowed him. He hung skin after skin along an improvised line parallel with Mary Millicent's cape, while Arretta Brown's mother stood on her steps rejoicing at the parody, and Arretta stuck out her tongue at Barney, and John Sims, catching the infection, picked up his spaniel and draped him at the end of Pete's line of skins, and hilarious faces appeared at the neighbor's windows, but at her kitchen window, Mary Millicent was laughing happily, though hysterically still. "They don't *know*,"


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she said in a sort of hallelujah voice, "Oh, glory be, they don't *know*!"

Mary Millicent didn't go to the carnival, and didn't tell Arthur Carpenter why, and that was the end of A. C.

On Sunday only Barney and Nubbins went to Sunday school. The visiting Bishop addressed the Sunday school. He was a prosy, pompous Bishop, and Nubbins fidgetted. Barney was humiliated.

"She wriggled an' bobbed," he said, "an' the Bishop stopped an' looked at her, but she wriggled an' bobbed. 'What is youah name, little girl?' he said, cross. 'Nubbins Doyle,' she said, an' yawned, an' never said 'Sir. 'Nubbins?'—he sort of bit it—'Nubbins!'—he sort of barked it—'Nubbins is no name for a Christian child.' An' then he stood up straight an' kin' o' shoved his eyes out an' pointed a finger at her an' said, 'Well, Nubbins Doyle, don't you wag youahself at youah Bishop!'—An' I'm not going to Sunday school with Nubbins no more." But Nubbins, lost to shame, was going asleep against her mother's arm before her red leggins were off.

"What was the Bishop talking about?" asked Mary Millicent languidly.

"'Bout bein' kind to everything 'live an' lovin' animals."

"All animals?" Mary Millicent sat up.

"Sure—bare green cattlepillers an' wild-cats an' mad bulls," Barney possessed the woe of imagination. "An' meddle-larks an' roarin' lines—"

"Every animal?" Mary Millicent insisted.

"Ain't I tellin' you?—*every animal*—an' think sweet of'm—bare green cattlepillers an' tagers an' devilsdarn-needles an' mice an' mosquitoes an' sea-sarpints an' pole-cats an'—"

"Then," said Mary Millicent, "I'm *glad* Nubbins wagged herself at him,' and she kissed the dimpled sleepy knees as she bent to remove the red leggings.

At night, The-Man-Who-Read went to church alone, unaware that the rites had been going on surreptitiously all that Sabbath day. "It was a good sermon," he told the family reproachfully," the theme centred about the odor of sancity"—the family melted again to Mary Millicent's murmur, "Does even *that* have to have an odor?"

On Monday morning, early and cold and dim, Mary Millicent, clad in the marred cape, was shuddering at facing again the nose of the world. The family, grouped around her, administered solace between sniffs at the cape.

"Keep away from stoves, Mary Millicent, and hang the cape always in a cold place, and keep oil of cedar in the pockets, and you'll be all right," said the mother.

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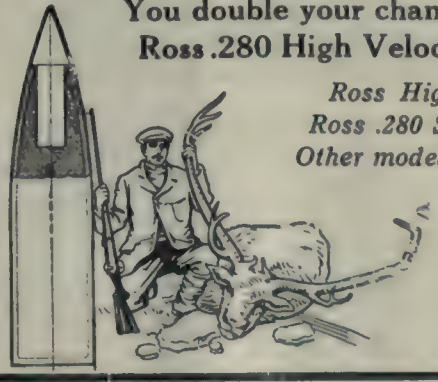

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Elizabeth patted her and sniffed strenuously. "You can hardly notice it," she consoled her, "It's merely a *nuance*," with an accent, air, and gesture her art master couldn't have beaten.

"Nuisance?" chuckled Barney, "I've thought of another pome,

Mary had a little lamb
A nuisance like a goat—

but Elizabeth got her hand over his mouth and kept it there.

Little Nubbins, a-tiptoe, glued her small tilted nose to the edge of the cape, curled up her face in disgust and stepped backwards. "It thmellth," she insisted, and stepping delicately, always backwards, suddenly sat down in a pail of water The-Man-Who-Read had left near the door before he went to work—"Oh, my God, I'm drownded," she screamed, her fat legs eloquent in the air, and Mary Millicient fled down the hill to her train, hysterical again. "The poor baby," she laughed, "Oh, my God, I'm drownded," and then ruefully to her cape—"It thmellth!"

For a long time she was nervous and hysterical, shivered suddenly, suffered in her memories and never

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laughed quite the same again. Bob and Rosa were good sports and did not tell and soon moved away to the West. The glory of the grey lamb had departed, the bloom was gone. Shame was steeped in the delicious soft greys, flame burned in the snowflakey whites. At the end of each calendar month, when Mary Millicent received the cheque of her gainful occupation, she paid her deposit and hated the cape harder and harder. At the salary aforesaid, it took a long time to pay for that cape on the credit system. It ought, perhaps, to be told here that she bought a new bible and got another Christian Endeavor pledge and returned to the Order of Evening Prayer, though with a rather joggled faith.

. . . . . .

Finally, the years were accomplished that grey lamb should be gradually relegated to the Limbo of Vanities, and sable reigned in its stead. The Lord had softened the hearts of the School Trustees in that manufacturing town so that they occasionally, but with signs of grief, added a twenty-five dollars to Mary Millicent's salary. And she had gone with shining eyes and marked success from grade to grade.

On a November morning, she took the train for the college town where she was to write on an extra-mural examination on some special preparatory work she was taking. The college town had fascinating shops along its streets. Mary Millicent went into one with her grey lamb cape in one hand and a prosperous purse in the other. She came out with a thinner purse, no grey lamb (the furrier had allowed her only twelve dollars for all that square surface of lamb, but she'd have given him twelve to take it, if he had only known), and a soft, dark sable scarf and muff that suited Mary Millicent's graver, slenderer young womanhood, and with relief in her heart, peace in her soul, and ambition in her fingertips, she set out for the college halls through a storm of soft, melting snow flakes.

The first paper was English Literature. Browning was on that year mostly. As the pens scratched over the foolscap, Mary Millicent glanced casually down the paper on her desk to a list of phrases. "Give the connection," was the laconic demand. At the fifth quotation, "The perfume and suppliance of a minute," Mary Millicent's eyes strayed, began to dance, and, of a sudden, across the academic quiet of the college halls, halting the scratching pens, amazing the presiding Professor until his glasses fell and shattered, of a sudden her girlish, most unacademic laughter rippled and broke, laughter with some wonderful quality of restored youth flickered and bubbled

and thrilled. With her very last ghost of humiliation laid, a demure, joyous Mary Millicent, unconscious of suspended pens, unaware of an outraged Professor stepping on his glasses, courageous at last for *the word*, bent her head over the white paper and wrote, "The perfume of a minute"—"Oh, you skunk !"

But, even as she wrote, her laughter stilled abruptly, her demure, joyous face grew shamed and despairing. Did *smells* have ghosts too, that the mere first writing of the so-long-silenced word should evoke that unmistakable, rancid odor ? She heard again the flippant drummers in the train, again the rack of hysteria stirred along her nerves, for that active perfume that was sickening her soul was no ghost at all, but wafted surely from the new, comely, snow-wet sable that she had hung too near the stove on her right.

She rose unsedately from her seat, she seized the sable between a disgusted thumb and a shrinking finger, she started blindly for the furrier's place among the fascinating shops. At the door of the examination-room, she suddenly became conscious of the astonished hush, and, turning to the suspended pens and the outraged Professor still jamming his glasses under foot, she held out the fur with its resurrecting memories of a burning eternity, and struggled for speech.

"It *thmellth* !" lisped Mary Millident, and fled.

"It *thmellth* ?" repeated the outraged Profcssor, and saw the powdered ruin of his glasses.

"It *thmellth* ! ! !" giggled the students each to each across the room, the suspended pens dropping again to the white paper.

And Mary Millicent, breathless and indignant, accusingly lisped it again to the furrier, "It *thmellth*."

And the furrier, equally breathless and indignant, sent it echoing on in protest, ""It thmellth ?"

## *Unwilling Eve*

Continued from page 48.

sultry calm—a day on which game would be hard to stalk, but one perfectly suited for a long tramp.

Mindful of ticks, Blake headed obliquely across to the beach. Once on the smooth, hard sand, they swung along at a brisk pace, light-hearted and keen with the spirit of adventure. Never had they felt more companionable. Miss Leslie laughed and chatted and sang snatches of songs, while Blake beat time with his club, or whistled scraps of grand opera—he had healed his blistered lips some time before by liberal applications of antelope tallow.

Gulls and terns circled about them, or hovered over the water, ready to swoop down upon their finny prey. Sandpipers ran along the beach within a stone's throw, but the curlews showed their greater knowledge of mankind by keeping beyond gunshot.

Once a great flock of geese drove high overhead, their leader honking the alarm as they swept above the suspicious figures on the beach. Like the curlews, they had knowledge of mankind. But the flock of white pelicans which came sailing along in stately leisure on their immense wings floated past so low that Blake felt certain he could shoot one. He raised his bow and took aim, but refrained from shooting, at the thought that it might be a sheer waste of his precious poison.

A little later a herd of large animals appeared on the border of the grass jungle, but wheeled and dashed back into cover so quickly that Blake barely had time to make out that they were


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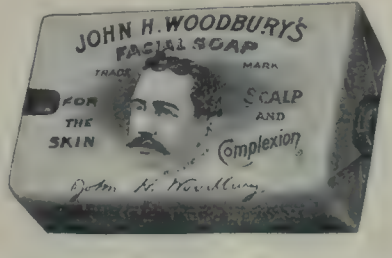


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buffaloes—the first he had seen on this coast, but easily recognized by their resemblance to the Cape variety. Their flight gave him small concern; for the time being he was more interested in topography than game.

The southern headland now lay close before them, its seaward face rearing up sheer and lofty, but the approach behind running down in broken terraces. Mid-morning found the explorers at the foot of the ridge. Blake squinted up at the boulder-strewn slopes and the crannies of the broken ledges.

"Likely place for snakes, Miss Jenny," he remarked. "Guess I'd better lead."

Eager as she was to look over into the country beyond, the girl dropped into second place, and made no complaint about the wary slowness of her companion's advance. She found the most difficult parts of the ascent quite easy after her training on the tree-ladder. Blake could have taken ledges and all at a run, but as he mounted each terrace, he halted to spy out the ground before him. Like Miss Leslie, he was looking for snakes, though for an exactly opposite reason. He wished to add to the contents of the cigarette case.

Greatly to his disappointment and the girl's relief, neither snake nor sign of snake was to be seen all the way up the ridge. As they neared the crest Blake turned to offer her his hand up the last ledges, and in the instant they gained the top.

The wind, now freshening to a gale, struck the girl with such force that she would have been blown back down the ledges had not Blake clutched her wrist. Heedless alike of the painful grip which held her and of the gusts which tore at her skirt, the girl stood gazing out across the desolate swamps which stretched away to the southwest as far as the eye could see. She did not speak until Blake led her down behind the shelter of the crest ledges.

"What's the matter ?" he demanded. "Didn't I warn you ?"

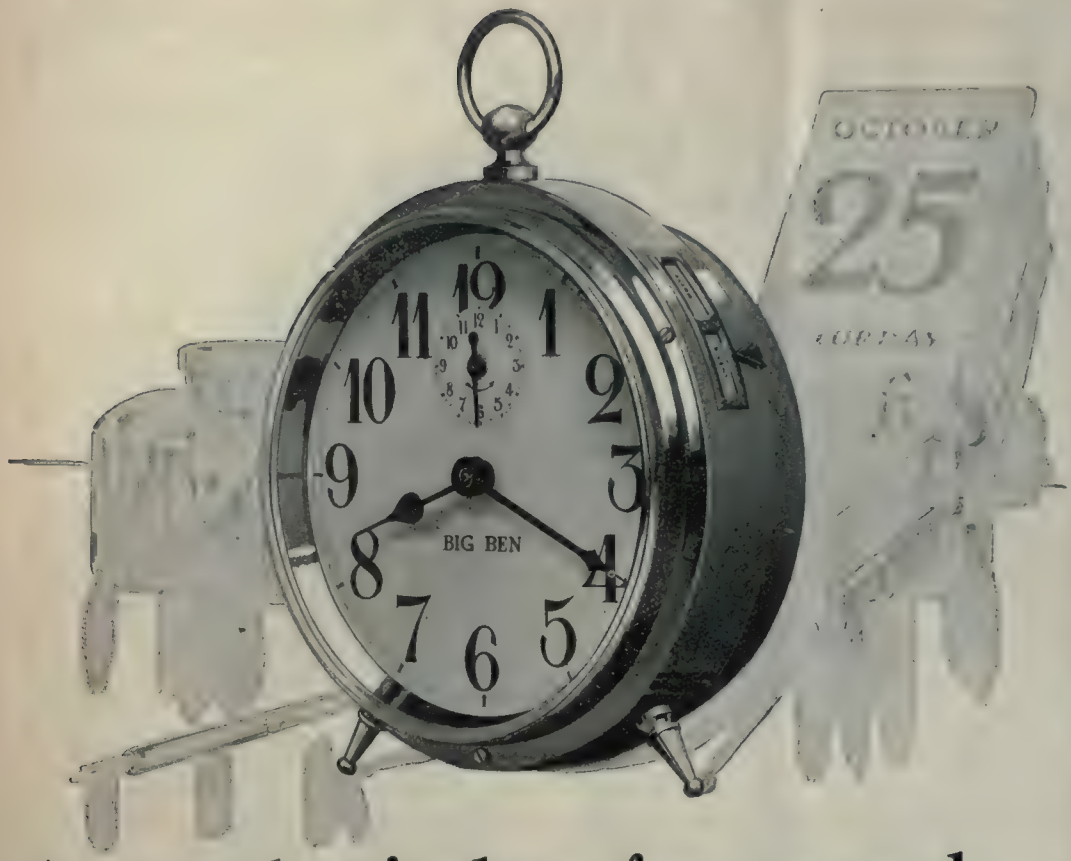
She looked away to hide the tears which sprang into her eyes.

"I can't explain—only, it makes me feel so—so lonely !"

"Oh, come now, little woman; don't take on so !" he urged. "It might be a lot worse, you know. We've gotten along pretty well, considering."

"You have been very kind, Mr. Blake, and as you say, matters might have been worse. I do not forget how far more terrible was our situation the morning after the storm. Yet you must realize how disappointing it is to lose even the slightest hope of escape."

*To be continued.*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NO. 2

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
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# Toy-makers' Town

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE MEN WHO WORK IN SANTA CLAUS' SHOP AND MAKE "MERRY CHRISTMAS" FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD

By John H. Parry

THERE is a Santa Claus. All the skeptics in the world to the contrary, there lives in a little old house in a little old town a very little and jolly old man who, like the Dr. Tinker-Tinker of the modern song, has—for so many years that people have forgotten the real number—been a "sender of joys to the world of little girls and boys."

***The Old Man Who Is the Real Santa Claus of Half the World's Little Folks***

He is very old—this man. His face is drawn. His hands are small and hard. His color is that of rust. He looks as though metal and not skin were the material with which he was made. But in his deep set eyes there is always a kindly twinkle—the twinkle of a man whose life has been dedicated to the happiness of small tots throughout the world.

He is very rich. But each mark of his wealth, as he might tell you, represents a happy moment that has gone into the life of some child. He is, all things considered, a very powerful man. Armies of soldiers, millions strong, stand always at his beck and call. Great generals he has made. Kings and emperors and czars have been created by him. Royalty's children have often knelt at his feet.

Mighty, indeed, he is. His fleets are greater and grander than the combined navies of all the world. His merchant vessels have sailed in every sea. His guns and his cannons have been more numerous than those of the Krupps. His motors and automobiles represent the one and only standardized and "universal" car. His railroad systems boast a mileage and rolling stock far more extensive than even Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's wildest dream.

A trust? No, that is not the word. For all the trusts in all the world have never attempted to control the multifarious industries and activities presided over by this modest, metallic man. He is a Napoleon, a Nelson, a Wright, a Morgan and a Ford rolled into one.

His home is a very queer place. Low-eaved, with a small dark doorway, it stands on an island formed by the rivers of old Nuremberg. The Troedel Market, they call it, and its fame has gone forth to every corner of the world.

It is a very mysterious-looking place, quite forbidding to the average person. And yet, within its walls, stand armies and armament so vast in numbers that all the battles of history might easily be refought upon its floors.

The old man himself stands usually just inside the door. He also is mysterious. For years, carefully guarding his business secrets, he has kept his station at the entrance lest some foreigner might discover and purloin the industrial process from which his fortune has been made.

***He Has Duplicated In Toys the Entire Armies of both Czar and Kaiser***

The house itself is a great warehouse of toys. Round the walls they are ranged—guns, cannons, motors, steamships, trumpets, sabres. And—everywhere—the soldiers. Millions upon millions of these have been sold—so many millions that even the old man himself has long since lost count. They are his specialty, for it is this man that originated the idea of what he terms the "edifying soldiers."

These are of lead, tin or pewter and represent the armies and battles of the world. All of the great military campaigns of history have been accurately duplicated in these tin armies and both the Kaiser and the Czar have had their own armies duplicated in their entirety.

The soldiers themselves are made in two ways; some are stamped out of flat metal; the others, and more expensive, are made in moulds. Once all of them were made entirely by hand; but now they are stamped out by machinery, though the painting is still done by hand—thousands of girls

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and women being employed in this work.

They are sold by the hundredweight and last year nearly one hundred thousand quintals were sent to America alone. A pound box, which contains about one hundred and fifty pieces—infantry, cavalry, artillery, with such accessories as trees, bastions, camps, the wounded soldiers and the dead—may be bought in the Troedel Market for sixty cents. But that, of course, is the local price, as any Canadian father will tell you.

***In Old Nuremberg and the Thuringian Forest the Toy-makers Paint, Carve and Mold***

This, then, is the Troedel Market—the one place in the world that holds universal peace in the palm of its hand. Aside from soldier making its other industries are tremendous though keen rivalry exists in all of the lines save that of the soldiers.

It is situated in old Nuremberg—the city, as some one has called it, of the "toy diablerie." In fact it is a singularly fitting fact that this quaint old city should be the principal seat of the toy making industry of the world and consequently, for this reason, a veritable Toytown itself.

In and near Nuremberg toys of all kinds are made and no other city in the world approaches it in volume of toy manufactures. There are about two hundred large toy factories in Nuremberg and in Furth, which is only six miles away. The latter city is devoted almost exclusively to the manufacture of Noah's Arks, dissected puzzles and other toys of this variety.

The wooden animals for these arks and various other wooden toys, however, are made in Sonneberg, Saxony, and the Thuringian forest, most of them being carved by hand by the native peasants. Once a week wagons go around through the Thuringian forest and collect all the toys that have been made in the humble little cottages and take them to the city. In Sonneberg itself, however, there are many great toy factories.

Here are made the heads for dolls, porcelain, papier mache or some other composition being used for the purpose as wax dolls are made no longer in Germany. Here, too, is the principal home of the leather doll, as well as all those trinkets of glass and gilt that are hung on the Christmas tree. The woolly dog and the fluffy little white sheep are also manufactured here in great quantities. Thirty thousand grown-ups are employed in this peasant trade in the Thuringian Wald alone and two-thirds of them work in their own homes.

In Groden, among the Dolomites, there is likewise a wonderfully interesting group of toymakers. All the men, women and children in the village turn, carve and paint the wooden animals and dolls.

From every standpoint, Germany is the greatest toy-making nation in the world. In point of volume its manufactures lead the world, while from an artistic and mechanical standpoint no other nation has as yet been able to compete with the German manufacturers. In Germany toy-making is regarded in the light of a fine art and many of the great artists have become interested in the designing of unusual dolls, animals, et cetera, while trained engineers have invented many of the mechanical toys.

In recognition of the importance and value of the industry Germany has at last established a government school at Grunhainichen for the purpose of teaching toy-making to the younger generation. Here many of the master toy makers of Germany conduct classes, while famous artists and sculptors maintain courses in designing.

Next to Germany, France is the leader in the manufacture of toys. Once she stood at the head but in recent years Germany has forged ahead when the industry is considered as a whole, though France still holds the supremacy in the making of the finer and more expensive playthings. Her yearly output of toys amounts to something like fifty million francs. In six months, a year or so ago, Paris sent to New York alone $218,819 worth of toys—one-half of which was represented by dolls.

Great interest is taken throughout France in the industry and the toymakers are encouraged in every way possible. Prizes are given by the local authorities of Paris for the invention of new toys. In fact, shortly before Christmas, the boulevards of Paris are given over to the minor toy-merchants and their booths extend for miles along either curb.

A commission is appointed by the Prefect of Police to award the annual prizes and it is a queer sight to see such men as Leo Claretie, the grave Sardou, and Georges Cain—all of whom have served in this capacity—sitting in solemn conclave over the relative merits of a new fangled top or a wondrous Bernhardt doll.

The bulk of the French industry itself is centered in the quarter of the Temple, where great factories are occupied year in and year out in the making of toy guns, cannon, military equipment, tents, et cetera, for the warlike little Gauls of old France. Here also the wonderful trains and locomotives that distinguish French toymaking are turned out, while airships—following the lead of the nation—are a favorite product.

The Paris toyland in many respects is equally as quaint as that of old Nuremberg itself. To reach it the traveler must turn out of the rue Saint Martin into a maze of little streets with curious old world names. Thus you travel the Street of the Breadknife into the Street of the Stone-and-the-Rasher-of-Bacon until you come to the Street of the Broken Loaf. Then you turn down by the old black Gothic church of Saint Merri and go on until you come out on the most wonderful little crossroads in Paris.

Here the signs of toyland protrude from every window. Clear up to the little beehive windows in the slanting roofs are the tokens and emblems of the toymaking industry—great wooden sabres slung on a building's wall, guns that stick out menacingly, monstrous drums that swing back and forth in the breeze, trumpets, a gigantic Punch swaying in the air in evident quest of Judy. Or else, perhaps, a window full of woolly sheep or queer walking men.

The largest house of all—the one with the blue doors—is where the wonderful Paris dolls are made. Here the idols of the young girls' hearts find their beginning in a great trough where workmen knead up into a dingy paste old cardboard, even old gloves, old rags and gum tragacanth. Then, in an adjoining room, the paste is pounded into moulds for the busts, the legs and the arms of the dolls innumerable. There is a special machine for stamping out the hands, and a really gruesome sight it is as the tiny hands come forth—each perfect in itself but terribly detached.

***The Doll of the Czar's Little Daughter Who Travelled in State to Petersburg***

Paris dolls, of course, carry the fashions around the world and all their dainty things are copies of those of the great lady who drives down the Avenue des Champs-Elysees in her well appointed rig. Even the exclusive designs of a Poiret find their way speedily to the house with the blue doors and are mimicked to perfection by the deft doll-makers.

The demand for French dolls is tremendous throughout the world and not long ago one of the Parisian models found its way to St. Petersburg where it became the cherished plaything of the little daughter of the Czar, this

fortunate doll taking with her twenty trunks filled with the very latest Paris clothes and being accompanied by a Russian official throughout its trip.

Practically all of the world's toys come from Germany, France, Hungary and Japan. The industry in Canada and the United States is, proportionately, almost negligible. Three million dollars' worth of toys are imp rted from Germany by Canada and the United States each year and the rest come almost entirely from the other three nations named.

From Hungary come almost all the animals and figures in rubber and also the little sets of delicate furniture and the wonderful papier-mache toys which were invented by an old musician, Ferdinand Mangsch, for the amusement of his grandchildren and which have since amused a world-wide generation.

Japan provides the toys of paper and bamboo, of ivory and the little dolls with the shining, enameled faces and black tufts of hair. She has recently, however, begun to manufacture in large quantities such toys as those made in Germany and France and will doubtless become, in a few years, one of the leading toy-making nations of the world.

Russia also has taken a recent interest in the making of toys and the much-abused Russian government now maintains rural district schools and museums for toy makers and aids them in finding suitable markets for their wares.

### *Games and Kindergarten Toys Are Made Over Here in Factories*

Though we are far in the rear of other countries in the manufacture of toys, great strides have been made in recent years and the industry has received a wonderful impetus in both Canada and the United States.

This is largely due to the fact that it has now become recognized that toys of an educational and constructive nature have a decided value in the teaching of children.

Some of the largest manufacturers of kindergarten supplies in the world are located in the United States and make a specialty of manufacturing toys and playthings of an educational value. Probably the greatest circus-animal factory in the world is also situated in the United States, while other gigantic establishments turn out toy trains, building blocks, toy steel beams and girders, wagons, sleds, dolls and games—the United States leading other nations in the last named branch of toy-making.

Great opportunities undoubtedly exist in Canada for the manufacture of toys and many individuals have made small fortunes through independent factories. One woman has an establishment which has made a specialty in the manufacture of dolls and during the past year has found it necessary to employ many helpers to keep up with the demand placed upon her.

Doll houses and doll furniture also offer a profitable field both for the individual and the manufacturer. A young man living in a small American city entered this field a short time ago. His first effort was made in the construction of a doll house for a small niece of his, which was so widely appreciated that he decided to enter upon the business of fashioning small houses. These houses he made in exact proportions on the scale of one inch to one foot, and was thus able to obtain attractive designs from magazines that featured house plans as well as from the architects themselves. Selling direct he was enabled to secure $8.00 apiece for the completed houses, against which was charged the time consumed in their manufacture.

In his first year he was able to make and market for the Christmas trade ten such houses, but so great was the demand that he gradually secured helpers and in his second year over one hundred such houses were sold by him. To-day he has a prosperous little factory of his own which is devoted entirely to the manufacture of these juvenile homes.

Equally successful businesses have been created in the manufacturing of doll furniture and doll dresses—a firm that started in the former business now doing a national trade, while several women who have devoted their time to the latter business have made satisfactory incomes from it.

Every wood-working plant is a potential toy factory and several such plants have found it profitable to take up the business as a side-line. One such firm now does an enormous business in the manufacture of sleds, another has devoted itself to wagons, while others have gone into the making of wooden building blocks, ten pins, et cetera.

It is a singular fact that, though America is probably the greatest market for toys in the world, comparatively little attention has been given to their manufacture. Yet, in spite of this fact, many fortunes have been made from toys on this side of the Atlantic.

The firecracker business, which is an offshoot of the toy industry, has made its owners rich; though in the United States the "sane Fourth" crusade has cut the profits seriously, and, although the agitation has not reached equal proportions here, it is probable that Victoria Day will show less gunpoweer celebration as the years go on.

Novelties such as the Billiken doll, the Kewpies, and their like have travelled all over the world, and netted thousands of dollars.

### *The King of the Side-Walk Fakers Who Sell the Freak Novelties of Holiday Time*

In the last few years, for instance, Robert Cunningham, of New York, has made a fortune from the buying and marketing of toy novelties. In business circles Cunningham is known as the "faker king" and his headquarters on Ann Street in New York is one of the most picturesque business establishments in the United States. Yet, outside of the trade, few people have the slightest conception of the extent or organization of the business of which he is the head. In fact it is dollars to doughnuts that you never heard of Robert Cunningham or his partner, Samuel Basch, in your life.

In reality Cunningham's business is extensive. It is generally admitted, in fact, that he has laid away a fortune that runs into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. Each year he sells millions of novelties—particularly 'freak' toys—through street venders..

These range all the way from the "angry mother-in-law" to the more stately dancing bears. His greatest success, however, was probably centered in the familiar little dog with a spring tail. Undoubtedly you have seen the type of canine to which I refer, but if you have not your small boy has. It was the invention of a Japanese, who has earned royalties that ran into the tens of thousands, and since Cunningham took hold of it the toy has become known from one end of the world to the other.

Nearly all of the toys sold by Cunningham are vended from the curb-stone and in the great cities of America he has, during the busy holiday season, thousands of his men busily engaged in "barking" their wares and taking in the quarters and dimes.

The extent of the sale of some of the toy novelties of recent years is well nigh amazing, it being claimed—for instance—that the "Teddy Bear" has earned well over a million dollars, while other similar toys are not far in the rear.

Millions upon millions of dollars are invested in the toy industry and millions are spent for toys each year. The big stores report that it is not

Continued on page 135.

# THE WOMAN OF IT

## By Alan Adair

### Illustrated By Katherine Southwick

CHAPTER I.

THE sun shone high in the heavens looking as if it had been melted into the clear blue of the sky. No one who had not been born and bred in the south could have withstood the heat of its noonday glare.

Robert Sinclair, his golden curls just a little bleached, his clear English skin tanned to a smooth brown, was sitting by the great Trevi fountain, watching the water spouting from the Tritons' mouths. Only to look at it made him feel cooler; and coolness was his great need for the moment. Boy-like, he had been running, although the month was August and the place Rome.

All about him was the busy hum of the street. A melon-seller came by, and offered him great slices of red, luscious fruit freckled with black pips. Robert looked covetous for one moment, and then shook his head.

"I have not enough money," he said to the man in the vernacular.

"Basta ! it is enough," said the melon-seller with a flashing smile, and handed the lad a huge slice. He knew the little English signor quite well, and it was a pleasure only to look at his golden curls. It is only an Italian vagabond who would take beauty as part payment.

"How is the voice, signor ?" he asked confidentially. "It gives no sign of breaking yet ?"

"I can sing the C in alt easily," said the boy between bites.

"Ah !" said the melon-seller, "it is a gift, yours. You will be famous one day, and I shall come and hear you sing."

"And give me melon," said Robert, laughing gaily.

"You will not want melon," said the man. "You will come on the stage dressed in shining armour, like the knight Lohengrin, and we shall all listen and applaud."

"You will hiss me," said Robert. This melon-seller was a great chum of his.

"If you sing badly, without doubt," said the man, as he shouldered his barrow and made off.

The lad sat quite still, watching the water and listening to the sound of its plashing. Suddenly he began to hum and then to sing very softly. It was as if he were singing to the fountain and for a little while, time was not with him. He rose at last and made his way through the square.

"There were not many people abroad but those he met looked after him admiringly—he was so very good to look at, there was something so noble and so lovable in his bearing. In about half an hour's time, he reached a quiet street with high stone houses. It bore the impress of having once been a good street, although now it was evident that fashion had passed it by.

An open door showed a courtyard in which there was a little garden and a broken statue of Apollo in the centre. Pink and white oleanders rioted in this courtyard, their great blossoms making beautiful spots of color. Robert looked at them affectionately.

He climbed up many steep stairs, but he did not notice their steepness and his breath was not coming fast as he pushed open the door of a large room.

There were two people in the room—one a woman, although if Captain Sinclair had been asked for a description of the people in the room, it is quite certain that he would not have put his wife first. For the whole world to him was centered in himself, Geoffrey Sinclair, late of Her Majesty's army.

But omitting the captain's preferences, Jean Sinclair claims our attention—a tall slight woman with wavy hair like Robert's and a pale, tired face with eyes of deep blue. It was the face of a woman who had suffered and who could keep silence, the face of a woman who set her teeth and bore what was put upon her without making a moan.

Her long pale hands were busy with a little clay figure, which she was holding at arms' length. She wore over her usual dress a blue sculptor's blouse which became her well, and was examining the little statuette which she had just finished. One exactly like it stood on the shelf close by.

Jean Sinclair earned her living and her husband's and son's as well by making little terra-cotta copies of the great statues in the Vatican, which she sold to the shops who sold them again to the strangers that came to Rome. She did not claim to be an artist—indeed she had never had an artist's training, having come from a good Scotch family to whom the thought of 'images' would have been anathema—but she was a correct copyist and unconsciously she gave to these little figures some of the grace of her own personality.

Geoffrey Sinclair was lying full-length in a deck chair, smoking a cigarette. He was a tall man and his face had originally been handsome. He had been unquestionably handsome when, to her eternal misfortune, Jean MacDonald had been captivated by him and had married him. She had been so captivated, that she declined to have her fortune settled upon herself, which un-Scotch proceeding she had reason to deplore within six months of her marriage.

But the beauty of the captain's face was also now a thing of the past. Dissipation had done its work—the face was too red in color, and the mouth and jaw, which could never have been benign, now had a look of cruelty which made little children and

even dogs he met in the street evade him as quickly as they could.

Robert came straight up to his mother and a smile broke over her face.

"That is nice, mother," he said to her in English, and took the little figure in his hand. "There is a little Love in the Vatican that you would do perfectly."

"Your mother does not understand Love," said Geoffrey Sinclair, sneeringly.

Jean flushed, for although she had been a wife for upwards of twelve years, yet her husband's tongue had power to wound her still.

Robert looked at her and smiled. It was a smile of perfect understanding and it infuriated the man in the armchair.

"Oh, you two," he cried, "you are in league together — your mother would refuse me the necessaries of life and shower her money on you."

"It is for the rent," said Jean quietly, "you would not have us turned out of the house, Geoff?"

"You would fall on your feet if we were," he snarled, "you and the boy!" Jean made no answer and took up the finished statuette and looked at it. Robert went to the window and began singing to himself softly. Then to break the awkward silence which had followed his father's speech, he turned round and said, "I shall be a singer when I am a man, mother."

"You will be what?" thundered his father.

"A singer, father."

"A singer! I tell you, you shall be nothing of the sort, one artist in the family," with a look at his wife, "is enough! You shall not sink to the level of that! You will be a soldier, the only profession that a gentleman can have. No son of mine shall be a singer."

Robert, wise for his years, said nothing, but Jean turned away, her lip curling a little and then Robert said innocently enough,

"IT IS FOR THE RENT," SAID JEAN QUIETLY. "YOU WOULD NOT HAVE US TURNED OUT OF THE HOUSE, GEOFF?"

"But why did you leave the army, father?"

"Why? Why?" The man spr ng from his chair and his face turned livid. "I'll teach you to ask impertinent questions," he cried. "You little dog, you! Go straight to your room."

The lad looked at his mother, and obeyed without a sound. The captain dashed after him and Jean, listening, could hear the sound of sharp blows, but not the sound of a cry.

She sat down on a chair by the window, for she was trembling in every limb. "My God! my God!" she moaned to herself, "how long, how long? Is he mad or only bad? My boy, my boy."

It might have been hours as far as she was concerned before the captain was back in the room again. She heard him come, but she lacked the strength to get up or to move her hands from her face. The captain was muttering to himself, "I'll teach him." Jean knew that he had utterly lost control of himself

For the space of five minutes neither spoke to the other, then the captain's voice broke the silence. "Snivelling?" he asked.

Jean lifted her head, "No," she said, simply, "I have left off weeping—I don't think I have any tears left."

"No, you have no tears, but you spur that boy of yours on to be insolent to me—but he shall rue it. I am still capable of punishing him."

"Yes," she said, throwing prudence to the wind, "yes, you are still bigger than he is."

Geoffrey Sinclair looked at her with darkling eyes—he sprang to his feet, and for a moment she thought he was coming towards her. Again the contemptuous smile was on her face and he began to curse at her under his breath. It would have been doubtful how the scene would have ended, if there had not been a sharp rap at the door.

"Come in," cried Jean.

The door opened quickly, and a pale-faced boy looked in. That he was English was quite evident from his general appearance, although there was nothing striking at all about him. He had sandy straight hair, nice brown eyes and a rather slight figure. His mouth was wide and very good-tempered and his teeth irregular. With all its defects, it was a lovable face and Mrs. Sinclair smiled at him.

"Have you come to find Robert ?" she asked.

"Y-yes, Mrs. Sinclair, I have c-come to ask you if he can come out with me. Mother wants to know if he may stay to tea."

He had directed his speech at Jean, but it was the captain who answered.

"Tell Lady Merton we shall be very glad to let Robert come."

"And m-may he sing to us ? M-mother loves to hear him."

The lad had a little stammer, not so much from shyness as from the eagerness with which his words tumbled out.

"Of course he may sing ! he has a beautiful voice, has he not?" asked the captain suavely.

"M-mother says it is the most beautiful voice in the world, and I don't think there was ever anyone so handsome."

The captain's amiability was not proof against all this praise. "When I was young, boys did not think about that kind of thing," he snapped.

"Maybe not," said the boy, and then he turned again to Mrs. Sinclair. "Shall I go and find Robert?"

"I will go myself," said Jean. She knew that Denzil Merton hated being left alone with the captain, but she wanted to go and see her boy, and she went up quickly to his room. Robert was standing by the window, his hands thrust into his trousers pockets.

"Mother," he cried, eagerly scanning her face, "Mother, you have not been crying?"

"No," said Jean unsteadily and then she did what she had declared that she could not do any more, she fell to weeping.

The boy had his arm round her quickly.

"Never mind, mother," he said, trying to comfort her, "I don't really mind, you know, only," he burst out, "it is so beastly unfair, is it not ? Why should he hit me ? I did no wrong and I meant no wrong, and I wish he were dead."

"Hush laddie," she said gently.

"I won't say it if you don't want me to," he said stubbornly, "but mother, it is not fair, is it ? And I know you mind, and that hurts doubly."

"Did he hurt you?"

The boy grinned. "Did he hurt ? Rather. He meant to hurt. Of course he was half drunk. Mother, I am fairly sick of pretending. If it were not for you, I would run away."

"If there were any place in this world you could run to," said Jean "you should go." Then she was silent. "Denzil is waiting below," she added. "I came to tell you."

"Denzil, good old fellow," said the boy and then he looked at his mother anxiously. "If I go, you will be alone with him."

"I don't mind, laddie."

"Mother, why did you marry him ?"

"Why ? Oh laddie, I married him for the only reason that a woman or a man should marry. I loved him."

The boy looked at her. "He must have been beastly to you," he said, "if you had to leave off loving him."

She did not answer, but busied herself in getting out a clean collar and smoothing out his tumbled curls, which would never be quite smooth whatever was done to them. And as she did it she smiled, for he was very bonny.

"You make it worth while," she said in her tender mother-voice.

He flashed a look of love at her. "You won't mind my being a singer?" he asked.

"There is only one thing I want you to be," she answered simply, "and that is a gentleman."

"I know." He did not look at her now. He always felt shy when he was about to say something that might sound what he called "soft." "I know, but mother, your son ought to be a gentleman."

"You have good Scots blood in you," she said proudly.

"I have your blood in me," he answered and there was a little pause.

"We ought to make haste," she said, "poor Denzil is downstairs with your father."

"Poor Denzil," Robert laughed. The misery of a boy is after all a transitory affair, "how he will stammer."

Jean smiled too—she loved the ugly insignificant little lad. "I would not have left him, only I did not care to send him up to you."

"You thought I might have been crying ?"

"No, but I thought you would be angry."

He understood quite well. "But I should not have talked, mother," he said, "I should not like them to be sorry for you."

"That is it, laddie," she answered. "Robert, you are not limping ?"

"He hurt my leg," said the boy shortly—"not much, it will be all right presently—don't look like that, Mum—it does not matter."

Jean pressed her lips together, but said nothing more and Robert walked down the stone stairs just a little slowly for him. When they came back into the living-room, they found Denzil curled up in a big chair looking out of the window. The captain was lying back in his chair idly twisting a cigarette. It came to Jean suddenly, how she hated his cruel hands.

Robert greeted his chum, "I'm ready, Denzil," he said.

"Come along then." Denzil had been waiting anxiously for Robert's appearance, "Hello, you are lame," he said.

"I hurt my leg," said Robert. "Come along."

The boys went out of the room together, Robert a head and shoulders taller than his companion. Jean went to the shelf where the little statues stood and began with trembling fingers to swathe them in linen cloths, which she damped.

"What are you doing ?" asked her husband shortly.

"Packing up," she answered laconically.

"What fool's trick is this ?"

"I have had enough of this," she said in a low voice.

"Enough of what ?"

"Of this life together with you. I'm going, I tell you, with my boy."

"And what do you propose that I should live on ?"

"On someone else, not on me."

His face grew livid. "You will not do anything of the kind," he said, "I have the law on my side. You may go, but the boy is mine."

"The law may have been on your side once," she said with a quietness that he felt to be dangerous, "but it is on my side now—if you attempt to invoke the law, I will tell how you lamed that boy. I have been silent long enough—now my silence and my endurance are both at an end—I am going—to-night—"

"You may go to hell for all I care," said Captain Sinclair. He got out of his chair and opened the door and Jean heard him go down the stairs noisily. For all that, her trembling hands went on with her packing.

## CHAPTER II.

"Where is your mother, Valerie ?"

"Where ? where should she be, Jonathan ? With her new toy—her secretary."

Monro came in gingerly and sat himself down at the very edge of the Louis-the-fourteenth chair—one of the famous suite that had lately been added to the collection at 102 Park Lane. He was a tall, thin man with a high forehead, a pair of very beautiful blue eyes and a slightly receding chin, that had in reality been a factor in the building up of his huge fortune.

For Monro was the last new thing in millionaires, and he had made his fortune in railways, with the help of

his guileless chi ı and the wonderful brain, that gave the lie to the weakness of the lower part of his face.

Valerie, his daughter, who was also his greatest chum, watched him come into the room. She laughed a rippling girl's laugh, full of enjoyment and good-humored malice. "It is all right, she is in her boudoir revising lists of invitations."

"I'll have a pipe," said Monro and drew out of his pocket the shabby companion of his thoughts.

Valerie laughed again, "You have no sense of fitness, Jonathan," she said to her father. "You spend thousands on the furniture of this room and then you smoke a pipe in it. You ought to know better after all the education mother and I have been trying to give you."

"I suppose I ought," he said, there was just a note of wistfulness in his voice as if he wondered whether he were so very much lacking.

Valerie looked at him lovingly. "What does it matter, dad?" she asked—she called him Jonathan only when she was chaffing him. What does it matter? You are just as happy if you don't know the exact date and suitability of the furniture of a room."

"I should consider it more suitable if the legs of the chairs were straighter."

She laughed and walked across to a much decorated ormolu table upon which were placed several silver articles that looked valuable. "Here is a modern match-box," she said. "Light up, Jonathan."

Monro lit up and when he was puffing contentedly, he looked at his beautiful daughter. For Valerie was beautiful although her features were not regular, and her figure almost too slight.

It was her expression that captivated you—her whimsical, half sad, half gay expression. She had her father's beautiful lustrous blue eyes and a quantity of light brown hair, a very red mouth, a little nose which she wrinkled up when she thought and a delicate white skin.

"Why is your mother so busy?" he asked after a pause.

"She is inviting the peerage to several entertainments, including a ball, a dinner party, and a meeting to provide funds for some fanatical society. It is mostly the female peerage who are invited to the meeting; the male peerage is invited to food, that being supposed to be a weakness of the male sex."

Monro laughed, as she meant him to do.

"I'm not much gone on the male peerage myself," he said in a tone full of reminiscence, "there are a few of course with brains, but we don't see them at teas."

ROBERT SINCLAIR CAME ON THE STAGE IN THE SHINING ARMOUR AND WINGED HELMET OF THE KNIGHT LOHENGRIN, AND VALERIE WATCHED HIM INTENTLY

"No," said the girl, "they don't. It mostly depends on the state of their pockets, I think. Quite right too. I don't see why they should mix up with us. We are too new. We have our own value—let them keep to themselves."

She spoke almost passionately. Monro looked at his daughter shrewdly.

"Are you thinking of any peer in particular?" he asked.

"No," she answered quickly, "I am not, all the same, I can't help being conscious of several."

"Oh, that," he said, "is a matter of course."

"Given an heiress, not bad-looking, and the peerage is of course represented; but as for me—well I should like to marry a pork-butcher."

"A pork-butcher, why a pork-butcher? There is Chinnery, of course. He made his pile in bacon. But why a pork-butcher?"

"Well, they do marry, don't they?" asked the girl laughing," they are not celibates, are they? And butchering seems to me to be a good solid employment, no pretense about it. A pork-butcher would not come to you and swear that money was of no consequence while all the time he was looking round to see how many millions you had. Marriage

Continued on page 110.

# Down Where the "Sea-Serpent" Blows

## By Bonnycastle Dale

Illustrated from Photographs

AN ANCIENT TOTEM-POLE IN AN INDIAN VILLAGE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

OUR little steamboat, the Seeker, was already provisioned. The bunkers were full and alas ! so was the captain. We had waited vainly at the little pier while the fair tide ebbed. It was half run out now so I decided to leave the rummy one behind and steer the wee craft myself. Off we set with a merry toot of the whistle—outward bound for a month's adventurous life. I am strictly within the bounds of truth when I say adventurous, for I had only made the outer coast trip once. But my mate was a good sailor, the young engineer a regular waterman, and Fritz ! ah what was Fritz not? We proposed, that as he was getting very stout, he could play the part of a life preserver, and also fill the loss of the captain in one particular—by treating a double share of rations. To the last Fritz joyfully agreed and on we went.

There was quite a sea running outside the Pass, and the Seeker sought too deeply. We took a clean green sea plump into the well of the foredeck that soaked Fritz and sent him spinning, amid kegs, and oars, and other jetsam. The wind was west-so' west, so we hoisted the rag the mate so proudly called "the canvas" and it steadied the plunging, rolling Seeker quite a bit. But the Straits were pretty lumpy, so we made everything secure below and above decks, and soon reached the United States side. Here it was blowing rather stiff so we came about and tacked clear across and went up in the lee with the sail lowered.

Night fell with "white horses" everywhere. The wind was increasing, so we decided to take shelter under Sheringham Point, and coast along after daylight. I knew the bay line fairly well, even in the gathering gloom, so taking advantage of some short, low seas, I came around and headed shorewards. Bump ! Bump ! ! The whole solid hull of the boat shook as if we had run aground. We were almost a mile from shore and I knew there were no reefs here. Just by guesswork we struck the cause. We had run right on top of one of the fir piles of an abandoned salmon trap—and luckily had not punched a hole in our ship's bottom. Later I wanted Fritz to let us keel haul him to see if she was damaged, but the selfish boy declined.

Bright and early next morning, with the "short run out" we were puffing our way down the Straits. Ahead, a column of smoke told of another coal-burner somewhere. We soon ran her down, as she was tied to the big salmon trap and here Fritz had his first sight of this great industry. A fence of long stout fir trees had been driven into the bed of the Straits. It had been hung with wire netting until the four maze like inclosures were reached. Three of those had also been hung with wire, but the fourth, or the spiller, as the men called it, was a regular forty foot square and deep-net. In this, in the clear green water of the Pacific, swam an almost countless host of fishes. The fish company's manager estimated for us that there were fully fifteen thousand salmon swimming in that ceaseless circle at our feet. Among them we saw the big brown body of a ground shark, a harbor seal, a sea-lion, many halibut, an enormous skate—it would go near the two hundred pound mark—hosts of herrings, many a big cod and sea bass, and hundreds of those lesser sharks, those torments of the halibut and cod fisher, the dogfish. Soon the fishing tug started the steam brailer and a glittering host of spring and sockeye salmon and a few cohoes and dog salmon, with an occasional steelhead trout, fell thumping on the hot deck of the scow alongside. These good chaps gave us a few hundred pounds of rare fish and soon the dissecting knives were busy and Fritz and I in our glory.

The devil fish fell to me. This big soft squid—the Terror of the Seas ! according to some magazine and story writers is, according to all of our investigations, and the modern writers, just a big harmless shellfish eater. We went ashore and photographed the specimen, for its arms were too long for our decks. Imagine a body of reddish, purplish gristle, about the size of a football, containing two big suction valves, two syphons by which it draws water in and ejects it and progresses by the strange method. In this body there was a few ounces of the dark brown sepia fluid by which this animal

DAISY CONSIDERS CAUTION THE BETTER PART OF CURIOSITY IN DEALING WITH A GROUND SHARK

discolors the water to hide it from its enemies. Under the necklike part lies the head proper, two white eyes, cinnamon spotted, about as big as a human eye, but with the pupils opening and closing in the centre—the devil fish winked at me as I wrote this in my note book—and its wink is the only repulsive thing I saw about it. Right below the eyes there was an opening that looked like roll upon roll of leaves of lard, and in the centre of this, an inch long black bill, exactly like a parrot's, but only large enough to tear small shell fish open. The shoulders—as we might call them—were the bases of eight long arms, each seven feet in length, covered with just a few over two hundred suction discs each. Time after time these arms became attached to our clothes, but they were just as readily ripped off again by us. The odd gristly mass lay perfectly inert and useless on the sands—and it was as full of life as ever it was. From observations taken at other times it has no power of lifting the arms or tentacles above the water, in fact it lets them all drag closed behind it, while it syphons its way along. I have known little Indian lads unaided to capture a forty or fifty pounder in under the lowest low tide rocks. A few swift passes of the sharp knives and the subject was ready for dissection and later for the cooking pot of some passing Indian's canoe.

The next morning, while the Seeker bobbed at anchor, Fritz rowed me into a low tide bay and we collected many varieties of anemones and crabs and sea spiders and rare shellfish. The most interesting thing we found was a wolf ell. This big, distorted looking link between the true fishes and those of more ell-like form was more repulsive than the octopus of yesterday.

We laid the pocket knife beside it for comparison. This rare creature had a body and long dorsal fin all spotted and toadlike. Its six foot long body was rough and warty. Its fins were all seemingly misplaced and malformed. Its great eye glared forth a menace and its mouth was truly a chamber of horrors, for it was all, roof and sides and bottom, one mass of big flat-topped crushing teeth. So powerful is this most curious looking animal in its grinding and crushing that it can—and does—eat the big thick shelled crustaces, shells and all. I think Fritz will be a naturalist yet. I just peeped into his note book. "The wolf ell is as long as a man, with teeth like a dog, head like a turtle and the body of a fish"—not a bad description for a sixteen year old boy.

Fritz, next morning, as he clung with crossed legs at the throateye of the mast called out "Wreck ahoy! dead ahead! Men clinging to it!"

THE TIGER OF THE SEA—A BIG SHARK THAT WILL NEVER TURN FOR HIS KILL AGAIN

Of course we all rushed to the bow pell mell. Even Gus, the Swedish mate, left his dearly beloved smoked herrings and now stood staring out over the calm Pacific—for we were leaving the Straits by now. To the unaided eyes appeared an almost calm sea, a big black hull, and on it several dark figures, evidently human beings. Fritz was frantically tugging at the Norwegian fishing dory on deck. Gus, who was cook as well as mate—and fisherman extraordinary—and stevedore—and wheelsman and stoker and—well everything else aboard, was getting gruel and tea ready in the wee caboose. Ginger, the engineer, named after this hot spice by having snuffed some up by mistake and thereafter immediately sneezed his nose into a shape rarely worn by mortals—was stuffing the firebox full to over-flowing. I rushed for my glasses and ordered all lifesaving preparations to cease, as the dark figures were six big black cormorants drying their wings after too prolonged a spell of fishing.

Now, as we skirted the shore, inside a sheltering projecting point, we came alongside of that ancient mariner of the coast—the Kestral—the fishery protection cruiser. It is understood on good authority that, with all canvas drawing, and a full head, a fair tide and quite a heavy wind abaft, she can

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# Dame Fortune's Daughter

By Lindsay Denison  Illustrated by R. A. Graef

HE STARED AHEAD OF HIM DOGGEDLY, LOOKING AWAY FROM THE OTHER TWO. THEN— "IT'S ROSE," HE BLURTED OUT

ALONG about two thousand years ago a Little Child came into this world through a stable. Probably stables weren't very clean and sweet two thousand years ago—not nearly as nice as they are to-day. But the things that Little Child brought to the world were so dear and beautiful and good that most of us have come into the way of thinking His memory and ever-living presence and influence are exclusively the property and the privileges of the righteous, of those who abide in ways and places which are clean.

But it is nevertheless true that the soft tug of the Little Child's baby hands is felt to-day by folks who are not very nice and who live in places far more deplorable than ever was that Nazarene stable. Wherefore:

Cowles and Roberts watched the waiter set down the glasses and turn away. Then they laughed, each at the other, but without gladness.

"Bobs," said Cowles, "you don't seem to yearn for your medicine."

"No. Charley," sneered Roberts, "and I don't observe an absorbent haste on your part. What do you suppose is the matter with us?"

"We're 'fraid, Bobs," said Cowles. "That's what's the matter with us. We're 'fraid. 'Fraid of starting in. You've seen the kids on that slide thing down at Scarborough Beach. They hunch themselves along toward the start and then hang there until somebody from behind pushes them off. That's the way I feel. I'm waiting for somebody to come along from behind and give me a start. 'Cause I know, just as those kids know, that I am going to get bumped, and scraped, maybe good and plenty before I reach bottom."

"Right!" said Roberts. "That's just the way I feel, too." He looked around the room critically. "And as yet nobody seems at all inclined to start us along on the descent. What's the matter with the old place, Charley? Here it is half past nine o'clock, Christmas Eve, and there are less than twenty people here—and all of them cross. What are you looking at?"

"There's a bronze-haired, brazen-faced little person sitting right back of you, Bobs—don't turn; she's looking right at you. I've seen her before. I ought to know who she is. But I can't remember for the life of me."

"One of those 'Where-have-I-seen-that-face-before' situations?" Roberts cautiously looked obliquely into the mirror and studied the woman's face.

"I'll bet you know her, too," retorted Cowles. "She is probably the lady cashier who used to smile across her desk at us languishingly when she gave us our change for our beef and beans—before you got plutocratic and married and shook all your friends. By the way, how is the family? This is a lovely joint for a six months' bridegroom to be in on Christmas Eve. But I've been so long watching you young men, 'reformed by marriage'—beg your pardon, old man!" he cried, as he looked away from the hauntingly reminiscent face of the woman opposite and caught the hurt look of his friend. "What's the matter? You're not having any trouble at home, are you? You haven't been scrapping with Rose?"

"Why do you think I'd ask you to meet me at a joint like this, to-night of all nights, if there wasn't trouble with Rose?" growled Roberts. "I'm not fit to be married to a girl like Rose, or any girl, anyway, Charley, and I—" his voice broke a little; he caught himself and went on. "Let's drop it, Charley!"

They both stared at the table, for a moment.

"Bobs," said Cowles, after a while, speaking slowly and low, "you can kick me for being fresh, if you like. I know it's none of my business. But I like you too much not to tell you that I hate to see you starting out on a tear because you've got a grouch on your wife. Now, I'm hopeless and my grouch isn't with anybody I care a hoot about, anyway. But you, Bobs——"

"Drop it, Charley! Drop it!" Roberts laughed bitterly. "Let us proceed with that stirring melodrama which I suppose you would call 'The Souse's Christmas Eve.'" He glanced again at the girl whose face he could see in the mirror. "I know who she is, Charley," he said. "The girl opposite you, I mean. Do you remember Sadie Cargill? The girl who sang 'Coraline' and 'If you wouldn't—then I would!' at Shea's about five years ago? Don't you remember that everybody was crazy about her?"

Cowles looked up cautiously.

"Sure!" he said. "That's who she is. But what in the world is she in this place for? Sadie Cargill in Big Jimmy's! Whew, what a come-down!"

"I seem to remember somebody was saying the other day that she had gone pretty well to pieces," said Roberts. "Didn't take care of herself. Whoever

it was said he had seen her in the chorus of a fly-by-night musical comedy out Calgary way and that he saw her here in Toronto after that and she seemed to have hit bottom."

"Yes," said Cowles, studying the girl's face, "it is Sadie, all right. She seems to have kept all her good looks, too, except that her face has hardened terribly. Don't you remember what a soft-cheeked, innocent, merry little thing she always was ?"

Roberts nodded and looked again into the mirror. He shook his head at what he saw. "Yes," he murmured, "she was. And now, before you recognized her, you called her 'bronze-haired and brazen-faced,' and she is."

"I hope," spoke up the young woman, with startlingly distinct voice and with unlimited acidity of intonation, "that the next time you two see me, you'll remember me ! Take a good look."

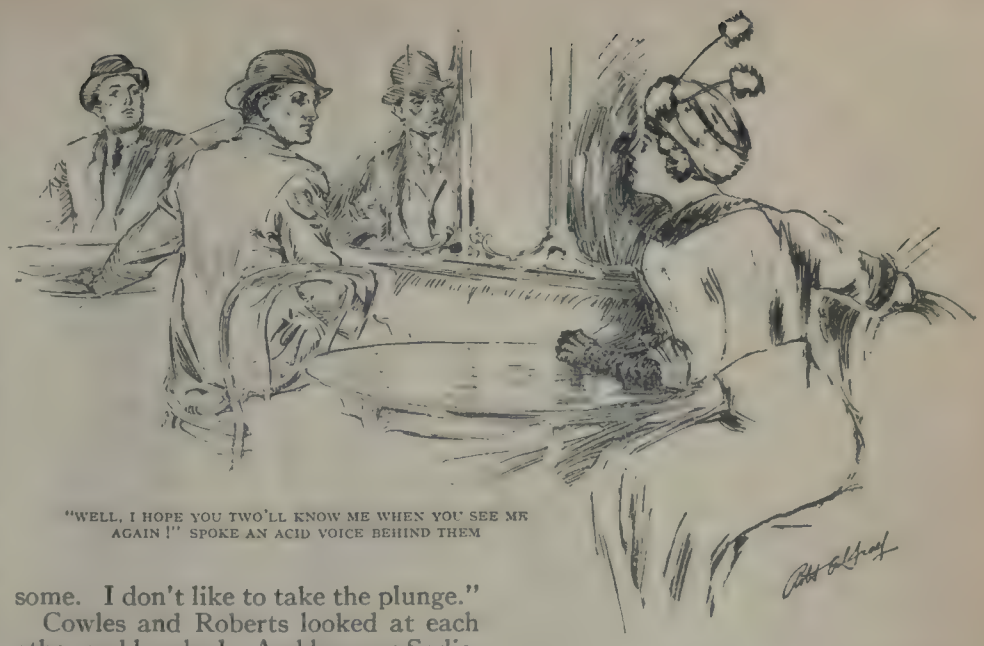
Both men sprang to their feet, catching off their hats.

"I beg your pardon," said Roberts, earnestly, "but really I didn't realize that you could see from the mirror how I was staring at you. I'm awfully sorry and very much ashamed. Really I am—we both are."

Miss Cargill looked him over with approval and was obviously mollified.

"Oh, that's all right," she said, with a tired smile. "I'm sorry I barked at you that way. A woman is a good deal of a fool to make a kick when a man looks at her in Big Jimmy's. But I'm sore on the world to-night and kind of cranky. Come on over here and bring your drinks with you, both of you. Perhaps you can talk me out of it. I'm not trying to work you for a drink," she added hastily. "I paid for this one when I ordered it, and I haven't touched it yet. I was too much afraid that one would taste like another—and then another and then

THEY WERE LOADED DOWN LIKE VERITABLE SANTA CLAUSES WHEN THEY RANG THE BELL



"WELL, I HOPE YOU TWO'LL KNOW ME WHEN YOU SEE ME AGAIN !" SPOKE AN ACID VOICE BEHIND THEM

some. I don't like to take the plunge."

Cowles and Roberts looked at each other and laughed. And because Sadie, despite the hardening, was undeniably charming with the old graciousness of the Casino days, they carried their glasses to her table. Cowles smiled as they set them down, still full, beside hers.

"Same here," he explained.

"You in trouble, too ?" She sighed. "Well, *I'm* used to it. Better tell your old Auntie your poor little sorrows. Maybe I really can do you some good." She turned to Roberts. "First off, what's biting you ?"

Cowles interrupted precipitately.

"Let me tell mine," he urged. "I'm the worst case. I've just lost my job. I'm a newspaper man and I've saved about as much of my princely weekly stipend as most of them do."

Miss Cargill nodded with a smile which seemed reminiscent. Almost involuntarily she hitched her chair over a little closer to Cowles. The instinct of the stage lady to cuddle up to the youth who may some time "get her name in the papers" is as imperishable as the instinct of self-preservation.

"Well," continued Cowles, "my rent comes due in a week. Also all the bills. Also it is the Merry Yule Tide when the young blood gets square with all the nice girls who have been especially nice to him. And I've been canned ! Fired! Lost my job ! And by the latest count I have on my person just thirteen dollars and forty cents good and lawful coin of King George's realm and nothing more coming to me. That's all."

Roberts took up the story.

"No, it isn't all, Miss Cargill—I beg your pardon," he cried, as he saw her wince.

"It's all right," she said wearily. "Don't bother. It's all right. I haven't used that name for some time and I kind of hoped nobody would remember it. Fact, I'd rather like you boys to call me that to-night. Christmas Eve's kind of different. Go on."

"Charley didn't tell you how he lost his place. He lost it because he wouldn't help his photographer" — Cowles put up a menacingly warning hand— "wouldn't help his photographer do a dirty yellow trick about a starving baby and its mother over in the Ward. The city editor blamed the photographer and the photographer blamed Charley and—that's why !"

The woman laid her hand ever so lightly on Cowles' sleeve.

"Nice boy," she said softly. "Nice boy !" And then, after a moment: "And, anyway, this is the first job you ever lost, isn't it ? Thought so. It's nothing when you get used to it. I know." Her voice was even; but her foot was tapping the floor under the table. "It's when you get used to it, and think you can always get another and one day find that nobody will believe you when you say that you're going to steady down and be good—that's what hurts. This time next year you'll be laughing at yourself for feeling down."

"No, I won't !" growled Cowles. "I've done my best for three good years and I've been decent when I didn't have to be decent and I've been straight with myself and the paper. It don't pay. I'm going to cut loose now and take things as they come."

Miss Cargill studied the ugly blaze in his eye intently and shook her head. The hard lines in her face became more rigid.

Cowles reached for his glass. She stopped him.

"No," she said, "let's all start even. I want to know your friend's troubles."

"Never mind about mine," said Roberts, looking away from them both. He was almost, but not quite, surly.

Cowles shook his head at her surreptitiously.

"Don't be afraid," she murmured. "I won't make any breaks. And he needs help more than you do." She turned to Roberts again. "Married ?" she asked him.

"How did you know that ?" he asked, his face still turned away.

"Oh, I knew," she said. "There's things about you that—oh, well, I know. And I'll tell you some more about yourself. This is the first time you've been out of the town since. Fellows who look as white and clean as you do, don't come mousing around joints like this—and keep on looking clean and white. Now I don't want you to think I'm a buttinsky, but really I wish you'd tell me about it." She glanced over her shoulder. "I know it isn't the place or the crowd to talk about anything like this. But honest, I wish you'd tell me !" There was a compelling ring of nearly mothering kindness in her voice. Roberts bowed his chin almost sullenly on his chest.

"Well ?" he said.

"You've been having trouble at home ?"

Roberts nodded.

"Tell me ! What about ?" She leaned across the table towards him, speaking very softly with misty eyes. Roberts did not raise his head.

"Christmas presents," he said.

She threw back her head and laughed, just three or four pearly notes and then became grave again—sincerely grave.

"Now, see here," Roberts blurted out, looking straight into the woman's pitying eyes. "I *am* going to tell you about it. I know it isn't decent. But I haven't told anybody and I know I'm right—anyway, more right than she is—and you've been up against things a lot—and I want to tell you about it."

"That's right," she whispered as gently as though she had been petting a curly head at her knee.

"Well," he recited in a monotone, "she asked me to meet her at Ryrie's to-day and I did. And she picked out a ring and I told her I couldn't come within five hundred dollars of paying for it—unless I broke my promise to increase my brother's college allowance. And she was hurt and then she was angry and she said things. You don't know—but there was a man—a rich man—an old man—out in Winnipeg and—when we first met she had almost made up her mind to marry him. Anyway—she said things and I said things and both of us were nasty—and bitter. This was all going uptown in a cab. And when we got to the door she said she wasn't going to get out—that she was going back to her own people—and I said I didn't care. And I don't !" His voice broke, even on the defiant note. "But it hurts . . and don't you think I was right?"

Cowles was staring at him somewhere between amazement and amusement.

"And is *that* all ?" he began "that—"

"Stop !" Miss Cargill said to him sternly. "It's enough ! Let me tell you two something. Now this isn't to print." She looked at Cowles. He nodded. "It never got out why I left Shea's. But it was because I was married on the sneak." She looked up and saw the waiter standing near. She plucked a pencil from Cowles's waistcoat, tore the margin from a newspaper sticking out of his pocket and wrote a name on it.

"Married to *him*," she said, showing the slip to Roberts and Cowles in turn.

Cowles whistled in his astonishment. Roberts stared at the paper with dimmed eyes; they cleared and he looked up quickly. "It didn't get out," she explained, because I really cared. I didn't want any press agent foolishness about him. Besides, I was going to quit the business, anyway. I did, all right, all right !" She laughed sourly and went on. "He was just out of college, and I was a lot younger than I am now and different—I was sort of different from anybody around there, I guess." Her voice caught, but she tossed her head and continued: "And that made him like me. And I liked him and we were married and went away. But as soon as he came to know me better he found (what I'd known all along) I wasn't up to his family standard. He knew he would have to tell them about our being married, and that when the time came and they looked me over I wouldn't exactly stack up with his people—manners, you know, and when to do things and how to do them and the sort of people I liked. And he tried to tell me. And I got mad—and we came back on different boats. And if I'd told him how much I wanted to learn to be the way he wanted me—if he'd told me that he wanted me to try—why then—why then it would have been just one of those funny little married tiffs. But I was mad. I said I didn't care. Not even when they came and took my baby. I didn't care. I've never cared."

She spoke straight into Robert's eyes.

"If I were you," she said, "I don't care how mean you think she was or how right you think you were, I'd go find her and tell her that she was right and you were wrong and that you are sorry. And if I was her I'd do the same thing. But it's easier to say than to do, I know. But can't you ?"

"No," he said. "You don't know the things she said. If she'd send word that she was sorry——"

"Poor boy !" said the woman. "Poor boy and poor girl. You *are* up against it, bad !"

There was a silence. It became embarrassingly long. Cowles broke it.

"It's your turn, Miss Cargill," he said.

She shook her head, and brushed at her eyes.

"Honest," she said, "I don't think mine is worth telling. It isn't anything either of you would understand. Mine's just sentiment and darn foolishness. Let's take this drink !"

Cowles reached out to protect the glass.

"We'll try to understand," he said. "And perhaps we might. Give us the chance."

Miss Cargill's head dropped between her hands as she slid her elbows farther across the table.

"All right," she said. "But I'm making a fool of myself. I don't exactly understand, myself, why it hits me so hard. I told you just a little about what I'd been up against. Well, it was worse than that. That was just a starter. And after the very first, I didn't care any more. I didn't. Something broke and all the care dropped away from me. You've got your troubles of where to eat and sleep and drink," she said to Cowles. "And you've got a heart that's pretty near to breaking—and maybe will," she said to Roberts. "But as for me, I've had all those troubles for years and I haven't cared. Because I haven't any heart." Her eyes began to shine and her eyelashes became wet suddenly. "At least I thought I didn't, until to-day.

"I live about twenty blocks uptown.

"SHE GOT TO CRYING BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T HAVE A DOLL OF HER OWN. SO I BOUGHT HER ONE—AND SHE WENT TO SLEEP WITH HER ARM AROUND IT"

You know what these rooming houses are. In the room next me there's some respectable married people, with a baby. A little girl about five. And she's been sick. And I guess the father hasn't had a job in a long time. Anyway, the other day I saw him taking a china clock out under his coat—it looked like a wedding present—and I guess people don't hock their wedding presents until pretty near the last. And the walls are so thin you can hear everything that goes on in there. And the baby—— anyway, the little girl began asking two weeks ago about a Christmas tree. And yesterday they told her that Santa Claus was getting snobbish nowadays and wasn't interested in poor people—or poor people's little girls—not even when they were sick. And she cried all day. She was crying when I came out last night. She was still crying when I got home this morning. She's cried all day to-day. And I'm broke. I've only got ten dollars between me and the bay. And my rent's two weeks overdue and I've *got* to pay that before I quit, because the landlord's been dead white to me. And I've never cared before for four years, but—I care now—I care—I can't help it. I do. I do."

She dropped her hands to the table and her head on them. She sobbed; they were long, dry, heartbreaking sobs.

"Don't cry, Miss Cargill," urged Cowles, patting her shoulder clumsily. "Don't cry—Sadie!" She jerked away from under his hand and cried on.

"Miss Cargill," said Roberts, leaning over toward her and speaking very softly, "you have been very kind to both of us. Will you let us be kind to you? Please stop crying. Please! And then try to tell me just how much money you need."

Continued on page 133.

# Dust to Dust

## By J. Dignam and Madge Macbeth

Illustrations by Rufus E. Stolz

THE architecture of the Grand Union Hotel was imposing for the district. Cathedrals and hospitable taverns, the photographs of which look well on post cards, are among the attractions of new western towns.

The Grand Union was a three story building; its expanse of native wood was painted an inoffensive gray, and it had a verandah running the length of the building on every flat. These coigns of vantage were always reserved for the women-folk, girls and matrons who hung over the edge of the railing in various stages of dishabille and took critical stock of the new arrivals or made feminine comparisons as to the prosperous state of the returned old ones. The railway had not yet come to the landing.

The lowest porch was supported by half a dozen pillars making a *porte cochere* for the bar which was directly upon the street. This important portion of the hotel was well in keeping with the surrounding grandeur, having ornate fixtures in plenty—and to the uninitiated let it be known that these same gold bars and shining knobs, to say nothing of the mirrors, had been brought one hundred miles by stage, from Edmonton. It was always a pleasure to parties returning from months in the bush to find so well equipped a hostelry ready to welcome them. Perhaps it is not irrelevant to mention that in one morning between the hours of six and eight the Grand Union took in a small matter of seven hundred dollars; so it is obvious that fixtures count!

"DON'T TAKE ON SO, JACK," SAID BOB, WATCHING THE MUZZLE. "CAN'T YOU TAKE A JOKE?"

The drinks were on Hank Maguire, the latest arrived tenderfoot in Athabasca Landing. He had laid a dog-eared five dollar bill on the counter, hoping to have returned a modicum of "chicken feed" in spite of the dozen mouths ranged along in line, when the approach of the Edmonton stage emptied the bar.

Amidst uproarious laughter, Albert Kerrigan, the diminutive stage-driver, announced that this was the dryest bunch of White Ribbons he had ever carried—a remark he made each trip—and lost no time in making his way to the bar which immediately filled up again with the new-comers and the usual hangers-on.

Amongst those who accepted Kerrigan's hospitality there were two men who bore the inimitable and unmistakable stamp of the gold seeker; who, willy nilly, must answer that call of the north—that lure of the gold in comparison with which all other objective in life seems but a waste of time. They were evidently partners.

"Back again, Bob?" called the bartender with a bottle poised in air. "Howdy, Jack," he added as the smaller of the two men made a place for himself in the line. "Where to, this time?" he found time to ask.

"We hear they've struck it up on the Liard," Bob replied, pouring himself out a generous horn. "Have *you* heard?"

Wheeler nodded. "Somethin'; but there ain't nobody gone down from here." The smaller man spoke for the first time. "We'll have a shy at it, anyway. Look for us this time next year plastered with the filthy lucre!"

Their good luck was drunk far into the night.

The following morning found the partners busily engaged in the purchase of their outfit, Bob Calloway assuming all the responsibility in the matter. His companion, Jack McRae, deferred to him in the smallest detail, and their respective positions as "boss" and "bossed" seemed to be amicably recognized by each and resented by neither.

After a week's preparations they were ready for their venture and left Athabasca Landing with the vociferous good wishes of the crowd. They were unaffected; this was by no means their first experience. They had set out under similar circumstances many times before.

Alternately paddling and floating they made their first camp at Six Mile Island, but the two days following saw them much farther ahead with the help of a good breeze and a sail.

Grand Rapids presented the first difficulty. Instead of taking advantage of the tram-way across the portage (which would have necessitated much shifting of provisions) Calloway and McRae decided to run the Rapids—they being expert rivermen. Half way down, Jack, who was bowman, struck an ugly rock and the canoe would have capsized but for the skill and presence of mind of Calloway. These two qualities were without doubt valuable assets for a man of his calling, but their worth was somewhat counterbalanced by an exceedingly bad temper, which vented itself at this point.

CALLOWAY'S STREAM OF EXPLETIVES CONTINUED UNTIL THEY REACHED A LESS TURBULENT SPOT

His stream of expletives continued until they reached a less turbulent spot where he gathered himself for a final outburst.

"If you can't do better than that," he thundered, embroidering his speech with curses, "I'll be wishin' I had left you behind, you moonias, and have took that feller from Edmonton who was so dead set on goin'."

The injustice of the attack stung and Jack retorted,

"You ain't *bringin'* me! Whose notion was this whole outfit? *Mine*!" He thumped himself on the chest. "And who knows the country? *Me*! Why, you great big slob, where will you be when we pass Simpson, if I don't take you by the hand and lead you?"

Realising the aptness of this query Calloway forebore an answer; McRae also relapsed into sullenness and they did not thrash out the quarrel with hot words or with fists as had once been their custom. Instead, each harbored a grudge against the other for speaking unpleasant truth and bad feeling for the first time crept into this ill-assorted partnership.

The journey continued monotonously down the river, past McMurray, Chippewyan, and on by Fort Smith to Resolution.

At each of these settlements they looked anxiously for rosy news of the Liard gold find. But in spite of disappointment in this respect, in spite of the vague and indefinite information they received, determination to follow their journey to the end was strong. For they belonged to the type of man so common in that country, whose greed for gold leads him through untold hardship, miles from his fellow beings, upon the slightest rumour and far beyond the reach of human assistance.

The wait during the month of June at Fort Resolution was tedious, for although the Great Slave Lake was not usually free from drifting ice until July, it had been known to open sooner and both McRae and his partner had hoped that this year would see an early thaw.

The second week in July came before they started. Their long delay had whetted their desire for the promised land almost to the breaking point. Paddling unceasingly night and day they eventually reached Fort Simpson where the first view of the river which was to make them millionaires was obtained. It was at Simpson that their ardour was decidedly dampened, for absolutely no report of gold had been brought in by the Indians, and the Simpson settlers thought the two prospectors worse than crazy to spend the winter up on the Liard.

A few minutes' persuasion would have satisfied McRae that his chase was a wild one and he would have been content to return to the south. But Calloway, goaded almost to frenzy by delays and disappointments, grew stubborn and claimed that he saw trickery in the silence about Liard gold; he insisted that they push on, for, said he,

"We've never come out loser yet, have we? And it's a funny thing that all the people around Edmonton know there is gold yonder, and the Indians and half breeds won't say nothin' about it."

Jack was timorously dubious; he disliked raising the pitch of Bob's anger.

"Aw, well," sneered the big man, "you go back if you're a mind to, you quitter!" then, as an afterthought he added, "You can go to the devil, too, for all I care—I'm a-goin' on!"

"There ain't no reason for you to talk like that, Bob," answered the other, "I ain't no quitter, either. You can eat that! I'm goin' with you, all right, only from what I can hear, they ain't nothin' to it."

Unconsciously, McRae slipped into his own place, after very brief opposition, and submitted to the stronger will. From that moment everything which Calloway said, went.

Two weeks upon the Liard failed to put them in possession of any great find, but they did not turn back, there was excitement in the chase, and eventually they went up so far, that they were faced by the certainty of spending the winter there. The last south-bound boat would leave Fort Simpson before they could make the trip back.

By November both Calloway and McRae had a few small "tails" of gold, but the past weeks of searching convinced them that the precious metal was not to be found in paying quantities. In any event the chill of the days urged them to leave gold washing for the time, and set about building a shack for the winter.

Game was plentiful, and this not only augured well for their physical comfort but by trapping they could make something out of a venture which proved a failure from a prospector's standpoint. So they built their shack and set their traps, not forgetting a strychnine bait for wolves upon which the government pays a bounty.

About this time the mail carrier passed on his way to the Arctic—thus breaking the last link which bound them to human intercourse until the spring, which means in that country, July.

For a couple of months the weekly round of a forty-mile circuit to their traps proved a timely diversion; fur was plentiful and a few wolves had unsuspiciously eaten the strychnine flavored meat. But toward February a cold snap accompanied by fierce wind struck them—the thermometer only stopping on reaching the sixty-five below mark, and this bad weather confined them to the shack.

During the first week cards were an interesting pastime; the second found Calloway and little McRae trying to invent games or to improve ones they had known. From daylight until dark they sat in the cramped house, if the crude structure built out of unsquared timber can be so dignified in the name, with no variation other than cooking their food.

After another fortnight a subtle change crept into the isolated shack; the men lay in their blankets most of the day, each begrudging the performance of the ordinary tasks which hitherto had been cheerfully undertaken by them in turn. If Calloway went out to bring in some wood, he inwardly cursed his partner who had the pleasant job of cooking the dinner; if McRae went for water—a pail full of snow—he felt certain that his partner had so managed that he, himself, could escape this disagreeable duty.

Gradually the brunt of the work fell upon the little man, until one day he ventured a sharp protest. It happened in this way; Calloway rising from his bunk saw that the water pail was empty. "You might, at least, have water in the shack," he growled.

"Huh ! If you want water, you might get it fer yerself—I've done all of my share durin' the past three days !"

"I thought you would have seen how sick I've been, without me a-tellin' you," muttered Bob, in an aggrieved voice, and falling heavily back on the bed.

"Not too sick to set up an' take nourishment reg'lar," commented the other without deep sympathy. He did not put excuses past his partner, where work was concerned.

"All right, sir ! If you talk like that, I'll get up an' cook the grub, sick as I am, s'long's the extry work's fallin' so heavy on you !" Calloway flung back at him.

"Start right in with yer own, then," suggested McRae tauntingly. "None of yer messes fer me, thanks !" He banged the door after him as he went out with the water pail.

Perhaps he had meant to forget the quarrel, perhaps not; however, circumstances forced him to remember it, for upon returning to the shack, he found Calloway helping himself to tobacco from *his* tin.

The sight enraged him; dozens of instances flashed before him of times

NOW HE COULD SEE IT ON THE FLOOR, AND SHUDDERED IN HIS BUNK — BY DAYLIGHT IT WAS WORSE THAN BY NIGHT

he had been sent outside upon various pretexts, and during those moments Bob had without doubt been "stealing off him !" It might not only be tobacco either ! That this was the first time the "loan" had been effected, angels in heaven could not have persuaded Jack to believe.

"Drop it !" he commanded, sharply, letting a blast of icy wind blow in. "You sneakin' hound, you ! You put me on the dirty work while you lie abed like a lord, and help yerself to my tobacco an'— "

"I'm takin' what's lawfully mine," snarled Calloway furious at McRae for coming back; it was perfectly plain to him that Jack suspected him and had sneaked in on purpose." You took mine—you know you did ! This time last week my box was up to here —" he designated a particular spot with a dirty thumb— "an' now look at it ! Where's it gone to, I want to know ?"

Jack turned chalky white; he had never been in the shack alone without working hard for Calloway. He had

never lain around idle and inert like his partner. He set the pail of snow down and his hand almost without his own volition sought for and found his revolver. Anger blazed from his eyes, but his voice was low, so low that it sounded unfamiliar to Calloway.

"Drop it, Bob," coaxed McRae, "an' eat them words, you liar!" Bob looked into the muzzle, dropped the tobacco and laughed a little uncertainly. At the same time his eye never wavered from the muscles in Jack's hand.

"Don't carry on so, Jack," he said, "can't you take a joke?"

"I can take a joke all right, all right," Jack replied grimly, "but you can't take my tobacco!"

Their reversed positions ate like a canker into Calloway's soul. Never, in all their acquaintance had Jack McRae dictated to him! His opinions or advice had been taken or discarded as Calloway saw fit; his ill-temper, shortlived though it was, vanished after a word or two from the big man. But now, in every sentence Jack uttered his partner fancied he detected a subtle reference to their changed conditions, he fancied that Jack still held the gun over him, metaphorically speaking. To be accused of laziness instead of being sympathized with, to be accused of stealing when he was asserting his authority and doing what he had often done before, and last of all to be ill, so ill that he feared to let the extent of his malady be known to McRae—this burned into his smarting wounds like fire.

Through the long still night these bitter thoughts rankled; resentment and anger and fear coupled with a very real pain kept him from sleeping, and the sound of Jack's regular breathing so frenzied him that he seriously weighed the pain of rising and striking the sleeper, against the agony of lying inert all night listening to those heedless snores. This state of affairs continued for a week; each night ended in an uneasy sleep made hideous with dreadful dreams. Invariably, Calloway saw McRae cunningly gather their joint savings and resources before deserting him, and he, a helpless caricature of a man could only shriek curses after the retreating form which made a black blot upon the endless wastes of untracked snow.

Obsessed by these thoughts when he awoke one morning he lost no time in making sure that his possessions were safe. Until the meaning of this inventory dawned upon him, McRae looked upon his partner with tolerant speechlessness. Then a murderous rage burst over him! He advanced upon Calloway savagely and—stopped!

Bob's arm was black with scurvy!

Bit by bit it dawned upon McRae; Bob's lack of ambition, his shrinking from the snow laden draughts and his terror of the colder ice breathing winds which sought out the cracks; his shirking of the daily tasks, his increasing moodiness and irritability. What McRae had mistaken for laziness was pestilent illness and his anger melted suddenly into remorse and deep compassion.

"How do you feel, old boy?" he asked awkwardly, groping for a means to bury past differences.

The words had a sinister significance to Calloway. He immediately read in them Jack's realization of his helplessness and his satisfaction in the knowledge.

All day he brooded over this and repelled any advances the younger man made, distorting his sympathy into malignity, searching amongst his dark suspicions for a malevolent motive in this sudden friendliness.

Jack felt his partner's hostility and tried harder to break the barrier of distrust; and so they played at cross purposes for two days.

The following morning Calloway was alarmingly worse, and heedless of the hardship of a lonely journey to the nearest settlement—Fort Simpson—Jack resolved to make the trip and secure assistance. His idea to procure men and dog teams and remove Bob to the Fort where he could have proper medical attention. Scurvy in an advanced state will not cure itself.

Unfortunately the humoring of Bob these last few days had resulted in being turned over to him for "safe keeping" all their valuables and money, and money Jack was obliged to have for the purposes of his journey.

He broached the subject of his resolve hesitatingly.

"I reckon you'll need a little help from Simpson, Bob," he began, "an' a little exercise will put new life into me."

"It's about time you thought of it," growled Calloway not understanding the purpose he had in mind.

"I could get to the Fort an' back in about a week, "McRae went on, intent upon his project and not realizing what effect his words were having upon the sick man, but I'll need some money."

Craven fear amounting to madness kept Bob dumb; suddenly he saw his dream coming true—saw himself deserted by his partner and left to die a loathsome death like a rat in a hole. But with the cunning which is associated with insanity he controlled himself and asked evenly,

"What d'you want money for?"

Relieved that he had taken to the project kindly, McRae answered eagerly.

"Why, for medicine an' stuff, an' to buy dog food, an' to dangle in front of the men who will have to come back with me to carry you in. I can fix up the shack an' the grub, here, so's you'll manage first rate till I get back ——"

"Get back?" shrieked Calloway, unable to restrain his terror, "get back? You ain't a notion of comin' back! You needn't think I am that big a fool! I know you—you're plannin' to desert me, an' an rob me, an' to leave me here to die like an Indian dog—you—hound! But by G— I'll show you—" he continued wildly, raising himself on a swollen and blackened arm, "if I die—you'll die too! Take that, an' *that*!"

The revolver fell from Calloway's hand, having first done its work. Jack McRae's body made two or three senseless contortions and then lay quite still.

Cold sweat broke out upon Calloway as he looked at the thing which remained huddled in a hideous position before him; the neck bent sidewise under the shoulders and the arms flung loosely out upon the greasy floor.

As he looked Bob Calloway dreaded lest it should turn and thus reveal the face which was now mercifully hidden.

He watched it breathlessly, for a while, leaning half out of his disordered bunk; alternately he hoped that it would, and dreaded lest it should, move. Once he wondered if it did. Surely the body heaved!

He fainted!

Hours later when he returned to consciousness the shack was dark, and Bob, lying in a dazed state wondered vaguely why there was no light. Remembrance came with a shock and horror robbed the blankets of their warmth.

Daylight was an added torture; during the darkness he had thought he would go mad knowing it was there but being unable to see it. Now, he could see, and tried with all his fading strength not to look. But the thing drew his gaze with fatal sureness to itself and the daylight was worse than the night.

Although Calloway had no delusions regarding his serious condition, he resolved that he would rise and remove the body from the shack, no matter what the effort cost him. Beside, he must have food and water, to say nothing of fire.

Weakly pushing back the blankets he put his feet to the floor and tried to stand. The effort was tragic in its futility—scurvy does its work thoroughly!

Twice during the day he made the attempt and failed, the failure forcing another aspect of his position upon him. He could not reach the wood, the food or the water; the cold was

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# The Girl Who "Got There"

## By Edward C. Moore

ALTHOUGH Helen Stanley had sung in "Cendrillon" the part of Prince Charming, and knows by heart the wistful fairy-tale, nobody ever waved a fairy godmother's wand over her. The nearest thing to a godmother she ever saw was Mary Garden, who came to her last spring as the special train bearing the wearied Grand Opera Company was pulling out of Dallas on its way west, and asked, "Miss Stanley, would you like to sing with me in 'Natoma'?"

Miss Stanley's heart turned over suddenly; but she responded with brevity, "I should be very glad."

"Do you know the role of Barbara?" inquired Miss Garden.

Miss Stanley's heart sank into her boots. "I do not," she admitted. But the fairygodmother didn't seem disturbed.

"Well, can you learn it in three days?" said she. "I am sorry that the notice is so short, but we are going to give the opera the second night we are in Los Angeles, and Carolina White," the former incumbent of the role, "is away on a concert tour. Can you do it?"

"I can," said Miss Stanley.

And so the matter was settled. Miss Stanley disappeared into her stateroom, first sending out word that the social diversions of the trainload of artists held no attraction for her, and that she was on no account to be disturbed. Then she applied herself to a study of the role.

MISS HELEN STANLEY,
The prima donna who is singing grand opera in Montreal this season

At the end of the appointed three days she appeared on the Los Angeles stage and gave a performance of Barbara which the critics of that city without dissenting voice hailed as flawless.

That is a specimen of the way she has gone through her artistic career. She puts little belief in luck as an element of success, for luck, except the kind of luck which always attends talent and industry in every walk of life, has had little share in her development. In fact, the fates have not always been kind to her, and there have been times when she thought that life was rather hard and uncertain. What never failed her was a large amount of grit and an indefatigable determination to "make good."

Helen Stanley was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. Her family name is McGrew. She is the daughter of William Wilson McGrew, a well to do business man. Even as a child her voice showed remarkable sweetness and purity. As she grew to be a young girl her voice took on even more lovely qualities, and her parents decided that her talent should be cultivated. Her voice quickly responded to the training.

At the suggestion of Mrs. Philip D. Armour, a wealthy woman who has played fairy godmother to more than one aspiring young artist, Helen went to Chicago in 1905 and began serious study of the art of singing with Mrs. Johanna Hess-Burr. Only fifteen years old at the time, it was only a few months before she became the soloist at the University Congregational Church. She studied incessantly, perfecting her German, French, and Italian, and spending several hours each day on her voice. Results came quickly; she became known throughout the city as the possessor of unusual talent.

The next year she went to New York, where she continued her studies with Isadore Luckstone. She sought and found another church position, that of soloist in St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church. At that time she was the youngest church soloist in New York. She remained three years.

Her studies then carried her to Paris, where she came under the tuition of the well known specialist, Frank King Clark. After six months' work with him there arrived the engagement which is always one of the milestones in a singer's life, her operatic debut.

The event was accomplished at Versailles, as Mimi, the heroine of Puccini's opera, "La Boheme." Miss Stanley made an undeniable "hit" in the part, and the opera was given twice more that week.

Bidding a temporary farewell to the glamour of per-

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# The Heel of Achilles

by

W. Lacey Amy.

Illustrations by J.A.Bayne.

WARRY MANSELL lounged back in his Morris chair, looking thoughtfully over his finger tips into the blazing grate. That in itself was significant. For Warry was a bachelor, and few bachelors stop to think—and remain bachelors. Ordinarily the thoughtful bachelor possesses a past, or wants one. But Warry Mansell had no past worth recalling, and no future worth picturing.

An uninteresting life, Warry's, to talk about, but, according to Warry, a very satisfactory one to live. Physically he was supremely content. In all his imagination there was nothing to tempt him from his two-roomed suite. Solitude in a Morris chair before a fire of cannell coal, and surrounded by a wall of sectional book cases, was unshared bliss. Years of untormented happiness had livened his sense of luxury, and Suite 52, Warwick Apartments, told of its gratification. A five year lease was to Warry the acme of felicity and comfort, the limit of his desires.

On any other day than the second before Christmas Warry could honestly have assured you that he was just as comfortable mentally as physically. Vocally he would not have excepted that day, but—well, that's where his present attitude belied him. Without a past or a future worth recording, there was a present—two long hours on the second night before Christmas of every year—when Warry's otherwise undeviating line of content wavered a little.

Around the tabourette which he used as a footstool, lay a disarray of books and magazines. By that litter the apartment house maid was assured the following morning of an evening spent at home. After a night in, the symptom of a replaced magazine would have alarmed the girl. But with his evening newspaper the case was different. In the midst of a diffusion of book and magazine, it had been a bachelor rule of his—the most infrangible kind—carefully to fold his paper when he had completed the page of sports and place it thus on the under shelf of the tabourette. It was the last half of the rule that the maid as carefully transferred it in the morning to the wastepaper basket. Failure on her part would have justified complaint of inattention; on his would have brought timid enquiry concerning his health.

To-night the abnormal condition of a bachelor's thoughtfulness was best exhibiting itself in the condition of his paper. In three distinct and separate sections it lay around his chair, where it had fallen from his hands. Also, the top of the desk beside his elbow was heaped with broken envelopes and creased letter-paper. Plainly it was cause and effect.

They were not love letters; in justice to Warry that must be admitted immediately. He had received love letters, but he never knew it. It required more than the daring of even the modern marriageable maiden to penetrate his bachelor brain. And yet the letters were in female chirography. But Warry's defence was completed by the business letter-head on each. And such headings as "The Sick Children's Hospital," "The Old Folks' Home," "The Convalescent Hospital" on letters dated at Christmas time betrayed the gist of their contents. All these institutions knew Warry. To the wealthy such charities provide a simple means of satisfying Christmas inclinations and traditions without altering any scheme of life. Warry's Christmas, therefore, came two days before the red figures on the calendar, about the time the plum puddings and spiced roasts took the place of tarts and red meats in the show windows. For it was then he read and reread the acknowledgments of his gifts of previous years and decided how to re-earn them through the blank checks that lay before him.

We who have graduated from bachelor self-deception know the signs of that thoughtful gaze over finger tips into a blazing grate. Warburton Mansell was *not* supremely content. He knew the checks before him were doomed not to satisfy the ideas of Christmas that persisted in clinging to him through all these years. He didn't know why; he could even argue beautifully with his instincts that nothing was lacking. But, you know, instincts are feminine, and above argument. Warry, being a bachelor and never really having understood women, was not aware of this.

One letter in particular would not yield to argument. The superintendent of the Hospital for Incurable Children, being a mere wayward woman, was unable to follow the government-surveyed roadway of a bachelor's mind. She had stepped aside for a moment from the formal path of thankfulness in her acknowledgment of Warry's check, and had tripped into a little by-path were Warry could not follow her. What's more, he didn't want to; he wouldn't. She had broken the custom of beneficiaries, and, just because she was so heterodox, Warry was irritated. He wouldn't wander with her. No, indeed! But he couldn't help straining his eyes a little to keep her in sight. She had walked along beside him to the extent of due thanks; and she had stepped so daintily and prettily that Warry was keenly conscious of her deviation when she branched off.

This woman had actually suggested that the addition of his presence to his gift would make the latter a joy as well as a benefaction. Later she had persisted in her waywardness by hinting that Warry himself missed the real joy of Christmas by confining his gifts to the inanimate part of his resources.

And Warry tried to hold up his head stiffly and argue. He tried to sustain himself by a consciousness of his orthodoxy. He knew nothing of children—he, a bachelor. Only in his ccket was there community of interest with kiddies. That was common sense, he said. He knew no better; he was a bachelor from inclination.

The telephone at his elbow tinkled sharply. Warry grabbed the letters and crammed them into a drawer before he took down the receiver. His "yes" was a ludicrous mixture of the business man occupied with his morning mail and of the gentleman unable to protest at outrageous interruption.

His face brightened when he recognized who was speaking; and as he listened and answered, listened and answered, a peculiar play of feeling flitted across his face, a flicker that was breaking new lines and creases. And when he hung up the receiver he was happier. You could tell that by the carefully folded paper that lay in its accustomed place on the lower shelf of the tabourette a few minutes later. Then he sat back again and allowed himself the liberty of thought without self-consciousness. Warry was breaking all the rules of bachelorhood that night—because some of them had been broken for him.

That telephone message had been his first Christmas invitation since he had attained to the dignity of independent bachelorhood; and there was in it the surprise of a pleasant little by-way opening invitingly from the beaten track. Jack Lester, a friend with whom he ate a daily grape-fruit at the club, had included his wife in a request for Warry's presence at their home on the following evening, Christmas eve. Warry tried to drown the consciousness of a new smile at the corners of his mouth. The personal touch craved by the superintendent of the Hospital for Incurable Children was coming into his own Christmas.

Having digested the new feeling in three minutes he picked up his book, settled himself in the position long experience had proven best for light and comfort, and forgot things in general until the silence of the phonograph overhead announced bedtime.

At the club next day he ate his grape fruit alone. Lester always made a holiday of the day before Christmas. Last year Warry had been lonesome on that day, but before him now was a new celebration, his first real Christmas eve. He revelled in the feeling without stopping to analyze it, for fear that wonderful common sense of his would dispel it.

At four he left the office, walked over to a department store, and began to shift the worries of Christmas buying to the shoulders of overloaded clerks. He had only a vague idea of the extent of Lester's family. He could remember a bang-up dinner Lester had given at the club more than a year ago to celebrate the latest arrival. And somewhere in his memory he scraped up an old argument between Lester and another papa concerning the merits of a boarding school for girls of twelve or thirteen. Beyond that he could collect but the frayed edges of smart sayings of youngsters at various ages and degrees of development.

He felt certain of covering all the possibilities between one year and thirteen by ten presents. Ten could be divided between three or four, but reverse the numbers and—give up all hope of another invitation.

So, starting with a pair of shoe buckles set with brilliants—a suggestion of the saleslady's—and an Irish lace collar—an idea of his own upon which he dwelt to the weariness of the clerk—he ran through a varied list of hair-ribbons, dolls, a teddy bear, a jack-knife, a toy flying-machine, a steamboat that ran on water and a football. He ended with a silver and ivory rattle. By the time he had completed the list he was so proud that at least three items of it had originated in his own brain that the saleslady was peevishly sorry she had made a suggestion.

Chuckling along those new lines in his face he managed to board a car homeward, piled to the hat with parcels. Passengers stepped on his toes, dug their elbows into his unpro-

"ARE YOU SURE IT'S ME YOU WANT?" ENQUIRED JACK LESTER. "IF IT'S A CON GAME IT'S NOT WORTH YOUR WHILE. I'M APT TO PUT YOU IN MY POCKET AND TAKE YOU HOME FOR THE KIDS TO PLAY WITH"

tected sides, and pushed him helplessly about. But so long as they did not crush his bundles those new lines never relaxed.

Two hours later, when he had settled his white tie into a bow that almost satisfied him, it came to him with a sudden, panicky gasp that he knew no more of the location of Lester's residence than that it was somewhere in the west end. A woman would have relieved the situation via the telephone book. Being a man, and a bachelor, he could think only of the directory in the drug store across the corner. Anyway, he had to get flowers there for Mrs. Lester.

When Warry Mansell stepped from the elevator of the Warwick Apartments and picked his way carefully down the front steps to the street, there was little opportunity for doubting his errand. Ten Christmasy parcels in clean white tissue paper and red baby ribbon wonderfully tied, with holly and Santa Claus stickers as conspicuous ornaments, gave him something of the appearance of a modern Santa whose wife has neglected her duties of the night in a suffrage discussion down town. His opera hat clung precariously to the back of his head to leave room for the brow that any man expects to be warm under such conditions. The parcels had been disposed throughout his arms with studied care, and a loop from each to a desperate finger assured their safety.

While the drug clerk was tying the new, awkward parcel of roses, Santa Claus consulted the directory nder conditions that were unfavorable to reliable search. Over the top of the load he found the name of "Jack Lester," and to the best of his ability followed a straight line to the address "338 Hoskin Street." Twenty minutes later he stepped from the street car, a mussed-up, dishevelled Santa, but proud of the provision he had made in those loops from his parcels. He was surprisingly happy. He had chuckled into the faces of the tumbling crowd, calmly letting his parcels drop one by one to dangle from the loops, and now only the parcel of flowers remained above his arms. The effect was a little bizarre, but it seemed to give Warry lots of satisfaction.

Hoski Street gave him a shock. It did not impress Warry with respect for his friend's judgment, for it was dark and not overclean, and the houses were evidently of the middle-working-class style. And 338 was no different from the rest.

The darkness of the house was another surprise. Except for a faint glimmer from a room beyond, the hall was unlighted, and the feeble tinkle that came from a bell far back in the house added to Warry's misgivings.

On the instant four tousled heads arrived together in the open doorway at the back of the hall. The scramble to get through was forcibly interrupted by a larger girl of thirteen or fourteen who made a way for herself by simply dragging back the whole four. Then she stepped into the hall and shut off the light by pulling the door after her. A flicker of light was applied to a lamp on a small table, and then the front door opened a few inches.

"Is—is your father in?" asked Warry, in confusion.

The little girl looked him up and down at her leisure before she answered. Then her eyes settled back on the dangling parcels.

"THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO," MURMURED MRS. LESTER. "HE'S SO POPULAR WITH THE BOYS, JACK IS. AND IT'S CHRISTMAS EVE"

"No, sir. He ain't in now, but he promised to be back in a little while."

She evidently wished it to be distinctly understood that she assumed no responsibility for her father's promises.

"This is where Mr. Lester lives, is it not?"

"Yes, sir. Though mother says she don't know how soon we'll have to move again."

Warry's eyes puckered in surprise. "May I see your mother, then, little girl?"

The girl opened the door wide enough for him to enter, her eyes all the time fixed on the parcels. Warry stepped into the bare hall and followed the girl into the plain and rather bare front room. Then the girl left him and a moment later the visitor heard two people pass quietly up the front stairs. Evidently Mrs. Lester was not prepared for company. There certainly was some mistake, but he could only await the older woman's appearance for enlightenment.

Gradually as he waited he became conscious of a spasmodic, semi-subdued whispering behind a pair of folding doors leading to a room behind. Consultation, dispute and curiosity rose and fell in children's voices. Suddenly the doors rattled sharply, and a narrow crack grew between them, slowly widening in little jerks until Warry could look into another bare room beyond.

There was intense silence for several seconds. Then two hands with fat fingers came around the edge of one of the doors and took a tight hold. Immediately a regular shaking of the door, and as regular a loosening and renewal of the hold, told of someone tugging desperately at the owner of the fingers.

Warry began to be interested. Nothing but the fingers had appeared as yet, and they were having a strenuous time to keep in sight. Slowly the fingers secured a stouter hold, and Warry set his teeth in sympathy for a more energetic pull. That must have helped some, for a tousled head of fair hair bobbed in and out of sight over the fingers, followed by a chubby face, red with exertion but otherwise oblivious of the opposition.

Warry stamped his feet in applause and smiled at the face and fingers. The head kept going and coming in

obedience and resistance to the tugging of someone unseen, but always advancing a little further at each re-entry. At last, without an answering smile to Warry's widening beams, it spoke.

"Why"—jerk—"didn't you"—jerk—"come down the chimley ?"

The unseen tugs ceased, as if the worst had already happened. There was a scramble. The body belonging to the head dropped suddenly into view, and three other children—two boys and a girl—crowded for the opening. But Chubby Face had the advantage and continued to hold it by planting himself squarely between the doors. Warry smiled encouragement.

"Why didn't you come down the chimley, Santa ?" persisted the boy.

The man began to understand. First of all he laughed—laughed out loud with those new lines and creases in a way that would have startled his friends. Then he began to feel a little bit startled; likewise foolish and uncomfortable. His Christmases had never been specially noted for their laughs. But he couldn't lose sight of the situation; and the laugh came again. His opera hat dropped to the floor and rolled around in wobbly circles.

Chubby Face did not repeat the question, but he kept his eyes on Warry's face and waited for the answer he knew would come as soon as these preliminaries of this very funny Santa Claus were completed.

"Well, you see," began Warry, a wave of giggles running over him, followed by a panicky hope that his answer would fit the situation—"you see, I'm getting too fat to crawl down that little 'chimley' with this load. It isn't often I've so much for one house."

Chubby Face stepped boldly into the room and eyed the parcels speculatively.

"Got anything to eat ?" nodding at the parcels.

"No," admitted Warry shamefacedly, vowing to know better thereafter. "That's coming in the next load. But"—he winked impressively at the boy— "I've something else you want more than that."

"Nothin' better'n eats," firmly declared the boy, "'less—'less it's a flyin' machine."

Warry's smile came so sudden and wide that the new lines found it hard to get into action on such short notice.

"Little boys sometimes get what they want if they're good," he declared knowingly.

Only the smallest lad appeared to be impressed by such triteness.

"If me dood, me det sumpin ?" he enquired timidly.

Warry bent his head speculatively. "Now, that depends. What would you like best of anything ?"

"Teddy Bauh !" shouted the youngster, dropping his sister's dress with unheard of rashness.

Warry blinked. He looked down doubtfully at one of the largest parcels dangling from his fingers. And then he laughed. And the parcels rustled and scraped each other, and bumped into the rungs of the chair. He knew that parcel of teddy bear too well; it had insisted in getting between his knees as he walked.

"Would it be a teddy bear with long, brown fur, and legs that twist all round, and a head that nods, eh, what ?" And he nodded his head violently. Then he broke into a sudden perspiration at the awful test to which he had put his selection.

"Santa's dot it. Santa's dot it," shrieked the little fellow, clapping his hands and hopping on one foot.

"You just trust your uncle Santa," exclaimed Warry, with an exaggerated wink.

The older boy, a shade taller than Chubby Face, began to see possibilities that demanded immediate encouragement. He stepped before his brothers, shoved his hands fiercely in his pockets and braced himself on spread legs.

"I want a jack-knife and a football," he demanded bluntly.

The make-believe Santa looked startled. It wasn't fear of the boy. Oh, no ! He was just afraid he'd wake up. Then the new lines, by this time more accustomed to use, lent their services. Warry got up from the chair and laughed. He ran around it and sat down again with a crash of laughter. Plainly he was enjoying himself and making up for lost time. Of a sudden he sobered and tried to feel the bundles as best he could with his hands and knees; he was going to make sure before he let loose again.

"Dear, dear !" he rippled. "Anything funny about that knife, now ? Has it—"

"A pearl handle and two blades. And the football's big's that," with a rounding of his hands.

The improvised Santa bubbled and chortled and sparkled with mirth. "That's them to a T," he declared in reckless English.

Then he got up and tried a trick he hadn't done for years. He placed his foot in the brim of his opera hat, gave it a sudden flip upwards, and landed it over one ear but on his head.

And right then, while Santa was looked extravagantly bizarre and the children were grinning with joy at his new trick, a tall, pale, tired woman came through the hall door, a weary sadness around her eyes that sobered Warry in an instant.

"Is this"—embarrassed cough—"Mrs. Lester ?" he enquired.

"It is," very soberly.

"Mrs. Jack Lester ?"

"Yes."

"But your husband—he's not Lester of Lester & Hammond, is he ?"

The woman smiled. "My husband works in the foundry on Mason Street. I'm sorry—I've kept you. You're in the wrong house." Her eyes were fixed on the dangling parcels and on the happy anticipation of the children.

"It's not the Lester I was looking for," admitted Warry thoughtfully. "But it's the Lester I wanted, I think."

In fact he was sure of it. He remembered the football, and the teddy bear, and the flying machine and knife. He was so sure of it that he promptly went off into peals of laughter, the parcels bumping and crackling and rustling. The woman looked on in half-laughing embarrassment.

"Excuse—excuse me, Mrs. Lester," chuckled the man. "I never had so much fun. I'm not so crazy as I'm acting. I'm Santa Claus, you see. I've just been meeting your children." Then a look of bewilderment swept over his face. "By Jove !" he muttered. "It's Christmas Eve ! Never caught me like that before. Kind o' touching a new spot, you know, being a real Santa Claus."

The woman's face softened. "You're someone's Santa Claus," she said, pointing at the tissue-paper bundles. Then she stiffened as stranger to stranger. "You'll find a directory at the drug store on the corner. You've got the wrong address."

But Warry wasn't interested in the directory. "I guess I just thought I was looking for some other Lester, but—Providence has funny ways." He stepped closer to the woman. "These parcels are for your children; I've promised them. You wouldn't have Santa Claus break his promises, would you ? And"—his voice was full of pleading—"I've never been a real Santa Claus before. It's even my first real Christmas."

The woman smiled sadly, and the struggle in her face caught the man's attention.

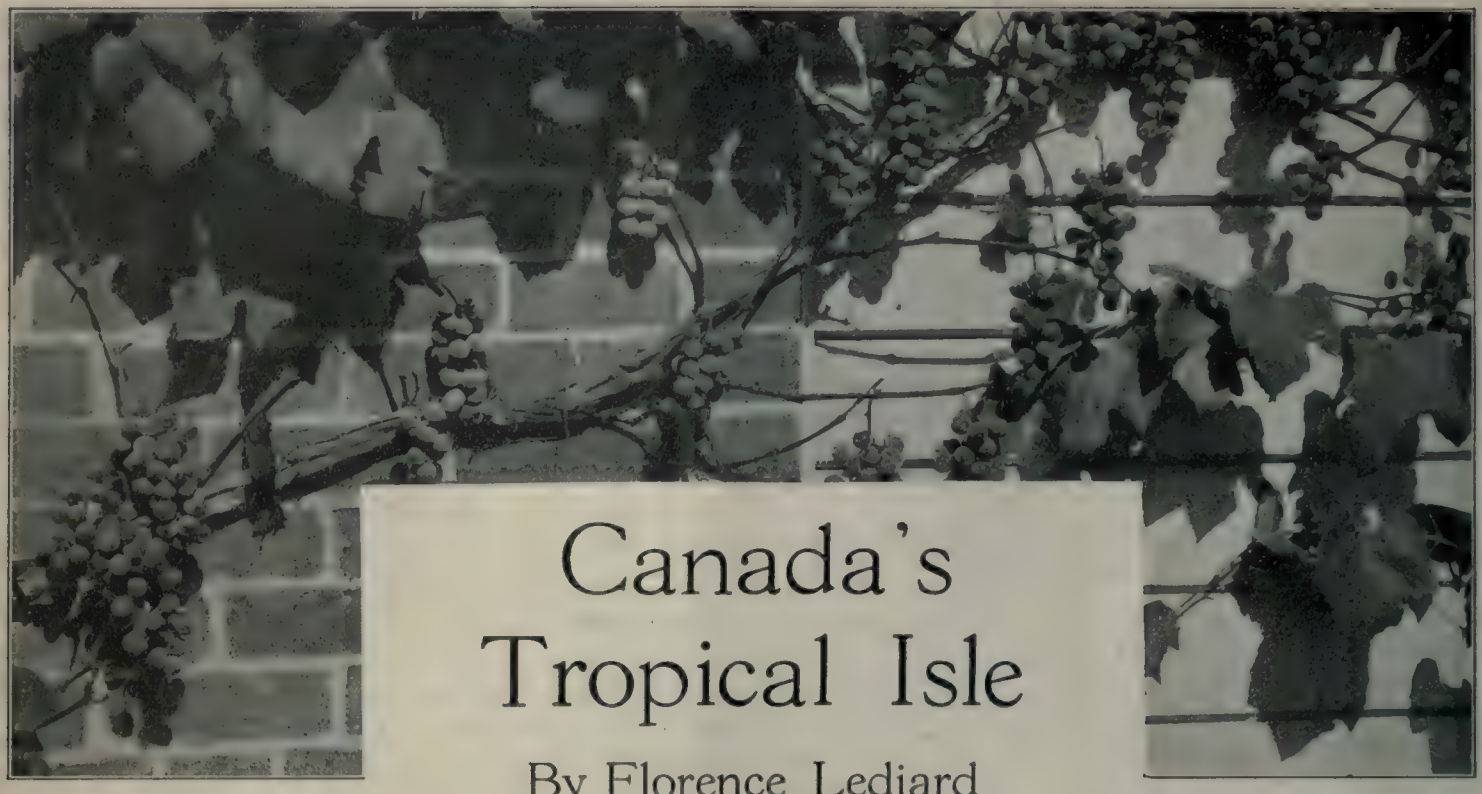
"I don't believe it's much of a Christmas for you," he said, hesitating lest he should overstep the border of their short acquaintance.

The woman made no answer but turned her head that her trouble might not reveal itself.

"It's your husband." For a bachelor Warburton Mansell was progressing. "I'd like to be your Santa Claus, too, if I could." The dangling parcels one by one were dropping from his fingers unnoticed.

"There's nothing—you can do," murmured the woman. "He—he—I've been expecting him home for an hour. He's out buying the children's presents, and—and sometimes he—

Continued on page 136.



# Canada's Tropical Isle

## By Florence Lediard

Illustrated from Photographs

"WE grow peanuts, sweet potatoes, broom corn, quinces, peaches, tobacco, Catawba grapes—"

"Hold on! I thought you said you lived in Canada."

"Yes."

"Nonsense! Even a real estate agent wouldn't tell fairy tales like that, and you aren't trying to sell anything. Where *do* you live?"

"On Pelee Island. Do you want to hear about it?"

"If you went to any little old red schoolhouse in Ontario in your youth, you learned the islands of the Great Lakes the same term that you struggled with the counties and county-towns along Lake Huron, along Georgian Bay and chanted 'Essex-Sandwich; Kent-Chatham; Norfolk-Simcoe," all together on review day. It was in that third-book year you learned Pelee Island's name, and the chances are that you have not heard it since unless you live along the shores of Lake Erie. Whatever may have been your ignorance in the past there will be no excuse for it in the future for little Pelee is coming into her own after years of comparative obscurity. Indeed, my own ignorance, barring those geography lessons more years ago than is good to think about, lasted up to a recent summer's vacation.

Look on your map of Ontario, and in Lake Erie you will find it—a little plot of land eight or nine miles from north to south and about three or four wide. It is fifteen miles from the Canadian mainland, twenty-five from the Ohio shore and five hours' most pleasant sail from Windsor and Detroit.

It labors under an unceremonious nickname. The French half-breed voyageurs and trappers, paddling their laden canoes in the early days the length of the Great Lakes to Montreal, called it Point au Pelee Island, a more dignified and musical name but a sad misnomer, for "Pelee" means "barren," and if there is one thing Pelee *isn't*, it is *that*. The error arose from giving the same name to the island that they had already given to the ragged, sandy point straggling out from the Canadian mainland where they often camped at night. Barren it surely was and is and may ever be.

Up to 1788, the Indians—Chippewas and Ottawas mostly—had undisturbed possession of the island, but in that year, as learned from a record still extant, it became the property of one Thomas McKee, a gift from the chiefs of the Lake Erie tribes. That the gift might be binding, it was put in the form of a lease, conveying the island—some 11,000 acres—to McKee for 999 years, the annual rent to be "three bushels of Indian corn, or the value thereof, on demand."

There are no real estate transactions like that in these degenerate days.

McKee lived till 1815 but it is not known that he made any use of his bountiful gift. His son did not regard it as a very desirable heritage and sold it to William McCormick in 1832 for five hundred dollars. This McCormick's father had been adopted into an Indian tribe, and found his mate in an American girl whom he rescued from another tribe of Indians who had kidnapped her—a thrilling story but too long for this space, as is also the story of the buying by William McCormick from the Indians of a young white couple (great grand-parents of Mr. Gordon Levi of Pelee Island), whom they had stolen.

Mr. McCormick's home had been in Essex county, but it was already fairly well settled, and the gentleman had eleven children to provide for. The whole of Pelee for five hundred dollars solved his problem nicely.

Still, 11,000 acres for eleven children, though simple mental arithmetic, did not mean a thousand acres each of cultivated land, for there was about five thousand acres of it apparently permanently under water. Almost the whole centre of the island was marsh, as low as or lower than the lake level, covered with a rank tangle of wild rice, rushes, marsh grasses and wild vines. There were about 2,000 acres of timberland which was also apt to be under water in rainy seasons and the rest was upland, some small extent of which was in the interior, and the rest composed a sandy or rocky rim all round the island, which kept the lake water out and the marsh water in.

The best idea you can get of the island is to compare it to a big soup-plate with a wide rim, which rim is ornamented with beautiful trees, lux-

uriant vines, and, in these days, with cosy homes and prosperous red barns set on the white sands. In the bowl of that plate is all delectableness, mostly liquid in those old days,—say oyster soup with an oyster here and there to represent a hump of solid land with its head out of water. For instance, there was a piece of upland of 600 acres, set in a 4,000-acre marsh, so isolated by its moist surroundings that it was, and is yet, called Middle Island, and in its very heart was another marsh of several hundred acres. Pretty lonesome, that, even for oyster soup !

Family strife and an imperfect title kept the eleven from making good use of their land, and prevented settlers from coming to the island to make homes. It was not till 1867 that the difficulties were settled, but Pelee Island's development was retarded thirty years and is just beginning now to recover from the setback.

As soon as patents could be obtained, some settlers came, who discovered that the best varieties of grapes would grow on the sand and limestone. Here the Catawba grape comes to perfection, the only place in Canada where it will ripen perfectly. On the uplands was much good timber, oak, hickory, elm, basswood, maple, ash, and a few groves of real red cedar. Small game was plentiful, and fish also. So, for many years the population consisted of trappers, fishermen, lumbermen, grape growers, with conventional farmers scattered here and there.

In 1878 a man named Brown—an ordinary name but not an ordinary man—came over and bought Middle Island with that soft spot in its heart. There had been several dry seasons and the marsh was high and dry in places.

Mr. Brown sowed some seed thereon and it flourished that year, but the next spring he came back to find his cultivated land two feet under water. He was naturally annoyed but not discouraged and determined to put that marsh out of its destructive business; to reform that swamp and convert it by compulsion, if necessary, to a useful career.

He interested Dr. Scudder, of Cincinnati, in his project, choosing a worthy colleague, for the doctor had made a study of the canal system of Holland. The two bought the big marsh surrounding Middle Island and set to work to drain the whole section. The wet spots were subjected to a process of agricultural surgery that drained off the stagnant fluid by canals to a centre and from there lifted it by steam pumps into the lake.

This achievement is really Pelee Island's biggest event, and history dates back and forward from that victory over nature.

A few years later the township took over the canal system, redredged the ditches then in use and extended the drainage throughout the whole island where there was any marsh. Now there is practically no more swamp, overgrown with grass and vines, but in its place, black soil from one to two feet deep resting on a fine, clay sub-soil and that again laid on a sure foundation of solid limestone. The soil excavated in making the ditches has been levelled slightly and provides good dyke roads along all the canals.

Little Holland it is sometimes called, but there is too much of tropical luxuriance along those dykes to recall tidy Holland. In autumn there is a blaze of wild aster and golden-rod bordering every road, and jewel-weed almost to your shoulders, and back of that young ash and flaming sumach and elderberry bushes, and wild grape or Virginia creeper or convolulus twining wherever there is a bit of space.

Where wild things attain such growth, the cultivated should show proportionate abundance of growth and they do here.

Grape-growing, as the first real attempt at specialized agriculture on the island, should have first mention. A few years ago almost every one had more or less vineyard and tons of grapes were grown and sent to the wine-cellars. All the varieties that will grow anywhere in Canada have been grown here, and, as said before, the luscious Catawba finds here its only congenial Canadian home. But, for some reason, the price of grapes in bulk, fell and fell and kept on falling, till it was below a cent a pound, and Pelee Islanders decided that their splendid soil could be used for some more productive crop, so they turned their vine lands into corn fields and their grape stakes into kindling wood. Still, there are plenty of grapes left for home consumption and some baskets are shipped but not many.

Peaches do excellently but the dreaded San Jose scale has ravaged here, and many orchards have had to be destroyed.

A unique fruit crop is raised by Mr. Colin Quick, who has a thimble-berry patch that is bringing him sp'endid returns. Perhaps you know the kind, —big, black, shiny mouthfuls of sweetness and delicious flavor—you pay anywhere from eighteen to thirty cents a box for them in Toronto and Winnipeg. Envy me, I've eaten them off the vines on a fine Sunday morning, discarding any berry that wasn't at least an inch long and correspondingly corpulent. Mr. Quick's patch, an acre and a half in extent, gave him $400 profit last year, three years after it was set out, and fair returns for young bushes the year before. He says that a man with four acres of drought-proof marsh land can make a good living by growing black thimble-berries.

Onions make a good crop on small acreage. Here they have run from 400 to 700 bushels to the acre, and the onion market is usually pretty sure, for people will have onions even if the orthodox beefsteak has soared too high to accompany them to the table.

Corn is one of the chief crops. Growing from ten to seventeen feet high, the massed stalks look like a young forest, and the fruitage is correspondingly large. A hundred bushels to the acre is not at all uncommon, and there is a record of 150 bushels that hasn't been touched yet off the island.

But the big money-making crop, the crop that buys new pianos and builds new barns and sends the children

THE PUMPING STATION WHICH HAS TRANSFORMED PELEE FROM A MARSH BELOW LAKE-LEVEL TO A RICH FARM LAND

away to school, is tobacco. Whether one approves entirely of my Lady Nicotine or not, these are some of the results of her as exhibited on Pelee. It is hard work growing tobacco, and steady from early, early spring till well on in October, and even then an ill-ventilated or poorly protected tobacco barn may bring the year's hard work to nothing. Five acres of the plant is calculated to take all of one man's time and he doesn't idle much either. The reward is fair, though, the crop running from 1,500 to 2,000 pounds to the acre and the trust keeps the price up sufficiently—twelve to eighteen cents a pound—to encourage people to plant it every year. Mr. John Lucas is said to have made the record of a ton to the acre on ten or twelve acres for the last three years.

Loyalty is a fine crop on Pelee Island, too. The majority of the people love the place as if it were human. There are very few grouchers, and they do not take kindly to hearing complaints from other people. A recent newcomer made some remarks about his new home that were much resented, a slip of a girl voicing the sentiments of the whole population when she said, "Why, you might as well kill one of us as say mean things about Pelee Island.

# The Gifts That Failed

## By George Ade

### Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant

MR. SIDNEY PAYSON was full of the bitterness of Christmas-tide. Mr. Payson was the kind of man who loved to tell invalids that they were not looking as well as usual, and who frightened young husbands by predicting that they would regret having married. He seldom put the seal of approval on any human undertaking. It was a matter of pride with him that he never failed to find the sinister motive for the act which other people applauded. Some of his pious friends used to say that Satan had got the upper hand with him, but there were others who indicated that it might be bile.

Think of the seething wrath and the sense of humilation with which Mr. Sidney Payson set about his Christmas shopping! In the first place, to go shopping for Christmas presents was the most conventional thing that anyone could do, and Mr. Payson hated conventionalities. For another thing, the giving of Christmas presents carried with it some testimony of affection, and Mr. Payson regarded any display of affection as one of the crude symptoms of barbarous taste.

If he could have assembled his relatives at a Christmas gathering and opened a few old family wounds, reminding his brother and his two sisters of some of their youthful follies, thus shaming them before the children, Mr. Sidney Payson might have managed to make out a rather merry Christmas. Instead of that, he was condemned to go out and purchase gifts and be as cheaply idiotic as the other wretched mortals with whom he was being carried along. No wonder that he chafed and rebelled and vainly wished that he could hang crape on every Christmas tree in the universe.

Mr. Sidney Payson hated his task and he was puzzled by it. After wandering through two stores and looking in at twenty windows he had been unable to make one selection. It seemed to him that all the articles offered for sale were singularly and uniformly inappropriate. The custom of giving was a farce in itself, and the storekeepers had done what they could to make it a sickening travesty. Everybody was out on the street, busy and merry with their Christmas buying, and Mr. Sidney Payson glared resentfully at them.

"I'll go ahead and buy a lot of things at haphazard," he said to himself. "I don't care a hang whether they are appropriate or not."

At that moment he had an inspiration. It was an inspiration which could have come to no one except Mr. Sidney Payson. It promised a speedy end to shopping hardships. It guaranteed him a Christmas to his own liking.

He was bound by family custom to buy Christmas presents for his relatives. He had promised his sister that he would remember every one in the list. But he was under no obligation to give presents which would be welcome. Why not give to each of his relatives some present which would be entirely useless, inappropriate and superfluous? It would serve them right for involving him in the childish performances of the Christmas season. It would be a burlesque on the whole nonsensicality of Christmas giving. It would irritate and puzzle his relatives and probably deepen their hatred of him. At any rate, it would be a satire on a silly tradition, and thank goodness, it wouldn't be conventional.

Mr. Sidney Payson went into the first department store and found himself at the book counter.

"Have you any work which would be suitable for an elderly gentleman of studious habits and deep religious convictions?" he asked.

"We have here the works of Flavius Josephus in two volumes," replied the young woman.

"All right, I'll take them," he said. "I want them for my nephew Fred. He likes Indian stories."

The salesgirl looked at him wonderingly.

"Now, then, I want a love story," said Mr. Payson. "I have a maiden sister who is president of a Ruskin club and writes essays about Buddhism. I want to give her a book that tells about a girl named Mabel who is loved by Sir Hector Something-or-Other. Give me a book that is full of hugs and kisses and heaving bosoms and all that sort of rot. Get just as far away from Ibsen and Howells and Henry James as you can possibly get."

"Here is a book that all the girls in the store say is very good," replied the young woman. "It is called 'Virgie's Betrothal; or The Stranger at Birchwood Manor.' It's by Imogene Sybil Beauclerc."

"If it's what it sounds to be, it's just what I want," said Payson, showing his teeth at the young woman with a devilish glee. "You say the girls here in the store like it?"

"Yes; Miss Simmons, in the handkerchief-box department, says it's just grand."

"Ha! All right, I'll take it."

He felt his happiness rising as he went through the store. The joy shone

in his face as he stood at the skate counter.

"I have a brother who is forty-six years old and rather fat," he said to the salesman. "I don't suppose he's been on the ice in twenty-five years. He wears a No. 9 shoe. Give me a pair of skates for him."

A few minutes later he stood at the silk counter.

"What are those things?" he asked, pointing to some gaily colored silks folded in boxes.

"Those are scarfs."

"Well, if you've got one that has all the colors of the rainbow in it, I'll take it. I want one with lots of yellow and red and green in it. I want something that you can hear across the street. You see, I have a sister who prides herself on her quiet taste. Her costumes are marked by what you call 'unobtrusive elegance.' I think she'd rather die than wear one of those things, so I want the biggest and noisiest one in the whole lot."

The girl didn't know what to make of Mr. Payson's strange remarks, but she was too busy to be kept wondering.

Mr. Payson's sister's husband is the president of a church temperance society, so Mr. Payson bought him a buckhorn corkscrew.

There was one more present to buy.

"Let me see," said Mr. Payson. "What is there that could be of no earthly use to a girl of six years old?"

Even as he spoke his eye fell on a sign: "Bargain sale of neckwear."

"I don't believe she would care for cravats," he said. "I guess I'll buy some for her."

He saw a box of cravats marked "twenty-five cents each."

"Why are those so cheap?" he asked.

"Well, to tell the truth, they're out of style."

"That's good. I want eight of them—oh, any eight will do. I want them for a small niece of mine—a little girl about six years old."

Without indicating the least surprise, the salesman wrapped up the cravats.

Time passed. Mr. Sidney Payson received the customary acknowledgments. Let us look over his shoulder.

"Dear Brother: Pardon me for not having acknowledged the receipt of your Christmas present. The fact is that since the skates came I have been devoting so much of my time to the re-acquiring of one of my early accomplishments that I have not had much time for writing. I wish I could express to you the delight I felt when I opened the box and saw that you had sent me a pair of skates. It was just as if you had said to me: 'Will, my boy, some people may think you are getting on in years, but I know that you're not.' I suddenly remembered that the presents which I have been receiving for several Christmases were intended for an old man. I have received easy-chairs, slippers, mufflers, smoking-jackets, and the like. When I received the pair of skates from you I felt that twenty years had been lifted from my shoulders. How in the world did you ever happen to think of them? Did you really believe that my skating days were not over? Well, they're not. I went to the pond in the park on Christmas day and worked at it for two hours and I had a lot of fun. My ankles were rather weak and I fell down twice, but without hurting myself, managed to go through the motions, and before I left I skated with a peach of a pretty girl. Sid, I have you to thank. I never would have ventured on skates again if it had not been for you. I was a little stiff yesterday, but this morning I went out again and had a dandy time. I owe this renewal of my youth to you. Thank you many times, and believe me to be, as ever, your affectionate brother,

"WILLIAM."

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"Dear Brother: The secret is out. I suspected it all the time. It is needless for you to offer denial. Sometimes when you have acted the cynic I have almost believed that you were sincere, but each time I have been relieved to observe something in you which told me that underneath your assumed indifference there was a genial current of the romantic sentiment of the youth and the lover. How can I be in doubt after receiving a little book—a love story?

"I knew, Sidney dear, that you would remember me at Christmas. You have always been the soul of thoughtfulness, especially to those of us who understood you. I must, however, confess that I expected you to do the deadly conventional thing and send me something heavy and serious. I knew it would be a book. All of my friends send me books. That's what comes of being president of a literary club. But you are the only one, Sidney, who had the rare and kindly judgment to appeal to the woman and not to the club president. Because I am interested in a serious literary movement it need not follow that I want my whole life to be overshadowed by the giants of the kingdom of letters. Although I would not dare confess it to Mrs. Peabody or Mrs. Hutchens, there are times when I like to spend an afternoon with an old-fashioned love story. You are a bachelor, Sidney, and as for me, I have long since ceased to blush at the casual mention of 'old maid.' It was not for us to know the bitter-sweet experiences of courtship and marriage, and you will remember that we have sometimes pitied the headlong infatuation of sweethearts, and have felt rather superior in our freedom. And yet, Sidney, if we chose to be perfectly candid with each other, I dare say that both of us would confess to having known something about that which men call love. We might confess that we had felt its subtle influence, at times and places, and with a stirring uneasiness, as one detects a draught. We might go so far as to admit that sometimes we pause in our lonely lives and wonder what

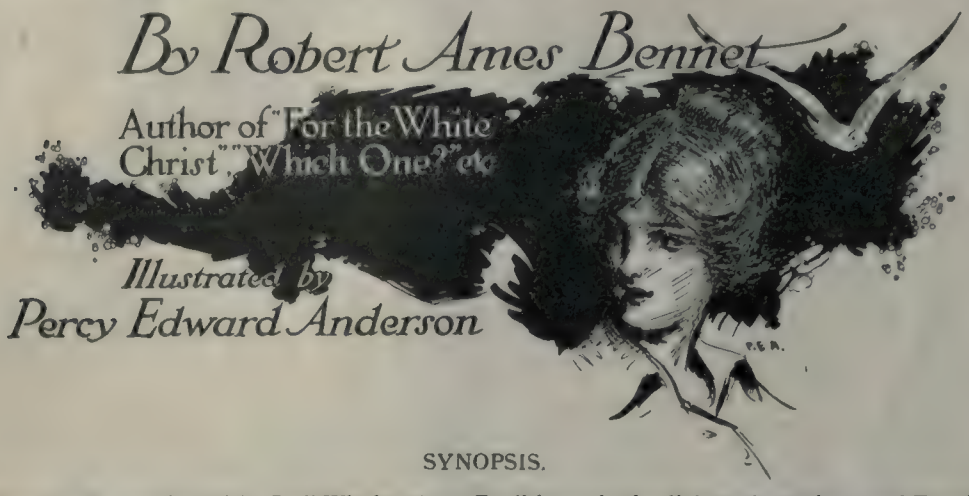
Continued on page 137.

EVERYBODY WAS OUT ON THE STREET, BUSY AND MERRY OVER THE BUSINESS OF CHRISTMAS, AND MR. SIDNEY PAYSON GLARED RESENTFULLY AT THEM

# UNWILLING EVE

## By Robert Ames Bennet

Author of "For the White Christ," "Which One?" etc.



Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS.

Three people, Genevieve Leslie, a society girl; Cecil Winthrope, an Englishman in the diplomatic service; and Tom Blake, a Canadian civil engineer, are wrecked on the most desolate and wildest stretch of the Mozambique coast. Blake's admiration for Miss Leslie has been squelched by Winthrope on board the steamer, but shortly after the storm subsides, Blake proves himself the strongest and most resourceful of the three, and assumes command of the party. A headland shows some ten miles to the south, with promise of water and safety from the malarial swamps. This the party heads for, and in the journey Winthrope sprains his ankle, which forces Blake to carry him. Almost spent with thirst, they reach a river, and Blake, pushing ahead, finds that it is salt with the sea-water of high tide. Meantime, Winthrope discovers an uprooted cocoa-palm, and the nuts serve as both food and drink. They spend the night in a baobab tree, hearing wild beasts about them, but safe from their attacks. Next morning, Blake starts out to find a way to cross the river and so reach the headland. On reaching it the party find a drove of wild catttle, a spring of good water,—and a family of leopards in command of the situation. Being weaponless and without fire to smoke out the leopards' den, they are forced to withdraw. "Men's pockets seem so open," remarks Miss Leslie, as they retreat, "I've had to pick up Mr. Blake's locket twice." He gasps "Locket! I never had one in my life! Give it here!" and opens a surveyor's burning glass, which solves their fire and food problem. They burn out the leopards, eat roast kitten and start to create a dwelling place in the den. Miss Leslie determines to show she can help, and takes hold of the work bravely. Then she overhears a conversation between Blake and Winthrope in which Blake states angrily, "I'd like to know where in hell you come in? She's not your mother, nor your sister, nor your aunt, and if she's your sweetheart, you've both been dammed close-mouthed over it." Terror-stricken, she hastens back to camp. She tells Winthrope of her fear, and he urges her to marry him, but she refuses. Then Winthrope comes down with the fever, and Blake is poisoned by eating fish. While he is gone, the jackals attack the camp, but the girl manages to beat them off, and when Blake returns in the morning, he shows open admiration of her bravery. When Winthrope recovers from his attack of fever, the three make a trip back to the cocoanut grove. Miss Leslie goes to pick an amaryllis, and finds a huge poison adder. Blake kills it, but not before it has apparently struck Miss Leslie on the knee. Unceremoniously he flings back her skirt and puts his lips to a small red wound to suck out the poison, only to receive a furious repulse from the girl who says it is only a thorn wound. Winthrope takes her away, in hysterics, and Blake, after extracting the snake's venom to poison arrows, picks the amaryllis as a peace offering for Miss Leslie. By this time both men are in love with her, Blake silently, Winthrope constantly urging his suit. Blake begs forgiveness for his blunder about the snake and is forgiven. Then he makes her a strong bamboo door for her cave, heavy, armed with sharpened stakes, and yet set so ingeniously on a hinge that a child can swing it. Winthrope, in Blake's absence, hints to Miss Leslie that Blake is afflicted with paranoia, and has made this door to protect her from himself in his irresponsible moments. A tropical storm of terrible fury bursts over the camp while the men are away. Cowering in her cave for shelter, Miss Leslie sees by a lightning flash that Winthrope is stealthily crawling in upon her, his face like that of a beast. The sharp bamboo door, caught by a gust, whirls on its axis, and strikes him down. She manages to bolt the door, and faints. In the morning Blake staggers in, calling her name. When he learns of Winthrope's attempt he is furious, but she restrains him, and they find that Winthrope has been struck by the door, and is already dying. He confesses in his last moments that he is only a valet masquerading as a gentleman, with a lot of stolen emeralds sewn up in a stomach-pad. Left alone they put Winthrope's body up on the headland, hide the emeralds and clear up the debris of the storm. Not until Miss Leslie is again alone does she realize that under the stress of the day she has called Blake "Tom." They set off exploring southward beyond the headland, in the hope of finding a town, but on surmounting the height, see nothing but a vast stretch of swampy marsh. Miss Leslie breaks down and cries with disappointment.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

"Well, I don't know. If it wasn't for the fever that's bound to come with the rains, I, for one, would just as leave stick to this camp right along, providing the company don't change."

She turned upon him flashing eyes, all thought of caution lost in her anger. "How dare you say such a thing? You are contemptible! I despise you!"

"My, Miss Jenny, but you are pretty when you get mad!" he exclaimed.

The answer took her completely aback. He was neither angry nor laughing at her, but met her defiant glance with candid, sober admiration. There was something more than admiration in his glowing eyes; yet she could not but see that her alarm had been baseless. His manner had never been more respectful. Suddenly she found that she could no longer meet his gaze. She looked away and stammered lamely, "You—you shouldn't say such things, you know."

"Why not? Hasn't everything been running smooth the last few days? Haven't we been good chummy comrades? Of course you've got the worst of the deal. I know I'm not much on fancy talk; but I like to hear it when I've a chance. I've led a lonesome sort of life since they did for my sisters— No; I'm not going to rake that up again. I'm only trying to give you an idea what it means to a fellow to be with a lady like you. Maybe it isn't polite to tell you all this, but it's just what I feel, and I never did amount to shucks as a liar."

"I believe I understand you, Mr. Blake, and I really feel highly complimented."

"No, you don't, any such thing, Miss Jenny. Own up, now! If I met you to-morrow on your papa's doorstep, you'd cut me cold."

"I should if you continued to be so rude. Have you no regard for my feelings? But here we are, talking

nonsense, when we should be going—"

"Is it nonsense?" he broke in. "What does life mean, anyway? Here we can be true friends and comrades,—real, free living people. It can't be that you want to go back to all those society shams, after you've seen real life! As for me, what have I to gain by going back to the everlasting grind? I don't mind work; but when a man has nothing ahead to work for but a bank account, when it's grind, grind, grind till your head goes stale and all the world looks black, then there's no choice but throw up your job and go on a drunk, if you want to keep from a gun accident. Maybe you don't understand it. But that's what I've had to go through, time and again. Do you wonder I like to fancy an everlasting picnic here, with a little partner who wouldn't let me come within shouting distance of her in the land of lavender trousers and peek-a-boos?"

"Mr. Blake, really you are most unjust! I could not be so—so ungrateful, after all your kindness. I—we should certainly be glad to number you among our friends."

"Drink and all, eh?"

"A man of your will-power has no need whatever to give way to such a habit."

"Course not, if he's got anything in sight worth while. Guess, though, my folks must have been poor white trash. I never could go after money just for the fun of the game. No family, no friends, no—what-you-call-it?—culture— What's the use? I have a fair head for figures; but all the mathematics that I know I've had to catch hot off the bat. It's true I grubbed my C. E. out of a correspondence school; but a fellow has to have an all-round, crack-up education to put him where it's worth while."

"You still have time to work up. You are not much over thirty."

"Twenty-seven."

"Twenty-seven! I should have thought— What a hard life you must have had!"

"Hard work? Well, I suppose Panama did do for me some. But it wasn't so much that. Few fellows could hit up the pace I've set and come out at all."

"I do not understand."

"Just what you might expect of a fellow in my fix—all kinds of gamble and drink and the rest of it."

Miss Leslie looked away, visibly distressed. She had not been reared after the French method. Young as she was, she had fluttered at will about the borders of the garden of vice, knowing well that the gaudy blossoms were lures to entice one into the pitfall. Yet never before had she caught so clear a glimpse of the slimy depths.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"That's it!" growled Blake. "Throw me down cold, just because I'm square enough to tell you straight out. You make me tired! I'm not one of the work-ox sort, that can chew the cud all the year round, and cork the blood out of their brains. I've got to cut loose from the infernal grind once in a while, and barring a chance now and then at opera, there's never been anything but a spree—"

"Oh, but that's so dreadfully shocking, Mr. Blake!"

"And then like all the other little hypocrites, you'll go and marry one of those swell dudes who's made that sort of thing his business, and everybody knows it, but it's all politely understood to 've been done sub rosa, so it's all right, because he knows how to part his name in the middle and—"

"Please, please stop, Mr. Blake! You don't know how cruel you are!"

"Cruel? Suppose I told you about the millionaire cur that— Oh, now, don't go and cry! Please don't cry,

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Half the Rub
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Miss Jenny! I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world! I didn't mean anything out of the way, really I didn't! It's only that when I get to thinking of—of things, it sets me half crazy. And now, can't you see how it's going to be ten times worse for me after—with you so altogether beyond me—" He stopped short, flushed, and stammered lamely, "I—I didn't mean to say that!"

She looked down, no less embarrassed.

"Please let us talk of something else," she murmured. "It has been such a pleasant morning, until you—until we began this silly discussion."

"All right, all right! Only mop up the dew-drops, and we'll turn on the sun machine. I really didn't mean to rip out that way at all. But, you see, the thing's been rankling in me ever since we came aboard ship at the Cape, and Winthrope and Lady Bayrose had my seat changed so I couldn't see you — Not that I hold anything against them now—"

"Mr. Blake, I suppose you know that this African coast is particularly dangerous for women. So far I have escaped the fever. But you yourself said that the longer the attack is delayed, the worse it will be."

Blake's face darkened, and he turned to stare inland along the ridge. She had flicked him on the raw, and he thought that she had done so intentionally.

"You think I haven't tried—that I've been shamming!" he burst out bitterly. "You're right. There's the one chance— But I couldn't leave you till the barricade was finished, and it's been only a few days since— All the same, I oughtn't to 've waited a day. I'll start it to-morrow."

"What? Start what?"

"A catamaran. I can rig one up, in short order, that, with a skin sail and an outrigger, will do fairly well to coast along inside the reefs—barring squalls. Worst thing is that it's all a guess whether the nearest settlement is up the coast or down."

"And you can think of going, and leaving me all alone here!"

"That's better than letting you risk two-to-one chances on feeding the sharks."

"But you'd be risking it!"

Blake uttered a short harsh laugh.

"What's the difference?" He paused a moment; then added, with grim humor, "Any way, they'll have earned a meal by the time they get me chewed up."

"You sha'n't go!"

"Oh, I don't know. "We'll see about it to-morrow. There's a grove of cocoanuts yonder. Come on, and I'll get some nuts. I can't see any water around here, and it would be dry eating, with only the flask."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### A LION LEADS THEM

THE palm grove stood under the lee of the ridge, on a stretch of bare ground. Other than seaward, the open space was hemmed in by grass jungle, interspersed with clumps of thorn-brush. On the north side a jutting corner of the tall, yellow spear-grass curved out and around, with the point of the hook some fifty yards from the palms. Elsewhere the distance to the jungle was nearly twice as far.

Blake dropped the bag and his weapons, flung down his hat, and started up a palm shaft. The down-pointing bristles of his skin trousers aided his grip. Though the lofty crown of the palm was swaying in the wind, he reached the top and was down again before Miss Leslie had arranged the contents of the lunch bag.

"Guess you're not extra hungry," he remarked.


# Your Family Doctor

does not know as much about your stomach as you do. You have lived with it longer than he has. You know your digestive limitations. You know what "agrees" with you and what gives you distress.

It is well to get your doctor's advice, however, and if he is a wise counsellor he will tell you that the practise of eating a well-cooked cereal every morning for breakfast will not only strengthen your digestion, but keep the bowels healthy and active. The best cereal for this purpose is

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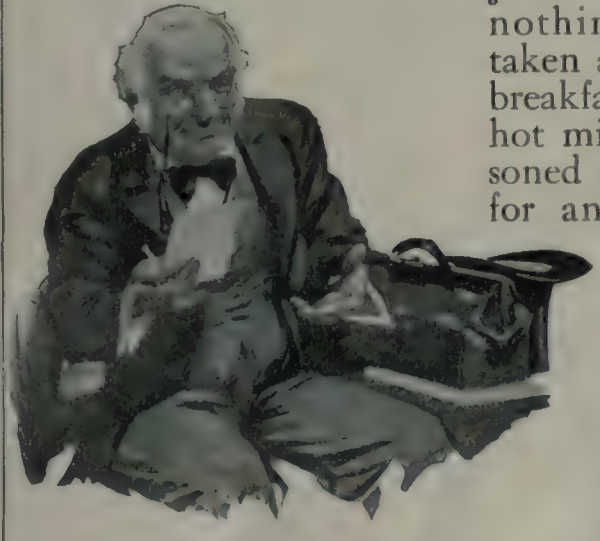
because it is the whole wheat, steam-cooked, shredded and baked in the cleanest, finest food factory in the world. It is not "treated," flavored or compounded with anything—just the pure, whole wheat, nothing added, nothing taken away. Delicious for breakfast when eaten with hot milk or cream and seasoned to suit the taste or for any meal with sliced bananas, stewed prunes, baked apples, preserved peaches or other preserved or fresh fruits.



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She made no response.

Mad, eh? Well, toss me the little knife. Mine has got too good a meat-edge to spoil on these husks."

"It was very kind of you to climb for the nuts, and the wind blowing so hard up there," she said, as she handed over the penknife. "I am not angry. It is only that I feel tired and depressed. I hope I am not going to be—"

"No; you're not going to have the fever, or any such thing! You're played out, that's all. I'm a fool for bringing you so far. You'll be all right after you eat and rest. Here; drink this cocoa milk."

She drained the nut, and upon his insistence, made a pretence at eating. He was deceived until, with the satisfying of his first keen hunger, he again became observant.

"Say, that won't do!" he exclaimed. "Look at your bowl. You haven't nibbled enough to keep a mouse alive."

"Really, I am not hungry. But I am resting."

"Try another nut. I'll have one ready in two shakes."

He caught his hat, which was dragging past in a downward eddy of the wind, and weighted it with a cocoanut. He wedged another nut between his knees, and bent over it, tearing at the husk. It took him only a few moments to strip the fibre from the end and gouge open the germ hole. He held out the nut, and glanced up to meet her smile of acceptance.

She was staring past him, her eyes wide with terror, and the color fast receding from her face.

"What in— Another snake?" he demanded, twisting warily about to glare at the ground behind him.

"There—over in the grass!" she whispered. "It looked out at me with terrible, savage eyes!"

"Snake?—that far off?"

"No, no!—a monster—a huge, fierce beast!"

"Beast?" echoed Blake, grasping his bow and arrows. "Where is he? Maybe only one of these African buffaloes. How'd he look?—horns?"

"I—I didn't see any. It was all shaggy, and yellow like the grass, and terrible eyes—Oh!"

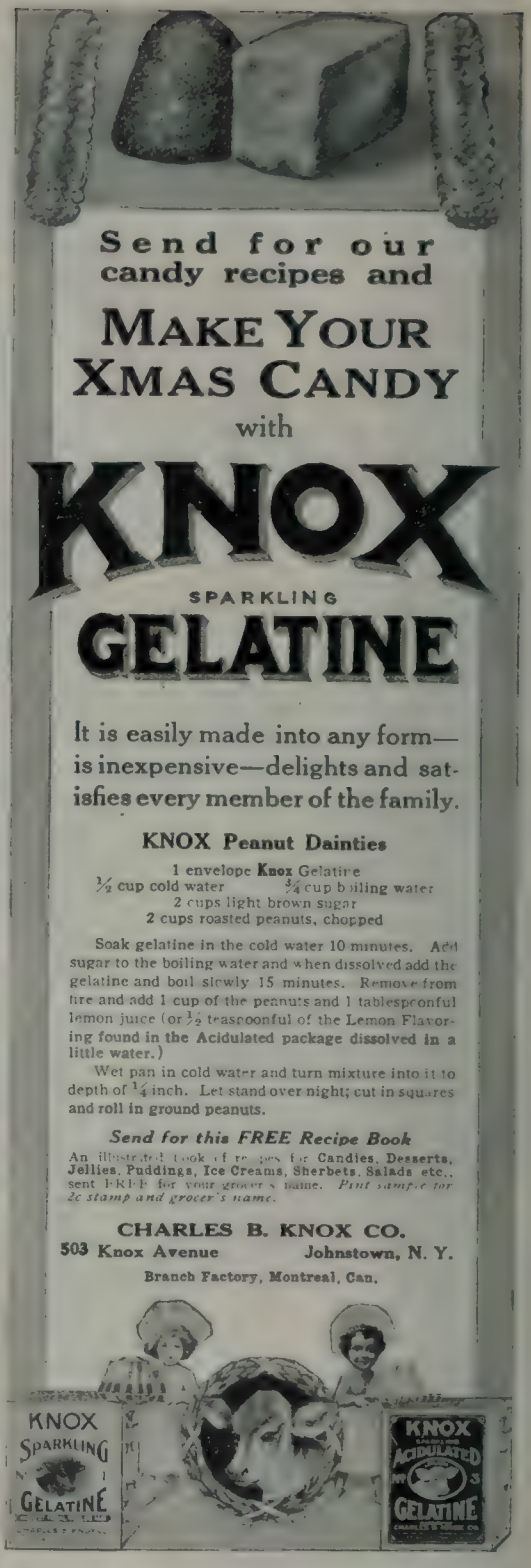
The girl's scream was met by a ferocious, snarling roar, so deep and prolonged that the air quivered and the very ground seemed to shake.

"God!—a lion!" cried Blake, the hair on his bare head bristling like a startled animal's.

He turned squarely about toward the ridge, his bow half drawn. Had the lion shown himself then, Blake would have shot on the instant. As it was, the beast remained behind the screening border of grass, where he could watch his intended quarry without being seen in turn. The delay gave Blake time for reflection. He spoke sharply, as it were biting off his words: "Hit out. I'll stop the bluffer."

"I can't. Oh, I'm afraid!"

Again the hidden beast gave voice to his mighty rumbling challenge. Still he did not appear, and Blake attempted a derisive jeer: "Hey, there, louder! We've not run yet! It's all right, little woman. The skulking sneak is trying to bluff us. 'Fraid to come out if we don't stampede. He'll make off when he finds we don't

scare. Lions never tackle men in the daytime. Just keep cool a while. He'll—"

"Look !—there to the right !—I saw him again ! He's creeping around ! See the grass move !"

"That's only the wind. It eddies down—God ! he is stalking around. Trying to take us from behind—curse him ! He may get me, but I'll get him too,—the dirty sneak !"

The blood had flowed back into Blake's face, and showed on each cheek in a little red patch. His broad chest rose and fell slowly to deep respirations; his eyes glowed like balls of white-hot steel. He drew his bow a little tauter, and wheeled slowly to keep the arrow pointed at the slight wave in the grass which marked the stealthy movements of the lion. Miss Leslie, more terrified with every added moment of suspense, cringed around, that she might keep him between her and the hidden beast.

Minute after minute dragged by. Only a man of Blake's obstinate, sullen temperament could have withstood the strain and kept cool. Even he found the impulse to leap up and run all but irresistible. Miss Leslie crouched behind him, no more able to run than a mouse with which a cat has been playing.

Once they caught a glimpse of the sinuous, tawny form gliding among the leafless stems of a thorn clump. Blake took quick aim; but the outlines of the beast were indistinct and the range long. He hesitated, and the opportunity was lost.

Yard by yard they watched the slight swaying of the grass tops which betrayed the cautious advance of the grim stalker. The beast did not roar again. Having failed to flush his game, he was seeking to catch them off their guard, or perhaps was warily taking stock of the strange creatures, whose like he had never seen.

Now and then there was a pause, and the grass tops swayed only to the down-puffs of the heightening gale. At such moments the two grew rigid, watching and waiting in breathless suspense. They could see, as distinctly as though there had been no screening grass, the baleful eyes of the huge cat and the shaggy forebody as the beast stood still and glared out at them.

Then the sinuous wave would start on again around the grass border, and Blake would draw in a deep breath and mutter a word of encouragement to the girl: "Look, now—the dirty sneak ! Trying to give us the creeps, is he ? I'll creeps him ! 'Fraid to show his pretty mug !"

Not until the beast had circled half around the glade did his purpose flash upon Blake. With the wariness of all savage hunters, the animal had marked out the spur of jungle on the north side, where he could creep closer to his quarry before leaping from cover.

"The damned sneak !" growled Blake. "You there, Jenny ?"

She could not speak, but he heard her gasp.

"Brace up, little woman ! Where's your grit ? You're out of this deal, anyway. He'll choke to death swallowing me— But say; couldn't you manage to shin up a palm, twenty feet or so, and hang on for a couple of minutes ?"

"I—can't move—I am—"

"Make a try ! It'll give me a run for my money. I'll take the next elevator after you. That'll bring the bluffer out on the hot-foot. I slip a surprise between his ribs, and we view the scenery while he's passing in his checks. Come; make a spurt ! He's around the turn, and getting nearer every step."

Continued on page 113.

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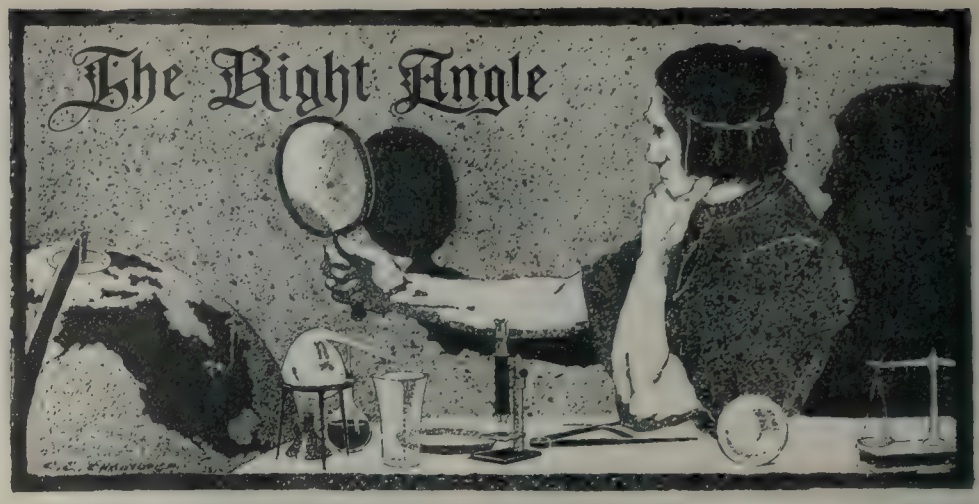


### THE DISAPPEARING HANGMAN

THE reprieve of Charles Gibson, murderer, at the eleventh hour, reminds us again that capital punishment grows more and more repulsive to Canadians. The minister of justice declared that a careful reconsideration of all evidence had developed nothing to warrant a change of sentence. Then a petition with 60,000 signatures was rushed to Ottawa, and Hangman Ellis lost another opportunity to add to his list of skilful stranglings. The likelihood is that Mr. Ellis will not officiate very often again, and it may not be necessary to look for a successor when he retires.

### MOTORING

SOON the man without an automobile will be the exceptional individual; already our per capita motorists lead all other countries. This fact lends interest to a book recently from the press entitled, "A Motor Tour Through Canada." The author, Thomas W. Wilby, tells of a trip from Halifax to Vancouver, in vivid and entertaining style. This was the first journey of the sort ever attempted, and Mr. Wilby found himself frequently in the role of pathfinder. He escaped mishap of any kind, but had many thrilling experiences which hold the reader's attention, whether the latter owns a car himself or is in the diminishing class of those who "hope to—some day."

### CANADIAN APPLES

"DUCKING for apples" is doubtless as much of a Christmas pastime in South Africa as it is in Canada. This year our little compatriots in Cape Town will play the old game with red-cheeked, juicy fruit from the Niagara Peninsula. A leading Cape Town merchant, who visited Ontario awhile ago, was so dazzled by one of the orchards of George H. Gooderham, M.P.P., that he purchased the entire yield. The first cargo of three thousand bushels has just arrived oversea. An interesting feature of the transaction is the fact that Cape Town bought our luscious fruit at a price twenty per cent. better than the home market.

### VOCATIONAL TRAINING

THE Canadian West, where the prize wheat grows, sprouts progressive movements as well as champion grain. Winnipeg is taking the lead in vocational training for its youth. The industrial bureau's business lecture course is proving very successful in putting budding manhood on the track to fortune and, better still, contentment. "Efficiency" is the goal of teacher and pupil. When the latter gets to doing that for which he is best adapted, advancement is easy.

### WIDENING BOUNDARIES

TALES of the new Peace River country are reminiscent of the stories of Manitoban wonders brought to the folks "down east" by the hardy adventurers of the '80's. A Vancouverite who recently returned from a trip to Grouard, the capital, tells of its growth in a few months from 500 to 2,000. He relates that the soil of this far-off region of illimitable extent is as fertile as the best in Canada. Before the land was opened for homesteading, it was taken up by scores of squatters, three hundred miles beyond the end of steel. Thus do the boundaries of the Last West widen and grow with the passage of time and the persistence of the adventurous homeseeker.

The last reports indicate a rush to Fort McMurray, far up on the Athabasca, where the eager homeseekers are trekking with all their possessions to the new land, in the hope of fortune.

Not even the grizzly bear and the daring trapper of the utmost wildernesses are safe from the encroachments of the plow and the reaper. Man in his search for food is the strongest animal of all.

# Unwilling Eve

Continued from page 111.

"I can't—Tom,—there is no need that both of us— You climb up—"

He turned about as the meaning of her whisper dawned upon him. Her eyes were shining with the ecstasy of self-sacrifice. It was only the glance of an instant; then he was again facing the jungle.

"God ! You think I'd do that !"

She made no reply. There was a pause. Blake—crouched on one knee, tense and alert—waited until the sinister wave was advancing into the point of the incurved jungle. Then he spoke, in a low, even tone: "Feel if my glass is there."

Her hand reached around and pressed against the fob pocket which he had sewn in the belt of his skin trousers.

"Right. Now slip my club up under my elbow—big end. Lick on the nose'll stop a dog or a bull. It's a chance."

She thrust the club under his right elbow, and he gripped it against his side.

At that moment the lion bounded from cover, with a roar like a clap of thunder. Blake sprang erect. The beast checked himself in the act of leaping, and crouched with his great paws outstretched, every hooked claw thrust out, ready to tear and mangle. In two or three bounds he could have leaped upon Blake and crushed him with a single stroke of his paw. As he rose to repeat his deafening roar, it seemed to Blake that he stood higher than a horse—that his mouth gaped wide as the end of a hogshead. And yet the beast stood hesitating, restrained by brute dread of the unknown. Never before had any animal that he had hunted reared up to meet his attack in this strange manner.

"Lie flat !" commanded Blake; "lie flat, and don't move ! I'm going to call his bluff. Keep still till the poison gets in its work. I'll keep him busy long as I can. When it's over, hit out for home along the beach. Keep inside the barricade, and watch all you can from the cliffs. Might light a fire up there nights. There's sure to be a steamer before long—"

"Tom !" she cried, struggling to her knees,—"Tom !"

But he did not pause or look around. He was beginning to circle slowly to the left across the open ground, in a spiral curve that would bring him to the edge of the jungle within thirty yards of the lion. There was red now showing in his eyes. His hair was bristling no longer with fear, but with sheer brute fury; his lips were drawn back from the clenched teeth; his nostrils distended and quivering; his forehead wrinkled like that of an angry mastiff. His look was more ferocious than that of the snarling beast he faced. All the primeval in him was roused. He was become a man of the Cave Age. He went to meet death, his mind and body aflame with fierce lust to kill.

The lion stilled his roars, and crouched as if to spring, snarling and grinning with rage and uncertainty. His eyes, unaccustomed to the glare of the mid-day sun, blinked incessantly, though he followed the man's every movement, his snarls deepening into growls at the slightest change of attitude.

In his blind animal rage, Blake had forgotten that the purpose of his lateral advance was to place as great a distance as possible between him and the girl before the clash. Yet instinct kept him moving along his spiral course, on the chance that he might catch his foe off his guard.

Suddenly the lion half rose and stretched forward, sniffing. There was an uneasy whining note in his growls.

The cook of Spotless Town's away. You'll guess what makes the guests so gay.
It cleans the pots and pans in haste. It cannot scatter, harm or waste.
It cuts expenses, so you know
It's sharp to use

SAPOLIO

quickly Sapolio *cleans* floors, shelves and enamel ware. Sapolio's rich suds remove every trace of dirt and grease.

thoroughly Sapolio *scours* your knives, forks and all cooking utensils—making them look almost new.

brilliantly Sapolio *polishes* faucets and other metal surfaces and puts a wonderful white glitter on your baking tins. It does not harm these smooth surfaces nor roughen your hands.

You rub just the amount of Sapolio you need on a damp cloth. *Not a particle scatters or wastes.*

If you value your kitchen utensils and wish to have soft hands, use nothing but Sapolio — the economical cleaner.

*(Silver wrapper —blue band)*

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On request, we will mail a Spotless Town Cut-Out for children. It consists of the Spotless Town background, 8¼ inches long, and nine Spotless Town characters in color, which cut out to stand as placed in front of the Town. This makes a very attractive miniature town for the playroom.

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is the highest grade of stationery for men manufactured in Canada to-day. It is of strong texture, very heavy, and has a fine finish.

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*Our legal written certificate of guarantee is given to all purchasers of Lunn's Skates. Write for Folder F to-day.*

**G. J. Lunn & Co. - - Montreal**

Blake let the club slip from beneath his arm, and drew his bow until the arrow-head lay upon his thumb. His outstretched arm was rigid as a bar of steel. So tense and alert were all his nerves that he knew he could drive home both arrows, and still have time to swing his club before the beast was upon him.

A puff of wind struck against his back, and swept on to the nostrils of the lion, laden with the odor of man. The beast uttered a short, startled roar, and whirling about, leaped away into the jungle so quickly that Blake's arrow flashed past a full yard behind.

The second arrow was on the string before the first had struck the ground. But the lion had vanished in the grass. With a yell, Blake dashed on across to the nearest point of the jungle. As he ran, he drew the burning-glass from his fob, and flipped it open, ready for use. If the lion had turned behind the sheltering grass stems, he was too cowardly to charge out again. Within a minute the jungle border was a wall of roaring flame.

The grass, long since dead, and bone-dry with the days of tropical sunshine since the cyclone, flared up before the wind like gunpowder. Even against the wind the fire ate its way along the ground with fearful rapidity, trailing behind it an upwhirling vortex of smoke and flame. No living creature could have burst through that belt of fire.

A wave of fierce heat sent Blake staggering back, scorched and blistered. There was no exultance in his bearing. For the moment all thought of the lion was swallowed up in awe of his own work. He stared at the hell of leaping, roaring flames from beneath his upraised arm. To the north sparks and lighted wisps of grass driven by the gale had already fired the jungle half way to the farther ridge.

Step by step Blake drew back. His heel struck against something soft. He looked down, and saw Miss Leslie lying on the sand, white and still. She had fainted, overcome by fear or by the unendurable heat. The heat must have stupefied him as well. He stared at her, dull-eyed, wondering if she was dead. His brain cleared. He sprang over to where the flask lay beside the remnants of the lunch.

He was dashing the last drops of the tepid water in her face, when she moaned, and her eyelids began to flutter. He flung down the flask, and fell to chafing her wrist.

"Tom !" she moaned.

"Yes, Miss Jenny, I'm here. It's all right," he answered.

"Have I had a sunstroke ? Is that why it seems so— I can hardly breathe—"

"It's all right, I tell you. Only a

little bonfire I touched off. Guess you must have fainted, but it's all right now."

"It was silly of me to faint. But when I saw that dreadful thing leap—" She faltered, and lay shuddering. Fearful that she was about to swoon again, Blake slapped her hand between his palms with stinging force.

"You're it!" he shouted. "The joke's on you! Kitty jumped just the other way, and he won't come back in a hurry with that fire to head him off. Jump up now, and we'll do a jig on the strength of it."

She attempted a smile, and a trace of color showed in her cheeks. With an idea that action would further her recovery, he drew her to a sitting position, stepped quickly behind, and, with his hands beneath her elbows, lifted her upright. But she was still too weak and giddy to stand alone. As he released his grip, she swayed and would have fallen had he not caught her arm.

"Steady!" he admonished. "Brace up; you're all right."

"I'm—I'm just a little dizzy," she murmured, clinging to his shoulder. "It will pass in a minute. It's so silly, but I'm that way—Tom, I—I think you are the bravest man—"

"Yes, yes—but that's not the point. Leave go now, like a sensible girl. It's about time to hit the trail."

He drew himself free, and without a glance at her blushing face, began to gather up their scattered outfit. His hat lay where he had weighted it down with the cocoanut. He tossed the nut into the skin bag, and jammed the hat on his head, pulling the brim far down over his eyes. When he had fetched his club, he walked back past the girl, with his eyes averted.

"Come on," he muttered.

The scarlet in the girl's cheeks swept over her whole face in a burning wave, which ebbed slowly and left her colorless. Blake had started off without a backward glance. She gazed about with a bewildered look at the palms and the barren ridge and the fiery tidal wave of flame. Her gaze came back to Blake, and she followed him.

Within a short distance she found herself out of the sheltering lee of the ridge. The first wind-gust almost overthrew her. She could never have walked against such a gale; but with the wind at her back she was buoyed up and borne along as though on wings. Her sole effort was to keep her foothold. Had it been their morning trip, she could have cried out with joy and skipped along before the gusts like a school-girl. Now she walked as soberly as the wind would permit, and took care not to lessen the distance between herself and Blake.

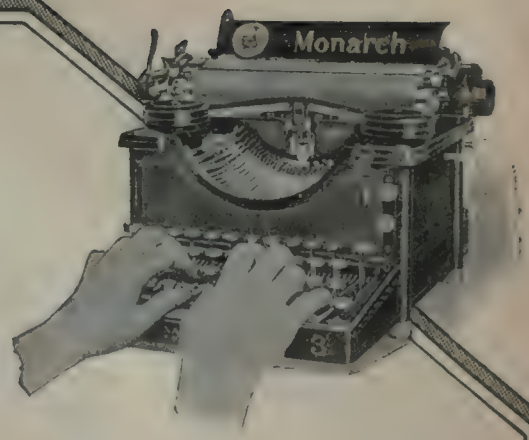
Mile by mile they hastened back across the plain,—on their right the blue sea of water, with its white-caps and spray; on their left the yellow sea of fire, with its dun fog of smoke.

Once only had Blake looked back to see if the girl was following. After that he swung along, with down-bent head, his gaze upon the ground. Even when he passed in under the grove and around the pool to the foot of the cleft, he began the ascent without waiting to assist her up the break in the path. The girl came after, her lips firm, her eyes bright and expectant. She drew herself up the ledge as though she had been bred to mountain climbing.

Inside the barricade Blake was waiting to close the opening. She crept through, and rose to catch him by the sleeve.

"Tom, look at me," she said. "Once I was most unjust to you in my thoughts. I wronged you. Now I must tell you that I think you are the bravest—the noblest man—"

"Get away!" he exclaimed, and he shook off her hand roughly. "Don't be a fool! You don't know what you're talking about."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*Light Touch* Monarch

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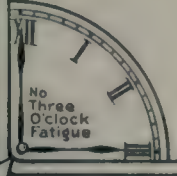

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**WINDSOR - - ONTARIO**


"But I do, Tom. I believe that you are—"

"I'm a blackguard—do you hear ?"

"No blackguard is brave. The way you faced that terrible beast—"

"Yes, blackguard—to've gone and shown to you that I—to've let you say a single word— Can't you see ? Even if I'm not what you call a gentleman, I thought I knew how any man ought to treat a woman—but to go and let you know, before we'd got back among people !"

"But—but, Tom, why not, if we—"

"No !" he retorted harshly. "I'm going now to pile up wood on the cliff for a beacon fire. In the morning I'll start making that catamaran—"

"No, you shall not— You shall not go off, and leave me, and—and risk your life ! I can't bear to think of it ! Stay with me, Tom—dear ! Even if a ship never came—"

He turned resolutely, so as not to see her blushing face.

"Come now, Miss Leslie," he said in a dry, even tone; "don't make it so awfully hard. Let's be sensible, and shake hands on it, like two real comrades—"

She struck frantically at his outstretched hand.

"Keep away—I hate you !" she cried.

Before he could speak, she was running up the cleft.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### IN DOUBLE SALVATION.

WHEN, an hour or more after dawn the next morning, the girl slowly drew open her door, and came out of the cave, Blake was nowhere in sight. She sighed, vastly relieved, and hastened across to bathe her flushed face in the spring. Stopping every few moments to listen for his step down the cleft, she gathered up a hamper of food and fled to the tree-ladder.

As she drew herself up on the cliff, she noticed a thin column of smoke rising from the last smouldering brands of a beacon fire that had been built in the midst of the bird colony, on the extreme outer edge of the headland. She did not, however, observe that, while the smoke column streamed up from the fire directly skyward, beyond it there was a much larger volume of smoke, which seemed to have eddied down the cliff face and was now rolling up into view from out over the sea. She gave no heed to this, for the sight of the beacon had instantly alarmed her with the possibility that Blake was still on the headland, and would imagine that she was seeking him.

She paused, her cheeks aflame. But the only sign of Blake that she could see was the fire itself. She reflected that he might very well have left before dawn. As likely as not, he had descended at the north end of the cleft, and had gone off to the river to start his catamaran. At the thought all the color ebbed from her cheeks and left her white and trembling. Again she stood hesitating. With a sigh she started on toward the signal staff.

She was close upon the border of the bird colony, when Blake sat up from behind a ledge, and she found herself staring into his blinking eyes.

"Hello !" he mumbled drowsily. He sprang up, wide awake, and flushing with the guilty consciousness of what he had done. "Look at the sun—way up ! Didn't mean to oversleep, Miss Leslie. You see I was up pretty late, tending the beacon. But of course that's no excuse—"

"Don't !" she exclaimed. There were tears in her eyes; yet she smiled as she spoke. "I know what you mean by 'pretty late.' You've been up all night."

"No, I haven't. Not all night—"

"To be sure ! I quite understand, Mr. Thomas Blake ! . . . Now, sit down, and eat this luncheon."

"Can't. Haven't time. I've got to get to the river and set to work. I'll get some jerked beef and eat it on the way. You see—"

"Tom !" she protested.

"It's for you," he rejoined, and his lips closed together resolutely.

He was stepping past her, when over the seaward edge of the cliff there came a sound like the yell of a raging sea-monster.

"Siren !" shouted Blake, whirling about.

The cloud of smoke beyond the cliff end was now rolling up more to the left. He dashed away towards the north edge of the cliff as though he intended to leap off into space. The girl ran after him as fast as she could over the loose stones. Before she had covered half the distance she saw him halt on the very brink of the cliff, and begin to wave and shout like a madman. A few steps farther on she caught sight of the steamer. It was lying close in, only a little way off the north point of the headland.

Even as she saw the vessel, its siren responded to Blake's wild gestures with a series of joyous screams. There could be no mistake. He had been seen. Already they were letting go anchor, and there was a little crowd of men gathering about one of the boats. Blake turned and started on a run for the cliff. But Miss Leslie darted before him, compelling him to halt.

"Wait !" she cried, her eyes sparkling with happy tears. "Tom, it's come now. You needn't—"

"Let me by ! I'm going to meet them. I want to—"

But she put her hands upon his shoulders.

"Tom !" she whispered, "let it be now, before any one—anything can possibly come between us ! Let it be a part of our life here—here, where I've learned how brave and true a real man can be !"

"And then have him prove himself a sneak !" he cried. "No; I won't, Jenny ! I've got you to think of. Wait till I've seen your father. Ten to one, he'll not hear of it—he'll cut you off without a cent. Not but what I'd be glad myself; but you're used to luxuries, girlie, and I'm a poor man. I can't give them to you—"

She laid a hand on his mouth, and smiled up at him in tender mockery.

"Come, now, Mr. Blake; you're not very complimentary. After surviving my cooking all these weeks, don't you think I might do, at a pinch, for a poor man's wife ?"

"No, Jenny !" he protested, trying to draw back. "You oughtn't to decide now. When you get back among your friends, things may look different. Think of your society friends ! Wait till you see me with other men—gentlemen ! I'm just a rough, uncultured, ordinary—"

"Hush !" she cried, and she again placed her hand on his mouth. "You sha'n't say such cruel things about Tom—my Tom—the man I trust—that I—"

Her arms slipped about his neck, and her eyes shone up into his with tender radiance.

"Don't !" he begged hoarsely. "'Tain't fair ! I—I can't stand it !"

"The man I love !" she whispered.

He crushed her to him in his great arms.

"My little girl !—dear little girl !" he repeated, and he pressed his lips to her hair.

She snuggled her face closer against his shoulder, and replied in a very small voice, "I—I suppose you know that ship captains can—can m-marry people."

"But I haven't even a job yet !" he exclaimed. "Suppose your father—"

"Please listen !" she pleaded. There was a sound like suppressed sobbing.

"What is it ?" he ventured, and he listened, greatly perturbed. The muffled voice sounded very meek and plaintive: "I'll try to do my part, Mr. Blake,—really I will ! I—I hope we can manage to struggle along—somehow. You know, I have a little of my own. It's only three—three million; but—"

"What !" he demanded, and he held her out at arm's length, to stare at her in frowning bewilderment. "If I'd known that, I'd—"

"You'd never have given me a chance to—to propose to you, you dear old silly !" she cried, her eyes dancing with tender mirth. "See here !"

She turned from him, and back again, and held up a withered, crumpled little flower, that showed the evidence of much handling, and was sadly faded from its original red. He looked, and saw that it was the amaryllis blossom.

"You—kept it !"

"Because—because, even then, down in the bottom of my heart, I had begun to realize—to know what you were like—and of course that meant—Tom, tell me ! Do you think I'm utterly shameless ? Do you blame me for being the one to—to—"

"Blame you !" he cried. He paused to put a finger under her chin and raise her down-bent face. His eyes were very blue, but there was a twinkle in their depths. "Oh, yes; it was dreadful, wasn't it ? But I guess I've no complaint to file just now."

THE END.


# Mr. Edison *Announces* The Final Perfection of the Disc Phonograph *as a Real Musical Instrument of the Highest Type*

THIS new instrument is the result of many years of experiment and investigation by Mr. Edison. All mechanical timbre is eliminated. All sounds are recorded and reproduced with absolute fidelity to the original, and every shade of volume and overtone is preserved. The tone is superb. This instrument opens to music lovers for the first time the great store of fine music which heretofore has been impossible of reproduction.

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The records are in a disc form, of a material which is new in chemistry and of so great hardness as to permit the reproduction of the myriad of faint overtones which alone give quality to music. These records are truly indestructible.

The method of recording these new Edison records is also new, and the processes of manufacture are unique and new in every detail.

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The mechanism of this new instrument is powerful, and is governed as accurately as a chronometer in order that the pitch shall at all times be accurately reproduced.

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*Write for booklet illustrating and describing the different models*

Thomas A Edison INCORPORATED

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If in doubt what to buy for Mother, Wife, Sister or Friend, remember that a

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**Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums**

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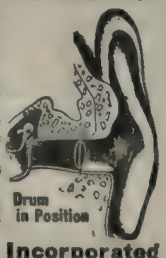

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*This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.*

### A PACKFUL OF CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

*When clustered round the fire at night,*
*Old William talks of ghost and sprite,*
*And, as a distant out-house gate*
*Slams by the wind, they fearful wait,*
*While some each shadowy nook explore;*
*Then Christmas pauses at the door.*

*When Dick comes shiv'ring from the yard,*
*And says the pond is frozen hard,*
*While from his hat all white with snow,*
*The moisture trickling drops below;*
*While carols sound, the night to cheer,*
*Then Christmas and his train are here.*

THE months seem to fly round the circle to bring Christmas to us again. We are but recovering from the assaults of last Noel on our purses when here comes the jolly old Feast again, ready to empty them once more. So terrible, indeed, of late years has the craze for giving presents at Christmas become, that many view the approach of the generous season with fear and trepidation. Nor are such necessarily of niggardly disposition, but the fact that we make the greatest feast of the year an absolute nuisance in the matter of buying expensive gifts to give to persons for whom we have little affection but who we feel would despise the cheaper and more humble gift which we can afford to give with real pleasure, robs Christmas of its spirit, which is one of good cheer and joy. The delicacy which at one time made the Christmas gift a thing of compliment and charm is no longer apparent. Our giving has become as common and as commercial as the over-done exploitation of poor old Santa Claus in the advertising columns which the big stores are too fond of displaying during the weeks before Christmas. Every bit of legend has been torn to tatters. Every gracious and charming sentiment has been used until it is shop-worn. Our giving is mean, tawdry and cheap. The price ticket is all that concerns us in offering or receiving. "How much did it cost?" "Pshaw! we saw that advertised at so much." "If we could not give something better than that, we would give nothing." How vulgar all that is!

The whole business is false, wrong. Think of what a gift should carry with it. Friendship and affection, if not love itself, but perhaps, best of all, that feeling for which I can but find one word—caringness. To have had remembered by some old friend or affectionate relation one's little tastes or habits, one's likes, one's fondness for flowers or books; one's fad for collecting this or that—old prints, or coins, or stamps or basket work—to remember in your turn what little things your friend cares most for, and to offer the same with the word of love and affection. That is gift giving! There is always something that will not strip your purse of its last coin, that will not cause you to practise irksome economies for weeks before Christmas and for months after. But instead, poor women will try to give presents they cannot afford to their wealthier friends, who care nothing at all for the cheap affair which cost so much thought and trouble. We have become ill-bred in the matter of Christmas giving. It is time that someone should write a chapter on the etiquette of this matter. The very fact that this seems to be necessary tells more plainly than printed words that the old precious, charming and tender Spirit of Christmas is no longer with us. If you see it at all it will be only in the old fashioned, or humble homes, that you will find its fragrance.

We have permitted Christmas to decay—that is the real Christmas of

olden times. Each year finds us commercializing the great Feast a little more. Everything is advertised. Our very charity is given through the medium of printed lists in the newspapers. If Scrooge were alive to-day, we would have the butcher from whom he purchased Bob Cratchit's turkey advertising the same in a nicely worded, nicely framed newspaper card. We would know the price of it and the weight of it, and the breed of it, and we would be invited to buy all our Christmas turkeys at the same stand. The reporter would be sent to Bob Cratchit's house and assigned to write up a "story" on the turkey. What it was stuffed with and what sauce Mrs. Cratchit served with it, and how many slices off the breast of it Tiny Tim ate. That last small bone which was left on the dish after the young Cratchits had stuffed themselves to bursting, would be photographed and held up to the view of the admiring or amused public, with Tiny Tim's crutch alongside and Master Cratchit hidden to the ears in one of Bob's collars. As a matter of fact—the public will be stuffed with Tiny Tim himself and his globe-trotting "God bless us," etc., for what poor scribbler can afford to let Dickens pass without giving him a Christmas cheer ! Like everything else we advertise Charles Dickens at Christmas time along with Santy and Tiny Tim, and yet—would Christmas be Christmas without these blessed fancies ?

**The Trademark is Your Safeguard**

*Blue Ribbon Tea*

**Ask for Blue Ribbon and make sure you get it. It stands for the highest grade of tea.**

**Send this advertisement with 25 cents to Blue Ribbon Limited, Winnipeg, for the Blue Ribbon Cook Book. Write name and address plainly.**

### SEASONABLE SENTIMENTS

WITH all our ready giving at Christmas, how true it is that some change of heart takes effect within us at this blessed time. What it is, no man may explain. It is a sort of largeness of broadening and cheering of the mind, a spirit of generosity and thoughtfulness for others, a feeling of forgiveness for past injuries, a letting-up of rancour and anger towards this one or that. After all what a dreary thing life would be if there were no Christmas. It would be a gray, dull old world without our mid-winter festival.

You feel that you must remember in all kindliness those who are in worse case than you are, the incurably ill, the very poor, the "God's afflicted" in the asylums, the sick children, the newsboys, the postman, the individual poor whose circumstances you know, and above all the poor ones who ask—unashamed in the face of their great need. Then there are the quiet cases where your left hand must never see your right with the gift in it. All these come spontaneously to mind at Christmas time as though the very spirit of the Feast was whispered in your ear. You cannot help yourself even if you tried, because for the time, your shabby old Ego has vanished up to the attic or down to the cellar, and a fine, big, large-hearted fellow takes his place and dispenses gifts and helps of all kinds just for the mere pleasure of it all !

Even in the graveyards the Spirit of Christmas is to be found in the little scarlet garlands that wreathe the cold tombstones, in the spring of holly that lies upon some child's grave, in the small bunch of winter leaves which is all that some thin purse may afford. Once we saw a bit of mistletoe tied upon such a wreath—a kiss for some cold face, an embrace for some withered human form, a message to some icy heart which once had glowed and throbbed with the Spirit of Christmas and whose surcease from beating has left another heart cold for all time. But more fondly does the Spirit of Christmas hover over the graves of little children than over any other—the little children who so loved the merry time, whose laughter made glad so many weary hearts. The saddest sight to see upon a Christmas morn is some woman weeping above the little mound

"Used while you sleep."

for Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup; Asthma; Sore Throat; Coughs; Bronhcitis; Colds; Catarrah.

A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relives the Spasmodic Croup at once.

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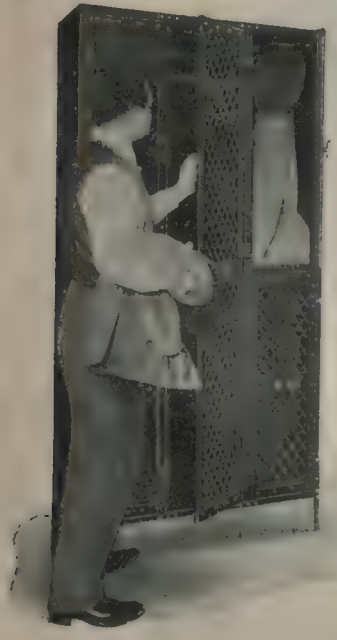

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that holds all that she had of joy and love. Such a sight I once saw by a sea-washed grave upon a wild western coast, and the lonely sadness of it returns always when Christmas comes.

### THE "HEAVENLY PLANT"

TALKING of mistletoe reminds us of the "ancientness" of the plant. It is a sprig from the gods, a plant not born of this earth but springing from some divine source. Thus the ancients thought it, and called it the Heavenly Plant, or the Sprig that Heals. Probably the Druids were the first to accord to it divinity, for they used to worship it, and perform ceremonies with it and give it to the people to hang up in their houses as a protection from evil, and a charm to bring good-luck. It was this, no doubt, which led to the adoption of the mistletoe as the "lucky plant" of Christmas time, and later as "The Kissing Sprig." It was thought in by-gone times that if a branch was held in the hand with certain ceremonies, a spectre would appear to the watcher and hence the plant was called "the spectre's wand." "The fairies' wand" we of old Erin called it, and many a time when the big Christmas hamper arrived have we gone to secret places upon Fairy Hill where the Good People dance, and waved the fairies' wand and demanded the fulfilment of our three wishes. Mine, I remember, used to be—To be grown up and wear a gown with a train like my mother's; —To be able to play all the jigs and reels in the world on the bag-pipes; and to be Queen of the Fairies. And the only one I ever got was a train to my gown when I didn't care whether I had one or not! From Christmas to Christmas the fairies' wand hung from the rail of every bed. Many and many were the incantations we performed with it—but the only luck it ever brought the writer was to set her one day on a big ship that carried her to Canada.

### MR. PECKSNIFF'S STEED

IT was while travelling towards CANADA MONTHLY with his pack on his back the other day that the Pedlar met Mr. Pecksniff's horse. He was a cynical, rawboned and haggard quadruped who was wandering loose upon the road, having happily killed Mr. Pecksniff and his fair daughters in a runaway many years ago, and he has been ambling about the world ever since.

But he certainly walked out of the pages of Martin Chuzzlewit, though how he managed to survive so long as well as to cross the ocean, there was no means of discovering. Here he was, a horse of the kind that "infused into the breasts of strangers a lively sense of hope and possessed all who knew him better with a sense of despair" always full of promise (like the Pedlar himself) but of no performance (also resembling the man of the pack), always "going to go, and never going," but so magnificent was his action that as we chirruped him down the road it was difficult to believe he was doing less than fourteen miles an hour. Just like Mr. Pecksniff. Their moral characters were the same—which set us thinking about other Dickens equines as we sat on the grassy patch at the crossroads


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Year after year people become more practical in their Christmas buying—fewer useless showy gifts, more comfort giving practical ones.

Of all the gifts to be thought of none are better, more lasting, more enjoyable, than Jaeger Dressing Gowns and Jackets, Jaeger Travelling Rugs, pure wool or camel hair, Jaeger Sweaters, Jaeger Fancy Vests, Jaeger Shawls, Jaeger Scarves, etc.

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and spread our lunch on an old newspaper.

There was Barkis' old nag, for instance, that delightfully nonchalant horse who was the *alter ego* of Barkis, plus another pair of legs. Not absolutely somnolent is Barkis' nag, but, so to speak, like his master, he vegetates and wants a good deal of stirring up to keep him going. He shuffled along with his head down, as if he liked to keep the people waiting to whom the packages in the carrier's cart were addressed. His cough resembled a chuckle of delight at the thought of the anxiety of his customers. Even when he was going, Barkis' horse went on his own terms, and on his own ground over which he journeyed irrespective of his master or anybody else. A capital horse for a sweethearting pair. A horse that minded his own business and cared nothing for that of anyone else. When David Copperfield asked if he was going to take him all the way to London, Barkis was constrained to remark—you will remember—that he would be "deader than pork afore he got half the distance." Not that Barkis' nag was unwilling. He was just about as "willin' " as his master and that is saying a good deal for him.

### THE PHILOSOPHY OF WELLER, SENIOR

IT was the elder Mr. Weller, I think, whose cherished conviction it was that "the man as can form a ackerate judgment of a 'orse, can form a ackerate judgment of anythin'," which is about the best bit of philosophy any man may put forth as any horse-dealer will tell you. We would like to have had his opinion on the various steeds which cantered through the lives of Messrs. Pickwick, Winkle and Tupman. What, for instance, would the ancient Weller have thought of that famous cab horse, who, at the age of forty-two was yet able to keep out for two or three weeks at a time, and was never taken out of the shafts on account of his weakness. "He always falls down when he's took out o' the cab," explains his driver, "but when he's in it, we bears him up werry tight, and takes him in werry short, so as he can't werry well fall down; and we've got a pair o' precious large wheels on, so ven he does move they run after him, and he must go on—he can't help it."

What opinion, we should like to know, would Mr. Weller senior have entertained of the famous quadrupeds which Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle rode and drove, respectively, to Manor Farm? "What can he mean by this?" moaned Mr. Snodgrass from the little wine bin at the back of the chaise, as Mr. Pickwick's steed executed the manoeuvre of darting from side to side and then rushing forward for some minutes at top speed; while Mr. Winkle's tall nag who would travel sideways, paused, stared at him, shook his head and quietly trotted home to Rochester, leaving Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick gazing at one another in dismay while Messrs. Snodgrass and Tupman chortled in the wine-bin.

### LIKE MASTER, LIKE HORSE

IN equine comedy, Dickens saw that the pony was the best for clownlike performances. There was Whisker, who went everywhere but where his driver wished, and who would let no one mount him. Only Dickens could have created him and made him and Mr. Crummles' pony live in one's mind, as actively as Sam Weller or Mr. Jingle. Whisker died as he had lived, in clover, and "his last act was to kick his doctor." The "pony" which belonged to Mr. Vincent Crummles, was no less talented. "He goes on in Timour the Tartar, and is quite one of us," says his owner, feelingly. Like most of our famous actors and actres-

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ses, he may be said to have been born on the stage. "His mother ate apple-pie at a circus for fourteen years, fired pistols, went to bed in a nightcap and took the low comedy entirely. His father, while not so illustrious, was a notable quadruped. He was bred a dancer, but fell into low habits owing to being jobbed out occasionally and he finally departed this life through swallowing the bowl of the glass in which he drank port wine with the clown. All through Dickens it is like master, like horse. Mr. Mould's "long tailed prancers" absolutely expressed the mock sympathy of their master at well paid funerals. Mr. Dombey's wedding steeds are as coldly pompous as Mr. D. himself. Mr. Carker's nag had his master's habit of showing all his teeth at once. Mr. Squeers' horse matched Mr. Squeers and served for the practical course of education in force at Dotheboy's Hall. Every Dickens horse that we remember had a little character all his own, but perhaps that of Mr. Pecksniff which just went down the road at a walk which he made look like a virtuous gallop, resembled his master most of all.

### CHRISTMAS IN OTHER LANDS

THERE are few of us who have not spent Christmas away from home. The old feast girdles the world. You may be in Norway, the most hospitable of countries, listening to the singing of patriotic songs or watching the boys of the family presenting the picture of the Nativity at the tea hour. In they come in white mantles, the tallest holding a lantern shaped like a star, another carrying a glass box containing two tiny Dutch dolls, one of which represents the Virgin Mary sitting in a chair and the other the Blessed Child in his cradle. A bit of candle is moved by a wire from side to side of the lantern, making it appear as if the doll-mother is rocking the cradle with her foot. The mysteries of the Holy Birth are chanted by the boys in a carol,—their fresh voices so sharply sweet might be those of some angelic choir lent to us from Heaven. Christmas is a time of especial housecleaning in Sweden. Everything is made spotless and fresh. Everyone is remembered, even the birds, who are provided with a Yuletide dinner in the shape of a sheaf of corn tied to a pole near each house. The gifts are presented after supper by a masked figure who carries them in a basket, after which every house is illuminated just as every cabin in Ireland, even those on the edge of the lonely bog, is bright with its Christmas Candle—to light the Kings and the Shepherds to the lowly stable where that great Child lies with his Virgin Mother.

In Italy they burn the Yule log. In

kitchen or dining hall, the fire crackles and roars. The supper table is laden with presents among which stands the Urn of Fate. Each little hand dips into the urn. Some draw blanks and the small faces are blank indeed, but no child goes away without something. The Italians are warmly charitable. No hearth is left unlit, no hand empty. And everywhere is the spirit of love—a crust given with the brilliant smile, those gentle words, is better than a pot of meat offered by one whose heart is cold.

All the world loves Christmas. It is as if at this blessed time, especial gifts and graces were showered on the poor old earth making it fine and sweet and warm. Even the scarred and wounded heart desolated with sad memories of brighter, happier days, forgets its own sorrow at such a time, and seeks to comfort some heart more broken still. The Spirit of Christmas is after all, but the Spirit of the Heavenly little Child who came to gladden the human heart and lift the human burden of sin and sorrow. Everything radiates from the manger-cradle of that little Child. All the grace, all the glory, all the happiness comes from the poor stable where between the ox and the ass, the Child was laid.

### HOLIDAY HAMPERS

DO you of the old land remember the Christmas hampers? We used to get them galore. There was Aunt Bedelia's hamper, and one from Uncle Terence. The Gran always sent a basket, and a fine one came from the rich Dublin relations. The latter usually contained wines of all sorts and magnums of other sorts in which the children were not much interested. The two halls, back and front, were knee deep in straw when the hampers were unpacking. It would be no fun at all to have it done downstairs. There would be father in his shirt-sleeves, with old Micky in an ancient dress suit, leagues too big for him, dancing in the background and putting everything in the wrong place. Old Betty would be there with a kitchen wench or so to help—and little mother and all the children—the happy, happy children. With what screeches of delight they would welcome the opening of Aunt B.'s hamper which always held sweet things and dolls! Were there ever such candies as those hard brandy balls and bull's eyes! And the slender sticks of barley sugar, and the pink and white sugar cane, and the sugared almonds. Those *were* candies if you like! Not soft, mealy, creamy chocolates and things such as the children of to-day gloat over. And the geese and the game and the puddings! And the tea done up in pounds all ready to be handed out. The bags of


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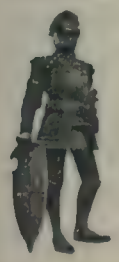
No man who loves his family has any right to live another day without an insurance policy like the Low Cost Monthly Income Policy of The TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY of Hartford, Conn.

It guarantees the wife and children a safe and certain income paid regularly **every month for life.**



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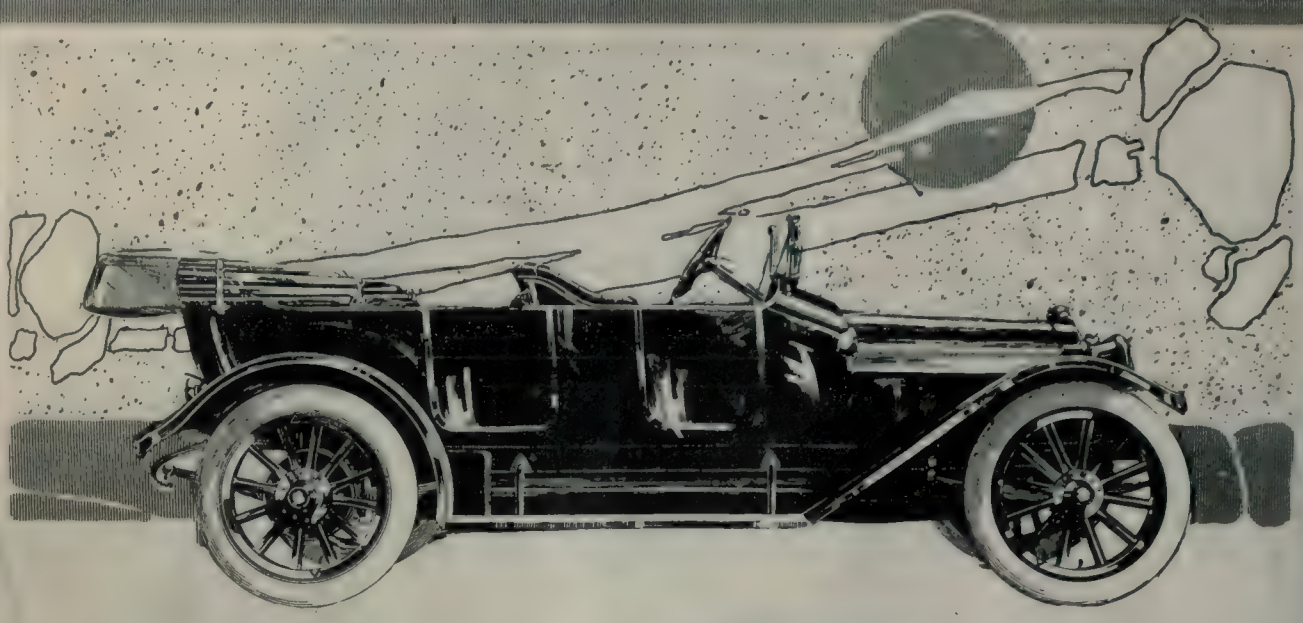

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sugar and spices! The boxes of "surprise packets" containing everything from a warming pan in brown sugar to a piano made of walnuts and butter scotch!

Are there any such hampers nowadays, I wonder? Are the children of these days the merry madcaps they were of old? Everything is the same, my good Pedlar, save you. You alone have changed. Your feet have grown weary with much walking of the ways, your heart heavy with its own sorrow; your spirit tired and oppressed with many disappointments and hope deferred. You alone have changed—not the feast or the children; not the laughter and the delight; not the exquisite carelessness and joy of youth. Christmas is the same. The candies are just as sweet, the nuts as crisp, the cakes as rich, the music as merry. You, toiling along with your old wallet, head bent, and gaze upon the ground, see but the dust of the road and the grass by the wayside. But up above the sun is shining and the sky is blue, and the winds make music in the bare woods, and the children dance lightly as of yore, and shout for joy as the gentle Santa Claus wanders among them and listens to the old story of Christmas told as they sit around the Christmas fire.

### A PIE AS WAS A PIE

IN Christmas time of the year 1770, a pie was shipped from the country to London, the contents of which were: —Two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild duck, two woodcock, six snipe, and four partridge, two neat's tongues, two curlews, seven blackbirds, and six pigeons. It was nine feet about, weighed twelve stone and had to be carried to table by two serving men. There was a pie for you! It would have kept the greediest of little Cratchits going for a week or two, and Tiny Tim could have been buried in it, crutch and all blessing and all.

Perhaps when we hear him wailing his yearly message through the press, we will wish he might have been.

### THE CHRISTMAS GROUCH

LIKE other Christmas blessings it will be with us. The Christmas grouch will meet you sometime before the holidays are over. He will tell you not to fool yourself with the idea that anybody has any extra affection for you on account of the genial anniversary. He will minimize the great feast, which is as bad—or worse—as exaggerating it. He will point out that the season is seized on by the trading community as a time to touch you for all you are good for. The grocers, dry goods and butchers care nothing at all for the sentiment of Christmas, he will say. They are out to squeeze out of you and me all that they can. Charity and good works are all poppy-cock. Christmas won't be a fat time for everybody. The few are always sacrificed for the pleasure of the many. The shopkeepers drive their employees off their feet. Christmas has its pitiable as well as its joyous side. And so on. Yet it might be well to look somewhat on the feast from the point of view of the grouch. We are apt—none more so than the writer to whom Christmas always makes a

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A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right," but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse was'nt "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

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It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it.

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

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hearty appeal—we are apt to over-rate the sentiment of the season. We are apt to forget that there is nothing that happens that is not a source of material profit to somebody, and that Christmas sentiment is counted on for Christmas trade. And we are apt to forget that many, many people will, for sundry reasons be glad when Christmas is over. There are the unloved and lonely who are stung by family parties and cheery festivities in which they have no real part. Memory is busy with such. Christmas time as other times runs the gauntlet of sickness and sorrow and death. In our own joy we are apt to forget the grief stricken and lonely. The only way to observe Christmas is to do it according to one's heart and conscience. It is not kindly to let our own joy in the feat intrude upon the pain or sorrow of others. There can be too much braying and shouting. The word of greeting to those who are lonesome and weary of the pain of living, are more truly redolent of the Spirit of the Season than the rich and hollow gift you give and receive without love.

Yet we cannot resist offering the old, old wish—A Merry Christmas to all the world.

## Early Celebration

By Kathleen K. Bowker

IN the first hush of the morning
When the earth has just awakened,
And the angels deck it freshly
With new glories for the day.

Nature visibly rejoices,
And the tree outside my window,
Thrilled through all its leafy pulses,
Fills me with a deep content.

In the first cool of the sunlight,
Here the birds hold morning service;
Giving thanks because God made them—
Made them birds, instead of people.

## Scissor Snips

*Mike*: Pat, kin yez tell me what kapes thim bricks together?

*Pat:* Sure, it's the mortar.

*Mike* Not by a dom sight. That kapes 'em apart.

~

Outside the Bishop's bedroom, time 8.30 a.m.

*The Bishop:* Well, what is it?

*The New Buttons* (anxiously): The Lord, my boy, with the hot water.

~

"Gripwell is altogether too fond of showing his strength."

"Yes; that's his weakness."

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"Really," answered the debtor, "I am unable to enlighten you. However, there is a soothsayer in the next block who throws a fit and reveals the future at fifty cents a throw."

"I've no money to waste," growled the collector.

"Just add the fifty cents to my account," continued the other, "for I have a curiosity on the point myself."

# *The Girl Who "Got There"*

Continued from page 97.

formances, she turned her back upon the opera company and returned to her instructor in Paris. At the end of another six months her decision was rewarded, and she received the appointment as prima donna soprano at the Royal Opera house in Wuerzburg, Germany.

During her two years' engagement with this organization she sang the prima donna roles of "Mme. Butterfly," "Tosca," "Faust," "I Pagliacci," adding to these the three roles of "The Tales of Hoffmann," and the truly remarkable feat of two characters of widely differing range and quality of voice in "Carmen," the title role and Micaela. Her success was little short of phenomenal. The press and people were most enthusiastic from the time she sang her first role.

Then came the call which brought her back to America. Andreas Dippel was on his annual European still hunt for new talent for the Chicago Grand Opera company. He had visited London, Paris, Milan, and Florence. Finally he came to Carlsbad, where she was at the time, heard her sing, and engaged her forthwith.

There now came a state of affairs which shows that fortune is at times capricious. With all her joy at returning to home and old friends, other considerations entered which made Miss Stanley's stay in Chicago not always an unmixed blessing. She speedily found herself in the same position with many other young singers of the company, ready and anxious to sing, but with the opportunity denied her because there were other singers in the company with previous contracts who had already established themselves in favor of the public.

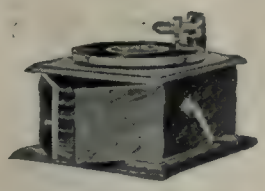
Added to this, the climate of Chicago is, as all singers know, extremely severe, and Miss Stanley became for the first time in several years afflicted with hoarseness, a misfortune which culminated in an acute attack of bronchitis soon after her first appearance had been announced.

But the evils of life come to an end sooner or later, and she finally recovered in time to make her postponed Chicago debut. On the night of Wednesday, December 18, 1912, she appeared as Prince Charming, in Massenet's fairy opera, "Cendrillon."

Miss Stanley has since declared that she dislikes the role intensely, and never again, if her will is consulted, will she consent to sing it. For one thing, the music is not grateful. Even the resourceful art of Mary Garden, who had sung it the year before, was unable to endow it with importance, and Miss Stanley's experience with it was hardly more favorable. Another cause of embarrassment to Miss Stanley was that the exigencies of the part obliged her to reappear before her friends after an absence of six years in tights. These two reasons, she says, have been enough to put the opera perpetually in her black books.

Nevertheless, her success was immediate. Critics and patrons alike agreed in hailing the remarkable beauty of her voice and the charm of her impersonation. Even the trying episode of the costume was carried off with a sweet, modest, unconscious dignity which won the respect and liking of all the mighty audience.

It would seem that Miss Garden's confidence in the ability of the young artist to learn a role at short notice was created about this time, for about a month thereafter Miss Stanley learned and sang the extremely difficult music apportioned to Maliella, in Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna," in a week's time. Later in the year she appeared in "Kuhreigen," which opera, however, enjoyed only a moderate popularity. Miss Stanley insists that it has genuine merit, and that its failure to take a high place was

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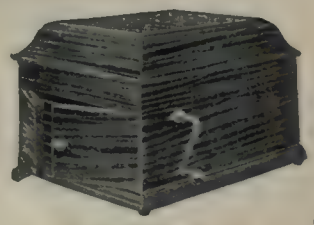

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Dear Doctor.—I cannot express myself as I feel. I don't think I could find words explicit enough. I have used the J. B. L. Cascade two years. It has made a new man of me. In reality, I feel that I would not sell it for all the money in this world if I could not buy another.

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Proprietor Alexandra Hotel,
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due to certain extraneous circumstances which have nothing to do with the work itself.

After the company had finished its western tour and returned to Chicago there was a sudden shifting in its administration. Andreas Dippel resigned as general manager, and Cleofonte Campanini, formerly the general musical director, was chosen to succeed him. In the midst of the confusion and readjustment resulting from this unexpected change, Max Rabinoff, the impresario of the National Grand Opera Company of Canada went to Chicago, consulted a few critics, listened to Miss Stanley sing, and before anyone knew what had happened, went away with a contract which bore her name attached to it.

In all probability it is as wise a move as she could have made. Her engagement, which began in November and will extend into April, will carry her into all the leading cities of Canada and a great part of the western United States as well. By a peculiar coincidence, practically all her United States visits will be made about two weeks in advance of the Chicago Grand Opera Company on its second western tour. In addition to her operatic appearances, she has been engaged for a series of recitals in all parts of the continent. Her roles will be the leading parts in "Louise," "Thais," "Heroiade," Mme. Butterfly, "La Boheme," "Faust," and possibly "Kuhreigen," together with several others drawn from her former roles.

In assuming the position of prima donna in the National Grand Opera Company of Canada, Miss Stanley has come into her own. She is deserving of success, and she has attained it. She has everything in her favor. She has youth—she is only twenty-three years old—beauty, and intelligence. She has a voice of caressing loveliness, unusual in its velvety softness and smoothness. It is produced with an effortless ease which means a complete control of its resources. The tone, for all its softness, is full and of carrying power sufficient to dominate any orchestra, and there is in her song the constant suggestion of an ample reserve not drawn upon. Finally, she has true musicianly feeling, and a thorough acquaintance with her roles and the traditions of opera.

She is singularly unspoiled by her achievements. She makes many friends on the stage and off, and she never fails to keep them. Her high regard for her art has never degenerated into that unpleasant phenomenon known as "the artistic temperament." A strong vein of common sense and an innately sweet disposition have preserved in her the same unaffected, likable personality of her early years.

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# *Where the "Sea Serpent" Blows*

Continued rrom page 89.

overhaul any bit of wreckage, a log or a derelict fishing boat preferred, on the Pacific Ocean.

We must keep our weather eye open. There has been heavy weather outside for we espied the lightship drifting into the mouth of the Straits on the tide. We signalled, but she answered back that a United States tug would pick them up off Neah Bay—so we lost a neat little bit of salvage.

We were getting off Cape Beale. Quite a nasty swell was setting in—by its size, Fritz said, it came all the way over from Japan. Anyhow it rolled us about in rather an alarming manner. As there was a nasty bit of a "rip" in it too, Gus headed the Seeker to every quarter of the compass to escape the many-coursed waves of the tide rip. Now we got a touch of the "backwater" off of Beale. With this now added to the big Pacific rollers—almost surf here—we certainly were in trouble. The propeller at times sang its song into the clear sunlit air with never a drop of water near it. A really savage bit of water neatly took out the wheelroom windows and everything was afloat in a minute. Now the pump clanged regularly, everything was tight as we could make it, but the sea poured in from all sides through every crack and crevice. Gus stood at the wheel, half drowned by the spray that incessantly flung over the bow. I felt her swing and plunge instead of roll and I knew he had her about, and we were running up the middle channel into Barclay Sound.

We lay that night at the Cable station wharf rejoicing that we had not laid our bones on the outer reefs, as we steered right through the rocks—Gus was half blinded by the salt spume. Next morning we went back over the same course by daylight and in calm, and the low tide showed us gull-covered reefs that "must have dodged us," Fritz said, for it was too thick and spray ridden last night for us to dodge them.

Out we went right off shore headed for the whale fishing tugs that work some twenty miles south. Several times we saw a distant "finny whale" or finback blowing its vitiated air off in a cloud that looked like steam at a distance. Gus patiently followed this big chap, but he never let us catch up. Once he threw his mighty tail in the air and sounded with a whack that made the quiet air echo and reecho and threw miniature waves in tumbling circles about. Another time the huge mammal came to the surface so quietly that he made very little commotion on the water. Soon he ran us right upon the feeding grounds. Here the water was covered with a reddish free swimming organism that we have not yet classified. It is called gril by the whalers. There were myriads of seafowl about. Some black fulmars were so gorged with the pinkish food, that they actually had to disgorge some of it, before they could fly out of our way.

"I tink, if you go mit the masthead, I gif you some schnaps of dose whalers," said Gus. So with a belt for a climb-

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ing rope and my camera strapped on my back I essayed the climb. I never was very good at the greasy pole, but now, when it was reared out of a wee bit of a steamboat, riding on a swell that was fully three hundred feet long and some fifteen feet high, and while it covered—to my swimming eyes—at least half of a circle, really there were times that the mast stood out almost at right angles to me, instead of above me. I feared I would never make it ! However, by some hard swallowing, I got my heart down. The perspiration drew my hair back to its normal position, and about half the crop of goose-pimples on my back subsided. There ! I was at the throat. I coiled a loose rope about my legs, lashed myself to the mast with another, put my arms behind me and carefully lifted the focal plane out of its leather rest. By another bit of legerdemain I finally focused it—sky, deck, sea, alternately appearing on the ground glass—and all this while that Viking Gus had been putting the Seeker at a whale that was fully a third longer than our whole boat was. I saw the monster disappear and almost instantly we plunged on over his "slick"—a smooth spot the whale makes while diving. Once I saw a sort of a purplish round dim spot below in the green—and if that huge thing had not changed its mind, and had risen in that spot, I would not be typing these lines, but he rolled over below us, and gave us just a gentle reminder of what he might do if he had but touched us by a current that shook us tremendously.

The next thing I saw was a twin spout of evaporating moist warm air right astern. Gus wheeled the boat and put it right at the whale. I think he was "berserker" as he said, wild with the spirit of the game, a whole race of sea pirates from his ancient memories urging him on. Down sounded the big blackish animal. It only went a few feet this time and turned and swam along beside us, evidently examining the new creature that had entered the feeding ground. Twice while it accompanied us I snapped it, and three times more I took a picture of it on the same plate. Then with a mighty slap of its huge tail it dipped down and we never saw our big companion again.

It was just as well it left us, for we were now out of sight of the shoreline, and the trade wind was nipping the crests off the rollers in fine shape, so we put about and seesawed for thirty miles up and down those huge rollers. Night was falling and we had to thread that outer reef again. We did it safely, and next morning we entered into the most extensive and luxuriant strata of smell it has ever been our mortal lot to encounter. Fritz went about with wrinkled nose. Gus snuffed and growled. I heard the former suggest to "Ginger," "Why not snub on to it and save coal ? It's strong enough to draw us anywhere."

I alone knew what it foretold and I kept my peace. In answer to Fritz's questions I enumerated Indian villages, stranded whales, fish cleaning camps without satisfying him. At last a most furious puff assailed our offended nostrils as we rounded a point and entered the bay of the whaling plant. Here, right beside a small wharf, we saw two sulphur bottom whales floating. They had been killed by the big harpoon gun on the bow of one of the whalers. After a few hours work both had been secured, pumped full of air and towed to the wharf, where later we saw one cut up.

A rope, a hook, a tackle and up the incline the big steam drawn carcass went. Instantly it was surrounded by a host of Japs with flenshing knives and the blubber stripped from the carcass. This was soon placed in the big rendering kettles and we saw oil as pure and

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colorless as water, drawn from the blubber. The whalebone in the mouth of some species is saved. All the residue, save the bones, is made into fertilizer. We examined the various operations with interest—but you ought to have seen the look of slow delight that overspread the blond features of the mate's face when I said "Get steam up," and we sped off to an anchorage as far as we could get from that place where the oily air leaked various undesirable odors, and let the free winds of heaven blow through our staunch old friend the Seeker.

## *Dust to Dust*

Continued from page 96.

cruel. But even if he lived to see a thaw, he could not endure the sight and close proximity of the thing upon the floor and remain sane!

He tried to fix his mind on simple familiar things—to remember happenings of his boyhood, rhymes his mother had sung to him, exploits in the adventurous days when squirrel-hunting was wildly exciting sport. He remembered Lizzie Macdonald, who used to sit in front of him at school, whose sleek braids he had often slyly loosened in mischief. Lizzie always lost her hair-ribbons if they weren't plaited into the pig-tail. He would never see her again.

Somehow the night dragged by. Calloway could not sleep; the horror of the awful presence unbalanced his mind at times and he heard his voice rambling on in senseless talk.

In the morning, weak to the point of helplessness, he looked longingly around the shack for a ray of hope. One of the few things within his reach was a box containing paper and a pencil.

Engaged in chronicling his imagined grievances against faithful little McRae he lost all count of time and sometimes space. There were moments when he shouted to old Jack to hold the bow steady or when he cursed him savagely for a fancied mishap. There were moments when he came back to consciousness after a rocking trip in the friendly canoe, and there were other times when his pain-racked body seemed to be dragged by McRae over scorching, jagged rocks.

But he wrote while he could, trying to make his confession complete.

At length he lay back exhausted, facing slow death by starvation and cold. It was that or the alternative—provided by a bottle of strychnine which stood mockingly beside the writing paper.

Bob Calloway was no coward, but he recognized that the odds were heavily against him.....

As another night of horror closed in he thrust out his hand.....weakly.

# *Dame Fortune's Daughter*

Continued from page 93.

She lifted her head and glared at him.

"What good will money do that poor baby when she wakes up to-morrow morning and finds—" She gritted her teeth and reached for her worn and rusty gloves and then for the long untouched glass.

"Wait!" cried Cowles in a tone that made them all start. His voice fairly rang. "Wait, wait, wait!" he repeated, pulling out his watch and looking at it. They were both staring at him curiously.

"It's Christmas Eve," he said. "The stores are open until midnight! It's only a little after ten o'clock. Come on for a cab and Yonge Street! Here's where we knock the eye out of one set of troubles!"

The fat little proprietor of the five and ten cent store was galvanized from weary somnambulance into new life when two young men and a very fluffy (even though a bit shabby) young woman leaped out of a cab to his counters. He bounced around and scolded and exhorted his clerks into a state of thorough irritation. But their worksick wrath gave way to curiosity and then hilarity as the three customers went laughing, quarreling, and consulting, up and down the disheveled counters. The fat proprietor went down into the cellar and came up with an armful of pasteboard packing cases in which two clerks especially detailed laid away each toy as it was singled out. There were dolls and tin railroad trains and whirligig things and rattles and stuffed rabbits and woolly dogs that squeaked, and more dolls, and building blocks and flying machines and Noah's arks and little stoves and doll's furniture and more dolls—to say nothing of candleholders and silvered angels and shiny balls.

"Time! Call the game a minute!" cried Cowles. "Let's count up. How much have we bought?"

The fat proprietor, exuding greasy appreciation, made figures on a pad. "Fifteen dollars and thirty-six cents." And, with a burst of generosity, added: "I'll throw off the six cents."

Roberts laughed, but Cowles was serious.

"Bobs," he said, "I'm afraid we've gone far enough. Half of fifteen is about as far as I really ought to go."

"But where," insisted Miss Cargill, gently shouldering between them, "do I come in?"

She thrust a five-dollar bill into Roberts' hand.

"No," said both of them in a breath. She flushed, and in the next breath they both cried: "Why, yes, of course."

"Thank you," she said quietly.

In a hansom laden with bundles and a Christmas tree cut away from the sidewalk decorations of the store, Miss Cargill and Cowles departed northward. Roberts couldn't go because there wasn't room after the Christmas tree had been put in.

"I'll meet you," he called to them, "at Big Jim—no, not there. At the little drug store on the corner above. Merry Christmas to the kid."

It was nearly twelve when Cowles alighted at the drug store and met the eager Roberts in the middle of the sidewalk.

"Tell me about it," demanded Roberts. "How was it?"

Cowles's eyes were brimming.

"We had to wake the family up in the next room," he said. "At first they were sleepy and kind of mad. Thought we were patronizing them. But Sadie was so everlastingly tactful and sweet . . . pretty soon they began to cry and I thought we'd

LOOK FOR THE SHEEP ON EVERY GARMENT

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A striking and somewhat unusual proof of the "*unshrinkableness*" of "Ceetee" Underclothing is found in the following letter:

*St. Catharines, Feb. 27, 1913.*

*C. Turnbull Co., Galt, Ont.*

*Dear Sirs,*

*We are sending you 1 suit of Ceetee Underclothing which we wish you would alter.*

*The man who bought these never had underclothing before that the Laundry could not shrink and as he is very tall, he had these made extra large on that account. He has been wearing them for some time, but they are just as good as when he bought them as regard to length. If you could alter these at once, we would be very much obliged.*

*Yours very sincerely,*

*MARSHALL'S LIMITED.*

This man has discovered that "Ceetee" Underclothing is *different*. Many more are discovering it every day. Why not be one?

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never get the darned old tree up, for the mother's hugging her. Say, it was the grandest looking tree since the Garden of Eden. Honest!. . . And when it was all fixed, the folks wanted to go in and wake up the baby and bring it out, and light up, and let Sadie see the fun . . . . Sadie wouldn't have it. She laughed a little . . said she didn't believe in Christmas-Eve trees, morning was the time to have 'em. I didn't laugh, Couldn't. . . I saw her face and it 'most broke my heart. . . . Then they asked her to come down in the morning; she said she couldn't. Said she was going away on a long journey before morning—oh, no, Bobs, it's all right; she may have meant to kill herself—I think she did but she won't now; it's all right. Wait till I tell you. And we walked up to her flat . . . oh, I forgot to say, that on the way uptown she got to crying like a little girl because she didn't have any dolly of her own and I bought her one; horrible thing; painted china face and 'most as big as she was . . . .we walked up to her flat; she had the doll in her arms with her head down on it. I lighted the gas. She walked into her bedroom . . . laid the doll under the cover with its head on the pillow and threw herself down beside it.

"I started to say something and she lifted up her head and told me to get out and the quicker the better . . . then she fell down beside the doll again and began to cry. I never heard anybody cry like that. I went out to the door and rattled the handle . . . sneaked back to her door again, because I didn't dare leave her—you know—after the way she had been feeling and talking. She cried herself to sleep with her arm out across that doll.

So I turned the lights out and came away."

"What are we going to do now?" said Roberts after a while.

"I tell you what we're going to do," said Cowles. "You and I are going down to the Metropole and get hold of Ted Tonwill and make him give Sadie Cargill a chance—a *good* chance—in his new show. He'll do it if we ask him, both of us together. And she will keep steady and make good. And we'll send her a telegram about it so she will get it first thing in the morning, before she gets to thinking any more about 'long journeys.'"

"Good! Of course that's what we'll do," cried Roberts. Only let's hurry. Because I am going over to get Rose. and tell her what a cad I know I am. And" (not without the hurry of embarrassment), "I don't want to wake her father up any later than is necessary."

Cowles reached out and took his hand and gripped it, saying not a word. They turned toward the Metro-

pole. In twenty steps Roberts stopped short and pulled Cowles under a street lamp.

"But look here, Charley," he said, "what are *you* going to do? We've fixed Miss Cargill up all right. And, bless her, she has fixed me up. But I don't see that either of us has done anything for you."

"You have done just this," said Charley a little unsteadily. "Instead of taking to the rosy and thorny path and graft, I'm going over to the station to get the one o'clock train for Hamilton where I've got an aunt who has been begging me to come down over Christmas. And when I've got a little rested and my nerves steadied down, I'm going to take a night desk at the *Times* at forty per. It will be monotonous but decent. But, Bobs——"

Through a break in the roar of the city's night came the far-off tinkle of chimes ringing in the Christmas morn. Cowles looked up at the sky. So did Roberts. The sky, veiled all but a single star twinkling through the flying clouds. They looked at each other and then, because they both saw things in their faces that wouldn't quite bear looking at, turned their eyes away and walked on.

"But, Bobs," continued Cowles softly after a while, "this has always been a day for beginning things over again, rather. . . .And it wasn't I who helped—or you—or even Sadie Cargill. It was—a Little Child."

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## *Toy-makers' Town*

Continued from page 83.

unusual for wealthy parents to spend as high as a thousand dollars for single toys, such "toys" being in the nature of miniature mechanical contrivances that range all the way from the small city to the squadron of steam warships—such things as the gyroscope and the mechanical toy are also popular, and educative. The carpentry outfits are made of fine steel and are entirely practical for the inventive youngster. The humble broom and dustpan is made in toy form for the young housekeeper, as is the wash-tub and wash-board whereon you can really scrub out dolly's clothes to whiteness. After all play is largely work in miniature—work that stern necessity doesn't drive you to do, with her inexorable lash.

And most of these wonderful mechanical contrivances are the work of the foreign makers—of the humble, but busy men and women of the Toy-towns of Germany and France. As proof of the ingenuity of these master toy makers was the "electric city" displayed in an American store last Christmas, an entire municipality being reproduced in miniature, even to the extent of a burning building and a fire department of toy firemen which dashed up and extinguished the blaze.

The trend at present is largely in an educational direction and many toys are now offered that have an actual vocational value. These range all the way from the working-model of a cinematograph to the toy Zeppelin airship that really flies and from the complete stone building blocks to the steel girders and trestles with which a modern "skyscraper" may be built on the floor.

And so when you go shopping this year in answer to your small child's letter to "Dear Old Santa" just don't forget that there is a real Kris Kringle after all. And when you see the magic words "Made in Germany" or "Made in France" conjure in your mind a picture of the humble but happy workers of Alt Nuremberg or of the Temple quarters in France.

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Without exception the most widely popular Toilet Perfume in use.

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Prepared from the rich juice of selected Oporto grapes and extract of the Peruvian Cinchona Bark—absolutely no alcohol or other harmful ingredients are added.

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BIG BOTTLE ALL DRUGGISTS



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TRUSS-WEARERS, Here's Great, Good, News.

*Tiresome, Torturous Trusses Can Be Thrown Away FOREVER. And It's All Because*

*STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS* are different from the painful truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to prevent slipping and to afford an arrangement to hold the parts securely in place. *NO STRAPS, BUCKLES OR SPRINGS ATTACHED*—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or press against the pubic bone. Thousands have treated themselves in the privacy of the home—most obstinate cases conquered—no delay from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. When the weakened muscles recover then there is no further use for truss. *Awarded Gold Medal International Exposition, Rome, Grand Prix at Paris.* Write TODAY and let us prove what we say by sending TRIAL PLAPAO—ABSOLUTELY FREE

PLAPAO CORPORATION, Block 1167, St. Louis, Mo.


# *Heel of Achilles*

Continued from page 101.

forgets. He's so popular with the boys, Jack is . . . . . And it's Christmas Eve."

Warry passed the brightly lighted drug store without thinking of the directory. In his mind was the proud description of a weak man, given by the uncomplaining woman who suffered most from his weakness. "He's big, and broad-shouldered, a handsome, straight-backed man, with a smile that would break your heart," she had said, the light of pride and love in her eyes. And for the first time Suite 52, Warwick Apartments, seemed to lack something.

Dissatisfied still with his role of Santa Claus, but with little thrills of unaccustomed emotion rioting in his mind, he struck out aimlessly for the west end business street where he could see a busy crowd of laden pedestrians passing quickly up and down. On his way, animated bundles urged him recklessly from the sidewalk, and happy faces over the tops were connected with striding feet below by the most unusual, higgledy-piggledy of bodies. It was Christmas eve with a vengeance.

As he passed a saloon the throng of men crowding in and out reminded him vividly of the man who was "so popular with the boys," and of the woman silently waiting at home for that which was more to her than any Christmas present. A drunken man staggered against him, and Warry peered anxiously into the leering face. And peering, he ran full tilt into a huge fellow half hidden behind a pile of the most awkward of parcels. He turned to apologize, but too late to anticipate the laugh that came down to him from a swarthy, crease-lined face that told of daily contact with molten metal.

A couple of men standing before the swinging door of a redolent saloon heard the boisterous laugh and waved beckoning hands at the big fellow.

"No, thanks!" called the man in answer. "Going home to the wife and kids to-night."

"Nonsense, Lester!" urged one of the men. "This is Christmas eve, man!" He pushed open the swinging door as he spoke, and the heavy odor of liquor came to the street in a warm waft. Lester's face clouded and his lips closed on the reply that had been forming.

Warry, who had been standing intent from the first greeting, thought rapidly. He stepped up and touched the arm that was pressed down over a long, flat parcel.

"May I speak to you a moment?" he asked, his heart throbbing with a curious nervousness. A big thing in his life was offering itself, and being the first he was determined to seize it with hands and feet. Indeed, at that moment he was prepared to try hopeless physical persuasion should the man turn from him to the saloon. "Your name is Jack Lester, is it not?" he asked in trepidation.

"Right you are," came the answer, as a pair of heavily browed eyes turned down upon him. "And not ashamed of it—most times . . . . Are you real sure it's me you want?" taking in Warry's jaunty figure from spats to opera hat. "If it's a con game it's not

*Residence of F. C. Borsh, Corner High Park Boulevard and Indian Road, Toronto, Roofed with*

ASBESTOSLATE

*The Roof That Never Fails*

If you buy any other roofings, you do so on the understanding that they *may* last 'five, ten, fifteen or even twenty years. But you know that all this time they will be steadily deteriorating, until, when you least desire it, they will fail.

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Factory at Lachine, P. Q., near Montreal.

## *Gifts That Failed*

Continued from page 105.

might have been, and whether it would not have been better after all. I am afraid that I am writing this like a sentimental school girl, but you must know that I have been reading your charming little book, and it has come to me as a message from you. Is it not really a confession, Sidney? You have made me very happy, dear brother. I feel more closely drawn to you than at any time since we were all together at Christmas, at the old home. Come and see me. Your loving sister,

"GERTRUDE."

---

"Dear Brother: Greetings to you from the happiest household in town, thanks to a generous Santa Claus in the guise of Uncle Sidney. I must begin by thanking you on my own account. How in the world did you learn that Roman colors had come in again? I have always heard that men did not follow the styles and could not be trusted to select anything for a woman, but it is a libel, a base libel, for the scarf which you sent is quite the most beautiful thing I have received this Christmas. I have it draped over the large picture in the parlor, and it is the envy of every one who has been in to-day. A thousand, thousand thanks, dear Sidney. It was perfectly sweet of you to remember me, and I call it nothing less than a stroke of genius to think of anything so appropriate and yet so much out of the ordinary.

"John asks me to thank you—but I must tell you the story. One evening last week we had a little chafing-dish party after prayer meeting, and I asked John to open a bottle of olives for me. Well, he broke the small blade of his knife trying to get the cork out. He said: 'If I live to get down town again, I'm going to buy a cork-screw.' Fortunately he had neglected to buy one, and so your gift seemed to come straight from Providence. John is very much pleased. Already he has found use for it, as it happened that he wanted to open a bottle of household ammonia the very first thing this morning.

"As for Fred's lovely books—thank goodness you didn't send him any more story books. John and I have been trying to induce him to take up a more serious line of reading. The Josephus ought to help him in the study of his Sunday school lessons. We were pleased to observe that he read it for about an hour this morning.

"When you were out here last fall did Genevieve tell you that she was collecting silk for a doll quilt? She insists that she did not but she must have done so, for how could you have guessed that she wants pieces of silk above anything else in the world? The perfectly lovely cravats which you sent will more than complete the quilt, and I think mamma will get some of the extra pieces for herself. Fred and Genevieve send love and kisses. John insists that you come out to dinner some Sunday very soon—next Sunday if you can. After we received your presents we were quite ashamed of the box we had sent over to your hotel, but we will try to make up the difference in heart-felt gratitude. Don't forget—any Sunday. Your loving sister,

"KATHERINE."

"Well, what do you know about that?" inquired Mr. Sidney Payson, as he laid down the last of the letters, and addressed the circumscribing atmosphere. "What *do* you know about that? Will on the ice! Genevieve making doll-quilts out of those neck-ties!" Speech failed him, and he sat before his cosy bachelor hearth, staring at the fire.

After all, the habits of bachelorhood are only habits, and are capable of being broken, though usually a sound of rending and groans accompanies the disseverance. It is to be noted that Mr. Sidney Payson's countenance displayed a singular appearance of upheaval. For one thing, his Christmas dinner had not disagreed with him. The pretty girl who had been assigned him, had suggested a walk in the afternoon, and had led him a vigorous hike which he had been too polite to decline to endure. Presumably, it had helped the mince-pie and the chestnut dressing—it really was a tremendously good dinner—to lie easy; and Mr. Sidney Payson felt cheerful and young in consequence.

"By Jove!" he ruminated, glancing again at Brother Will's letter, "I'm not so old myself—two years younger than he is. If he can skate with a pretty girl, by jiminy, so can I.

He picked up the telephone reflectively. I'll call Will and ask him if he'll let me and my girl in on his rink. Yes, sir, my girl, by jinks!"

Determinedly he took the receiver off the hook and called his number, an undeniable grin on his face. Mr. Sidney Payson had renewed his youth.


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## *Gifts That Failed*

Continued from page 105.

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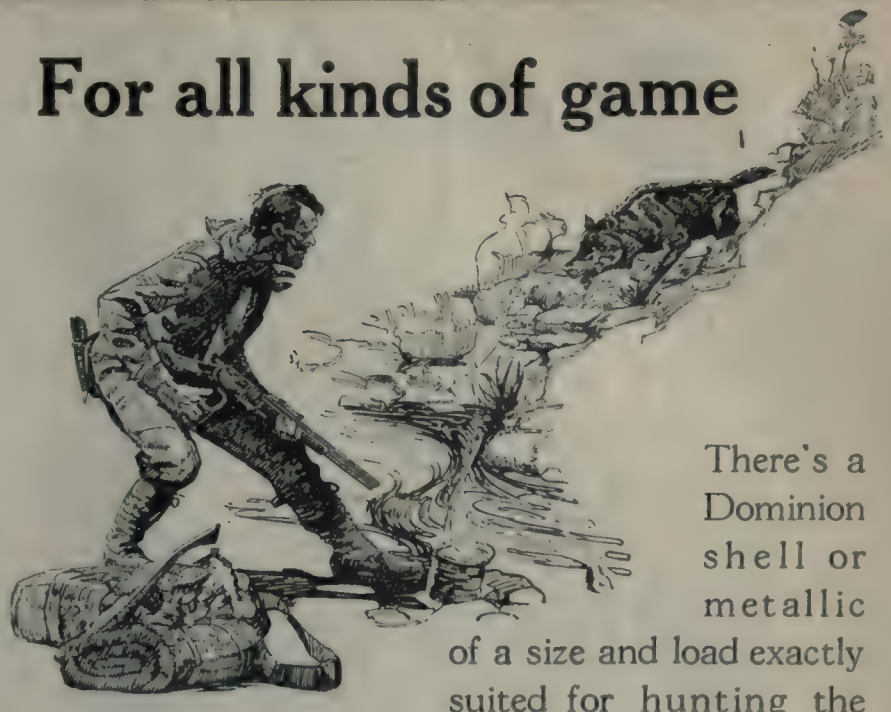
# For all kinds of game



There's a Dominion shell or metallic of a size and load exactly suited for hunting the kind of game you're going after. Shoot

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and the results will be satisfactory in every way.

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**Mapleine Fudge**

It's really the most delicious of all fudges, and very acceptable because it's different.

2 cups white sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 piece of butter (size of egg), 1 teaspoonful of Mapleine. Cook 15 minutes. Take off and beat until grains. Pour on buttered plate.

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# *The Woman of It*

Continued from page 87.

with him would be a good steady business transaction and you would know where you were."

Monro took his pipe out of his mouth and looked straight at his daughter out of his luminous eyes, "I understand," he said, "you had rather that, than pretense of love?"

"A thousand times rather, dad." She had thrown off her whimsical manner. "A good many of them forget that there is a woman inside the wrappings of the millions. If you were poor, I should have a chance. Dad, you think I am a fool, don't you, but I just want to be loved, and I want to fall in love. I can have everything in the world that money can buy, but I want that more even than Louis the fourteenth chairs," she added jestingly, a little ashamed of her emotion. Monro nodded his head, "I always knew you had that inside you," he said gravely.

"And when mother sits and sends out invitations by the score to all these people, who laugh at you behind your back and accept your hospitality and wonder how much you are going to settle on your daughter, when all that goes on, I want to run away somewhere and find someone who will love me and cherish me and who would not care if you lost every penny that you had."

"I could lose it quite easily," said Monro.

"Mother would not like that at all and you know dad, she is happy. When Miss Searle came to-day and mother felt that she was important enough to need a secretary, her cup of joy was full. She will wear her secretary with as much pleasure as her diamond tiara or her ropes of pearls and there is something so dear about her, that one can't help being pleased that she should get so much pleasure out of it all."

"You don't get much then?" he asked shrewdly.

"Oh, I get some, at odd times, not half as much as I did seven years ago when you first began to arrive and had bought the house at Pinelands and I used to ride my pony bare-backed and run about the lawns in my bare feet."

"You were a bit of hoyden, then," he said and grinned. "I remember your mother was scared to death that we should never get you toned down to European standard."

They both laughed and Valerie came and sat down on the arm of the precious Louis the fourteenth chair.

"That dealer would have fits," she observed quietly. "I am sure he thinks the last thing one ought to do to these chairs is to sit on them—probably the peerage keep them in their marble halls under glass cases."

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Monro smoked his pipe out before he said anything—then he went to the flower-decked balcony, knocked the ashes out and put his pipe back into his pocket. "Who is the man who is worrying you?" he asked abruptly.

"It is not one man," said Valerie soberly, "it is several."

"For example?"

She ticked them off on her fingers. "There is Matlock, Zoe told me that he had proposed to her already, and there is Marchdale, who is Scotch and proud and hates the painful necessity."

She broke off for a moment with a laugh." Oh Jonathan ! if you saw his manner of wooing. He is so careful and he seems to test everything he says, lest I should place undue value on it and I simply can't help leading him on. You should have seen his face when I said, 'but Lord Marchdale, I should not find it dull at all, I should love to live in Scotland.'"

"I can't have my daughter a flirt," said Monro.

"I've got to be what they make me," said the girl, "I do it in self-defence, dad."

"Is there anyone else ?"

"Yes there is that decent little man, Denzil Merton," said Valerie. "I think he really cares for me, dad. If your fortune melted away, I don't think he would go with it. He is a good little fellow."

"Then why would he not do ?"

She gave him a whimsical look, and pulled down the corners of her very charming mouth, "I think it must be so very hard to love a little man, dad. He is inches shorter than I am."

"What do inches matter ?"

"You would not say that, Jonathan, if you were not taller than mother ! You would not care to go about, not only feeling that she was your better half, but conscious that she was looking it."

"I suppose not," he said.

"And you know there is not any hurry," said the girl, "I'm quite young —and you both like Europe. Somewhere, there must be someone who would make me feel something, who would make me forget that I am the rich Miss Monro, who has millions coming to her. Dad, there must be some man whom I can love."

"Yes," he said slowly, "but it would break your mother's heart, if you did not marry some one of standing, Valerie."

"I know." Her tone was almost petulant. "It does not matter about my heart, I suppose." Then she repented of her petulance. "I did not mean that at all," she said. "I know you love me, both of you. Don't say anything to mother about our talk."

"I had no intention to do so," he said with a grin, that Valerie knew and loved, it was so much the grin of a mischievous boy. "Neither had I any intention of telling her that I had smoked my pipe in here. The primitive instinct of self-preservation, my child. You and I have long ago concluded a defensive alliance ! My dear, I wish I were back again in Winnipeg, scrapping over grades with old Forbes. These idle days are very long."

"Hush ! Here is mother," said Valerie, and with a characteristic swirl of her long gown, Mrs. Monro entered.

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"Valerie, you are not riding this morning ? I heard Lord Matlock say he was riding in the park to-day. He said it to you, if I do not mistake."

"You do not mistake."

"My dear, I think you are foolish, the man is not a fortune-hunter, he has a fine old estate encumbered by debt. He must marry money. He says so quite openly."

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"But there is no need for me to marry anybody," said the girl, "I don't like him, mother, and I won't encourage him."

Mrs. Monro shrugged her shoulders "Martin, you have not been out. I can't understand why you don't take a turn in the park, or do something, you are not like me, I am so busy I don't know what to do with myself. You have nothing to do the live-long day, but read your paper."

"That is why I am so inexpressibly bored," said her husband.

"Are you bored ?" She opened her eyes wide. "Really, my dear, could you not find something to do. In this world, there is so much work to be done. I have been slaving, literally slaving since nine o'clock this morning. Miss Seaile is a treasure, she almost takes the words out of my mouth, it seems to me that she must be a thought reader. She puts down actually what I want to say and in excellent English too. She has no objection to going with me to committees, and making a *precis* of everything that is said. A woman like that is invaluable."

"I am glad you got her," said her husband drily.

"So am I. Could you not take a little interest in the flower girls' alliance ?"

"I'll give you a cheque gladly," said her husband.

Then there was a silence and Monro got up. "Valerie, will you run down to Ryde with me ?" he asked. "The yacht is in the roadstead there. We might get a run round the island."

"Yes dad, I'd love to." But Mrs. Monro extended a languid hand.

"My dear boy, how forgetful you are. How can Valerie go away in the middle of the season ? You have an engagement too. Don't you remember we are dining with Lord Merton ? He is taking us on to Covent Garden to hear the new tenor."

"I don't care about tenors," said Monro, looking sideways at his daughter.

"They are not in my line either," said Valerie.

"But we simply can't disappoint Lord Merton—the thing can't be done. It is ill-bred. We promised more than a week ago."

"A week ago is a week ago," said Monro, still watching Valerie.

"Nobody doubted that—what do you mean, exactly ?"

"Valerie may not care to accept favors from Lord Merton."

Mrs. Monro turned to her daughter, "Have you quarrelled with him, Valerie ?" "No," said the girl with a little laugh. "How would you begin quarrelling with Denzil Merton ? There is not such a thing as a quarrel in him. He is a dear little man,

mother, and I like him awfully, but I shall never do anything but like him. "It is not fair to take his dinners and his opera-boxes and to know that you do not intend to give him anything in return. . . It is not fair to encourage him to go on caring for me. I would not mind if it were any of the others—it would not hurt them to be let down—but Lord Merton is tender-hearted. I hate hurting him."

Mrs. Monro's delicate brows were lifted in amazement—Valerie was not in the habit of speaking out so strongly to her.

"It seems to me, that you have a very considerable amount of feeling for Lord Merton," she said drily, "and also a knowledge of his character."

"Anybody can have that," said the girl." He is as transparent as a child."

"Then I cannot see what there is against him. He is short and he is not handsome, but surely you do not want to marry an Adonis. They don't make good husbands as a rule."

"I like his face," said Valerie, rather perversely. "It is a good face, mother."

"Then why not give yourself a chance of growing to like him ?. It seems to me that would be the only sensible thing to do."

"I should never get fond of him in that way."

"Give yourself the chance. You agree with me, Martin ?"

Monro looked from his wife to his daughter. His sympathies were entirely with the latter. At the same time, he thought she was strong enough to take her own line and he hated disappointing the charming woman, for whom he was sacrificing his daily inclinations. If it amused her to sit in Lord Merton's box, to wear her tiara and to listen to the new tenor, what on earth did it matter ? He and Valerie were fond of music, although not given to enthusiasm about popular favorites, and he knew that if they could have sneaked off quietly to some obscure part of the theatre by themselves, they would have looked forward to it. Then why not give way to that eminently sensible woman, his wife ?

For he recognized that she was eminently sensible, that all her suggestions were tinged with the purest truest common-sense. Only was it his fault, that in the hearts of both Valerie and himself, there dwelt a grain of that old-world, half-forgotten thing —the sense of romance ?

## CHAPTER III.

Denzil, Lord Merton, was awaiting his guests with feverish excitement. He had changed but slightly from the plain, little boy with the irregular features, and lovable eyes, who had been the friend of the boy, Robert Sinclair. He was still short and lacking in dignity, but there was in him that quality which attracted men and women to him.

He had succeeded to the title in his fifteenth year and his mother and he were still the best of companions. Lady Merton had never had any other children and she had given her whole life to the bringing up of her boy.

And now as he stood there, playing nervously with the seal on his fob, his eyes glittering with suppressed excitement, you could see at a glance, that this was not an ordinary occasion to him. His eyes were fixed on the door —he saw none of the many beautiful women who came into the well-known restaurant with a flutter of their silken skirts and the gay sound of laughter. He might have been a thousand miles from anywhere, waiting in the groves of Arcady for the maid he loved. Indeed he was there—there is only one place for all true lovers ! For this plain little man, who went fussily through the world, engaged in many,

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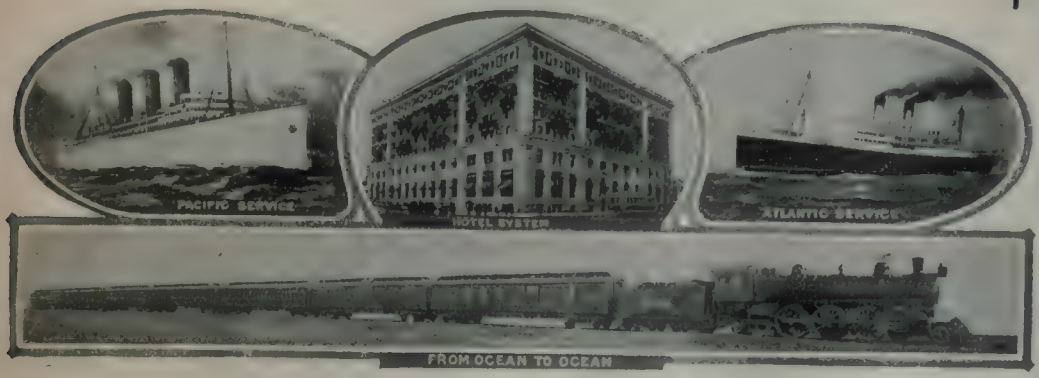


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and mostly, futile attempts to make the world a little better, had it in him to love truly; and because he had been dowered with that doubtful gift, the love of beauty, only that which was lovely, attracted him. But beauty had to be coupled with goodness—he hated any thing that was vicious.

Surely they were late. Perhaps they were not coming. Beauties were proverbially capricious, and he had nothing to offer her, but what she had a thousand times better herself. For he was a very humble-minded little man and he was only too painfully conscious that he possessed neither brilliance nor appearance. One of the things that perplexed him daily, was, whether it would not be better to replace those irregular but serviceable teeth of his with some that might add to his appearance. It sounds ridiculous and laughable, but in reality it was neither, for it was a thought that sprang from his humble thought that if his looks were only more comely, Valerie might grow to care for him a little.

He was almost beginning to despair of their coming when he saw Monro and his wife with Valerie at their side coming towards him. They were a noticeable trio. Valerie, despite her determination not to encourage Denzil, had made herself look remarkably lovely. The young man noticed that many heads were turned to look at her as she passed by. If Valerie was not blind to the admiration she excited, at least she appeared to be so, and she could no more help greeting Merton with a charming smile, than she could help looking uncommonly beautiful.

"We are horribly late," she said; "blame our motor for it."

"You are here," he said with a sigh of deep content that betrayed unconsciously the tension that he had undergone. He turned nervously to Mrs. Monro. "You cannot tell how grateful I am to you for coming." Monro looked at him very kindly and he thought what he had often thought before—that this unpretentious man was one to whom he would like to give his charming, whimsical daughter.

If the conversation during dinner was brilliant, it was due entirely to Valerie. She liked her host and although she knew that she was perhaps encouraging him to hope vainly, she could not help trying to make the dinner he was giving them, a success.

"He shall have a perfectly happy evening," she said to herself. "He may have to pay for it afterwards, but I will make it worth while to him."

"What is the girl at?" thought Monro to himself. "Is she thinking of him after all?" In his heart, he felt vexed, that she should be preparing pain for so excellent a fellow.

But Merton was in the altitudes where all mundane things are forgotten. He scarcely knew what was being said or done around him, and when after dinner, he wrapped the girl's light cloak round her and his hand came in contact with her shoulder, it was to him as if by accident he had touched something divine.

Valerie understood his feelings and she was very quiet during the drive to the theatre. "I won't let this go on," she said to herself passionately. "It will hurt him too much. I am capable of saying yes to him, just because I cannot bear to think of his being unhappy." And they went into the crowded opera-house and into Merton's box and Mrs. Monro busied herself with her glasses, bowing from time to time to those friends whom she discovered.

Monro watched her, a little smile playing round that guileless looking mouth. "Valerie is quite right—she does get enjoyment out of things," he thought to himself. She was far the most business-like of the three—she was the only one who got her money's worth out of life!

Valerie looked pale, he thought and distraite, but when the first note of music sounded, she began to revive. She had a strange liking for music, dependent entirely on her moods.

"Have you heard Sinclair?" Merton asked of her when they had first seated themselves.

"The new tenor? No, not yet."

"They say he is wonderful."

"They always say that—but I have never heard a wonderful tenor. When they can sing, they can't act and when by chance they can do both, they are fat."

"And that is a crime?"

He could afford to ask that question, for he himself, he was thankful to say, was not fat.

"It is no crime in an ordinary man, although I confess to admiring the spare build of my country-men, but when a man plays a romantic part, I do consider it a crime to be fat."

"Romance should always then, have a beautiful exterior?" he asked wistfully.

The sound of his voice touched her. "I don't think many people know the meaning of the word," she said; "those that do, have a possession of doubtful value."

And then the music began and Valerie felt acutely responsive.

It was an opera she loved and she sat quite still drinking in the music until the knight, Lohengrin, came in. She loved the subtle harmonies, the witchery of the strains and she was glad that she should first hear the new tenor in the title part. And when amid a burst of applause, the figure in its bright armour came forward, she turned to Lord Merton, "At least, he is not fat," she said lightly, under her breath.

He was not, that was certain—he stood there, tall and straight and slight, his crisp golden hair catching the light and his deep blue eyes, looking, not on the excited audience, but on his fellow-actors. There was something gallant in his bearing—something knightly—Valerie leaned forward and took a long look at him.

He showed just a trifle of impatience at the long continued applause as if it annoyed him and when it had subsided, he lifted his voice and sang.

And as if by magic, a hush fell on the audience. For the new tenor's voice had that quality in it, that moves the hearts of men and women alike—that something, that stirs one to nobler heights and higher aspirations—that something, that touches even the most frivolous. Mrs. Monro turned at the end of the song and murmured "beautiful!"—she could never enjoy anything without voicing


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her appreciation. Monro felt strange and thought, without knowing why, of the days when he was a lad and had lain on his back in a pine-wood and had listened to the wind soughing above him—and Valerie thought of nothing, except that here was Romance, beautifully apparelled !

But it was Denzil Merton, who at the end of the first act, seemed most excited. "I believe I know him," he cried. "I believe I used to play with him, when I was a boy of twelve in Rome. It must be he ! I loved him with all my heart."

"And forgot him straightway ! Now, we know what you do, when you love, Lord Merton."

It was Valerie who spoke and she could no more help speaking lightly than she could help her heart beating violently. She did not want them all to guess how touched she had been. For when, at the end of the first act, the knight had appeared before the footlights and had bowed his acknowledgments, she had caught his eyes and had held them for a moment. She had thought at the time, that every one in the opera house must have seen that exchange of looks.

"Probably," she said to herself, "every foolish woman in the theatre believes that he has looked at her—it is the art of those actors." But she felt troubled and hence her light speech to Lord Merton. "No, by George," said the little man. "I can't love like that, I have never forgotten him and often my mother and I have spoken of him and have wondered what had become of him."

"How long ago is it ?"

"Twelve years ago," said Lord Merton," he used to play with me when we were staying in Rome, where my father had been entrusted with rather a delicate piece of diplomacy. I went to a little school kept for English boys and there I fell in love with Sinclair, so much so, that I gave my mother no peace until she allowed me to ask him home to play with me. She fell in love with him too, although there was something very disreputable about the father, I believe. Perhaps I am quite wrong about that," he added hurriedly, for he hated saying anything derogatory about anyone, "one has such quaint, childish impressions."

"And I suppose you just lost sight of him when you left Rome ?"

"Before that. He came to play with me one afternoon, and I never saw him after. He just disappeared. I saw his father once in the distance afterwards—I was horribly frightened of him, but I missed Robert so much that I ran towards him. But he eluded my pursuit, and although it is twelve years ago, I seem to see the boy now, with his clustering golden curls and his deep blue eyes. That must be his own hair he wears."

Valerie looked into his face with a smile. She was interested, she did not know why. She seemed to see the beautiful little boy whom Denzil described and she had in addition caught a glimpse of the golden heart of the man.

"Was there a mother ?" she asked.

"Yes, he loved her passionately; a tall, golden-haired woman, as I remem-


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ber her, wearing a sculptor's blouse of blue. She used to model little terra-cotta figures. I can see her long, slender hands now."

"Perhaps she is here, listening to her son," said Valerie. "It must be wonderful to have a son like that."

"Yes it must be," said Denzil. He spoke with the deep feeling that she had always known he possessed. "It must be wonderful to have talent or beauty or any other gift like that." It seems to make men and women a race to themselves."

"Why don't you go and claim his acquaintance ?"

She knew quite well why he did not go, but affected ignorance. She knew quite well, that while he could sit close by her, he would not move to claim acquaintance with anyone, not even the boy who had held his childish heart. Valerie understood the little man quite well. "I don't think he would like it," he answered, "he does not seem the sort of man who would like a host of adorers round him during the play."

"No, he does not," she said.

The door of the box opened and let in a few callers. Valerie resented them. Denzil, with his reminiscences, suited her mood. All these people with their gushing comments filled her with impatience.

"All the women are in love with him," she heard pretty little Mrs. Desborough say, "His photographs are selling like wild-fire."

"I don't wonder at it, at all," said Mrs. Monro placidly. "I am half in love with him myself."

Valerie knew that her mother's heart had, and always would be secure in her husband's keeping, but it was evidently the fashion to declare oneself in love with Sinclair, and Mrs. Monro was nothing if not fashionable. The girl also knew that her mother was not even capable of appreciating the true artistic quality of the new tenor's performance. It seemed to her as if they were lowering the man by their expressions of admiration.

"You have been very quick, mother," she commented. It was quite unusual for her to say anything sarcastic to her mother.

"It is love at first sight," said Mrs. Desborough. Why on earth did they prate about love ?

Then the second act began and Valerie listened as she had never listened before. It was the man's personality as well as his singing and acting that fascinated her. She felt ashamed of her absorption. After all, it was only acting! The real man would be quite different. He did not look her way again, she thought probably he was quite unconscious of her and that vexed her unreasonably. She had always been so much admired, so much sought after, that it seemed to her natural that if she only as much as glanced at a man he would want to look at her again—and the knight Lohengrin seemed quite oblivious of her interest.

"Of course he is," she thought to herself at the end of the opera. "He could not be aware of me ! Why am I such a fool all of a sudden ? I am as bad as Mrs. Desborough."

Her mother was thanking Lord Merton for his hospitality in her charming way as they threaded their way through the crowd. Mrs. Monro never hurried out. She liked this elegant crowd, liked the feeling that she was

part of it. Decidedly Mrs. Monro enjoyed life. Valerie was impatient to be gone, she wanted to keep her impressions pure. Martin Monro, who always hated a crowd, felt her hand press his arm impatiently. "What is it?" he asked. "Do you want to be off, Valerie?"

"Yes," said the girl shortly. She always knew that her father understood her.

He shrugged his shoulders. Mrs. Monro had halted to exchange a word with a friend. Lord Merton came towards her.

"You enjoyed it?" he asked.

"So much," said the girl, "that I don't want to speak about it." She could always speak out to Lord Merton.

"I understand," he said.

"And he may be your friend, that must make it so much more interesting for you. You will go and see him?"

"Rather," said Lord Merton enthusiastically, "but only to renew acquaintance—I am sure it is Robert. You could not mistake him, there are so many tricks of his that I remember, and his voice was always lovely. My mother used to say that he had the most beautiful voice in the world, and would be famous. I don't think she has heard him yet, but she will certainly be pleased at the fulfilment of her prophecy."

"Yes," said Valerie, feeling an interest in the rather insignificant little widow she had never felt before. "You will tell her all about him?"

"Of course I shall! I am looking forward to a renewal of our friendship. I don't make friends easily, you know," he added shyly.

"Why not?" she asked, touched again by his humility. "I am sure everyone likes you."

"But that is not real friendship," he said, "I want more than that. I dare say you think it presumptuous of me, but I want the greatest love that anyone can give."

Valerie did not answer for a moment, and when she spoke again it was on a different subject.

"Come and tell me about the tenor," she said. "I want to hear about him."

"Of course I will come," he said, "do you think I need any asking?" Mrs. Monro had finished her say at length.

One heard murmurings of "committees" and "Miss Searle" and Valerie knew that she was on her charity tack.

But they were all quiet during the few minutes that it took them to be driven home. Valerie followed her father into the one plainly furnished room in the house which was his study, and where a decanter of whiskey stood for him with some soda.

"Shall I pour it out for you, dad?" She knew to a nicety the thimbleful he liked.

"Yes, Val." He took the glass from her hand. "You enjoyed your evening, did you not, little girl?"

"He sang beautifully," said Valerie steadily, just as if the whole entertainment could be summed up in the "he."

"Looked well, too; a gallant figure I thought."

"Yes," said the girl, "he looked a very noble and peerless knight." Then she turned and pulled her charming mouth whimsically to one side. "Is it not a shame, dad, that a man should trick himself out like that and strut about the stage and make believe—a man like that, I mean?"

"You don't think much of the great art of acting I perceive," said Monro, "but I always think some of the man's personality shines out through the make-believe."

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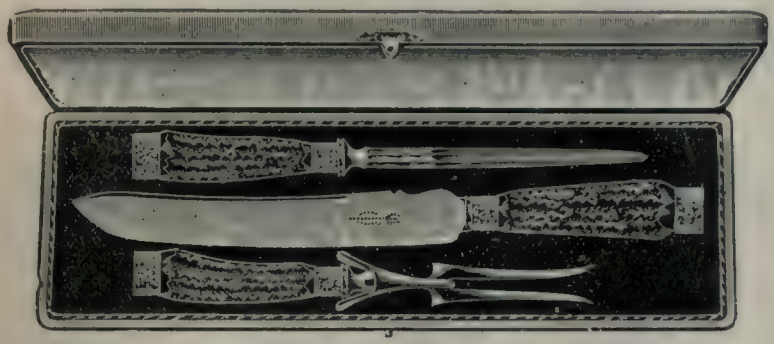

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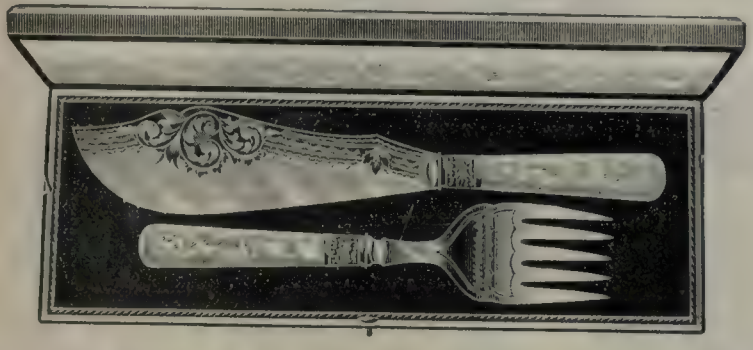

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**TORONTO - - - ONTARIO**


"All the more shame then, that the man should be content to play a part," said Valerie hotly. "A man like that might—"

She stopped short.

"Might what, little girl ?"

"Might conquer the world, I think," she said softly, stooped quickly and kissed him, and left him alone.

"So-ho !" said Monro reflectively, "and that is Valerie ?"

*To be continued*

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# Tales of the Camp

By Harden Bates

A PARTY of Japanese soldiers in Manchuria had just finished their evening meal when a Chinaman passed them, apparently on his way home from a day's work in the field. One of the soldiers called to him and said in Chinese, "A cup of water, please! Fetch it here." One of the Japanese officers tells what followed, an incident which shows better than any number of "preachments" how merciless and horrible war is.

The Chinaman stopped for an instant. He did not even salute us, and then, as before, he turned his face north and began walking away. Not that we needed his services so very much, but the insolence in that haughty and silent air of the native made an impression on us. One of us who read the full meaning across the back which the Chinaman had turned upon us, said, "Um!" and without another word he took after the Chinaman. Without any trouble he caught up with him, and as he laid his impolite hand upon the native of the soil, the Chinese helmet flew away from his head, and before our soldier stood, in the costume of the Chinese, with a Chinese scythe, a handsome soldier of Russia.

Six of us rushed upon him, and a moment later he was our prisoner.

He had wandered through the country occupied by our army, and passed and repassed our camps with that sweet air of saintly innocence of a child loitering through the roads of his native village. He had made a critical and detailed examination of our defenses, of the number of our men, of the trenches, of the position of the main force; nothing seemed to have escaped him.

Upon receiving his sentence of death his courage so impressed the Japanese that the captain said:

"Permit me to say that I am facing this day one of the bravest men in any army. We regret that we are compelled to witness your death. As an individual I cannot refrain from presenting to you, humbly, my respect and admiration for your bravery."

The Russian spy replied: "At the time when I was captured I was thoroughly aware that this moment would come to me; nevertheless, your words of sympathy touch me deeply. This life of mine I have offered to my master. I only thank you for your words of sympathy and tenderness." And with that he stretched out his hand toward the captain. You can believe that the hand of the captain came out promptly, and there they shook hands on the Manchurian field, a Russian soldier and a Nippon officer.

In Trumbull's reminiscences there is a touching story of a soldier laddie who proved with his life that indeed

> The bravest are the tenderest
> The loving are the daring.

The boy was homesick and almost crushed with melancholy.

Mr. Trumbull strove to soothe the little fellow. "I found he was almost heartbroken because of his lack of home letters which he had looked for. I spoke words of sympathy and cheer, and, as I left him, I thought he was still too much of a boy to be away from home in the army. A few weeks later my regiment stood in battle line, repelling one of the fiercest attacks of the enemy we had met in our three years of service. As I stood by my colonel and my brigade commander, just back of the line of battle, I saw that homesick boy hurrying into his place in the ranks. Hardly had he taken his place and fired his first shot when he fell with a bullet through his lungs. Tearing open his coat and gasping for breath as his lifeblood gushed out through his death wound with never a whimper or a groan, he looked along the unwavering line and called out cheerily with failing breath, "Fire away, boys; fire away !"

In any company of volunteers almost every trade, profession and accomplishment is likely to be represented, but few soldiers combine them all. There was one such man in the Philippines, and Lieutenant Schlesinger, of Louisville, met him. Here is the true tale of The Man Who was Too Versatile:

"The most versatile chap I ever saw," said the lieutenant, "was a private who was on duty in Manila. His name was Sawtell. There seemed to be nothing on earth that he couldn't do or hadn't done at some time.

"One day it happened that an officer in the garrison wanted his hair cut, and the regular company barber was not to be found—out on furlough, or something. Sawtell volunteered to do the job.

"'Why, were you ever a barber ?' asked the officer.

"'Yes, I was a barber for three years,' said Sawtell.

"A few days later the same officer took a notion that he wanted a certain dish prepared. He and the rest of us were tired of 'dead hen,' as the ubiquitous chicken is disdainfully called in the Philippines.

"'I can prepare it, sir,' said Sawtell, saluting.

"'Did you ever cook ?' the officer asked.

"'Yes, sir; two years' experience, sir.'

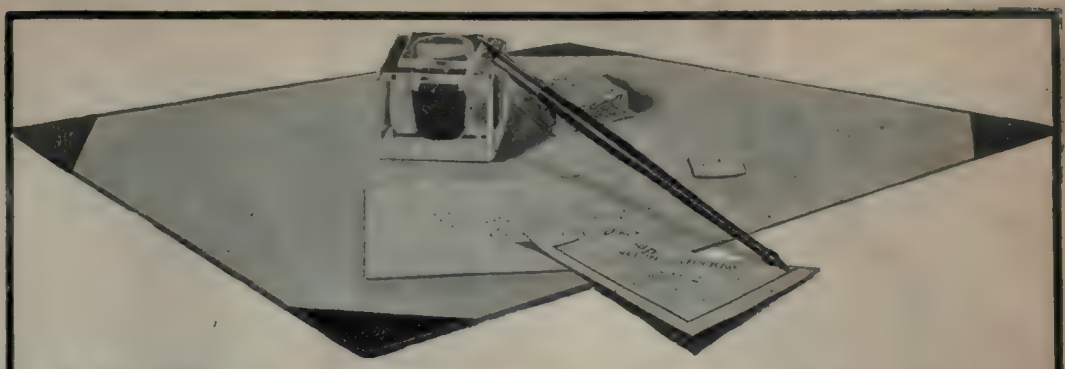
"And that dish was a wonder. Three days later the colonel's horse threw a shoe. The colonel wanted it replaced at once.

"'I'll do it, sir,' said Sawtell. 'I was a blacksmith for a year and a half.'

"He did it well, as he did everything. By this time the officers had begun to look upon Sawtell as a phenomenon: therefore, when our captain developed a bad toothache, he sent for him.

"'Did you ever pull a tooth ?' he asked.

"'Oh, yes,' said Sawtell, saluting. 'I studied dentistry two years.'

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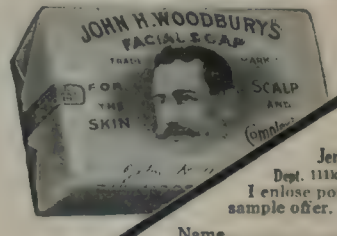


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**LONDON AND TORONTO.**

"And he pulled the tooth.

"Finally time was hanging somewhat heavily upon our hands, and one of the men suggested a concert of some kind. We went to Sawtell in a body to ask him if he knew anything about singing.

" 'I was leading tenor with a minstrel show for a season,' he replied.

"As a result of his manifold accomplishments, Sawtell was easily the most popular man in garrison. Whenever anything went wrong somebody said, 'Send for Sawtell,' and Sawtell always fixed it. Therefore, the colonel one day was deeply annoyed to receive a warrant from 'Frisco for Sawtell's apprehension, accompanied by a letter stating that he was wanted in Nevada. The colonel called Sawtell before him.

" 'Sawtell, I have received a warrant for your arrest,' he said.

" 'Yes, sir,' and Sawtell saluted.

" 'You have become a valuable man here, and I hate to lose you,' said the colonel, 'particularly as you will have to go to prison.'

" 'Oh, that's all right, sir,' said Sawtell. 'I've spent four years in prison. I was not guilty at that, nor do I know what I am accused of now, but I can work in prison or out of it, sir.'

"I challenge any one to produce that man's equal for versatility," the lieutenant concluded.

---

## Da Posta-Card from Napoli

BY T. A. DALY

SO, you gon' sail for Italy?
Ah! fine!—W'at can you do for me?
O ! notheeng, please; I don'ta care;
I weesh you joy while you are dere,
An' I'll be glad for see you w'en
Da sheep ees breeng you home agen—
Eh? No! O! please, don't sand to me
No peecture-card from Napoli !

O! yes, wan time da letter-man
Breeng soocha card to deesa stan';
Eeet was from gentleman like you
Dat wanted to be kinda, too.
Eet showed da town, da bay—but, O!
I deed not need; so wal I know!
Ah! no, please dont'a sand to me
No peecture-card from Napoli.

O! wal, Signor, you are so kind—
So good to me—I would no mind
Eef you would sand me wan from Rome
Eh? Rome? No, dat ees not my home.
Deed I not jus' esplain to you
I weell no care w'at alse you do
So long you don'ta sand to me
Som' peecture-card from Napoli?

---

The Duke—Ah, my dear Miss Rich, wouldn't you like to have a nice cute little puppy dog for a pet ?

Miss Rich—Oh ! Mr. Duke ! This is so sudden ! ! !

VOL. XV.
NO. 3

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
JAN.

# The Sorrow of Toronto

## WHEREIN A VISITING NURSE AND A WOMAN JOURNALIST FIND BIRTH, LOVE AND DEATH STALKING, ELEMENTAL AND UNASHAMED, ON THE CRAZY STAIRS

By Betty D. Thornley

Illustrated by Marion Long

IF you want to know a city, to live and move and breathe with it, you won't plan a ten-minute run to a half-hour suburban car each morning. You'll rent a flat skyhigh by the telegraph wires in the above-the-street-side area of some big thoroughfare, where the Eternal Curiosity in you will sit behind its own window curtains, looking on at the endless moving-picture of the maddeningly human, lovably wayward, unbelievably diversified crowd that rams itself downtown in the morning; that packs home doggedly for its roast beef at 6.30; that drifts by, who knows whither, in the still, snowy hours of the night car, when the citizen with his name on the fly leaf of his prayer book gets ahead of the gas meter.

This crowd, that individually hails from Europe, America, Asia, and the Isles, that succeeds and fails and loves and gets run in, taken collectively spells cityhood and decides whether the street it tramps is going to be the main thoroughfare of the New Jerusalem or a by-path in Sodom. And that is why crowd psychology is above all things a fascination and the window-box psychologizer never gets tired.

Personally, the newspaper lady now testifying has planted her vine-and-figtree in a tomato-can three storeys from the sidewalk, two minutes due north of the Toronto Ward, that district which settles Russian-Jewishly to rest on Friday night, save where an Italian or two wanders serenadewards with his guitar, and a late-toiling Chinaman, sandwiched between Slavs, burns the midnight hydrolight over Mr. Toronto's collars.

The Ward is perhaps the picturesque capital that flourishes off the sentence of the city's foreign problem, but it isn't the section of greatest destitution,—that comes in the east and the west, among the British born. Nor does it contain the largest number of tacks in the Health Department's tuberculosis map, this distinction belonging to the lodging house district immediately to the south, the same district also carrying off the cup given for the police-blotter record. Grouping these localities into one grey band of poverty and should-be-penitence, let us say that Toronto's problem belt runs from the Junction on the west to East Toronto, a distance of some seven miles, and more or less from College Street to the Bay.

"SOMETIMES I TAKE THE BIRD DOWN AN' TALK TO HIM," SAID THE INVALID, "AN' SOMETIMES I TALK TO THE CATS"

Into this problem belt tumbles the non-Canadian-born who arrives by every train with nothing much in the way of baggage, but a great hope. Some of him has been pushed Dominionwards by the horrors of a Russian pogrom. Some of him was lured from his olive groves because Tony came home and bought out the Count and married his daughter. And some of him, the least desirable, least usable some, has let the steamship companies cajole him into packing up Mrs. Manchester and the 'chesterettes and leaving the land of the socialist and the suffragette for the shore where the soap inside the soapbox is of more importance than the orator on top of it.

The population of the problem belt is approximately two hundred and twenty thousand, or well on toward half the city's half million. This doesn't give a high rate per square mile, the American would say, accustomed as he is to the tenement house and its rabbit-warren tribe. But you must remember that, wisely or un-

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wisely, Toronto has outlawed the tenement, has audaciously set up the one-family house as its ideal, and has in consequence as a present problem that same one-family domicile packed from cellar to shingles with humanity that hasn't as yet been educated suburbwards.

THE FATHER INCREASED HIS INCOME BY DEDUCTING HIS HOUSE-RENT FROM THE SUM RECEIVED FROM HIS SIX SUB-RENTERS

The Ward has a two-storey average, a four-storey limit, not by law of course, but by happen-so. It has also frequent lapses into old-time cottagehood. These little buildings are crowded together like chickencoops, "rear" dwellings being of common occurrence on lots, the total depth of which wouldn't exceed fifty feet. Some of these tiny two or three roomed dens house from ten to twenty people, though the east holds the palm with eighteen Bulgarians last winter discovered tenanting a single room whence the Health Department scattered them into others of the 600 unlicensed lodging houses, with which the city tries to contend. In these houses the Department says, there is some 3,000 excess population. But no convictions for overcrowding can at present be had, owing to house-famine. You can't turn the gregarious Greek and the blushless Bulgarian on to Yonge Street, and the jail is already hideously and unhygienically overcrowded.

Into this same poverty-belt the Health Department sends its seventeen nurses and its twenty sanitary inspectors. The Board of Education has in addition thirty-eight school nurses and twenty-one half time doctors, and there are twenty-five other graduates doing settlement work south of College. In the Ward alone, fourteen missions are keeping up the bread-line as well as throwing out the life-line, and the Downtown Churches Association, the University Settlement, the Evangelia and Central Neighborhood Houses are preaching a gospel of you-and-me, with broad brotherhood for the hyphens and a cake of soap as well as a tract for the armorial bearings.

But we ordinary mortals can't think in thousands, any more than we can spend in millions. Let's go to just one red-brick house, crosslots from the City Hall, and take it as a fair sample of the rest.

The nurse and the reporter pushed open the front door, nearly dislocating a baby buggy. They'd knocked, but the Jew lady who owned the late occupant and his carriage, was too busy washing to bother with doors. The hall was further adorned with an ash-tin and an old bicycle, the joy of Jakeyjew's young heart.

"Let's go to see old Mr. Peterson to begin with," said the nurse. "He's in the rear basement. The front one isn't occupied now, because the Health Department is putting in a drain."

The steps down which we walked cannily were so worn they looked as if gaunt poverty had taken bites out of them. They had been swept some time last month.

"Come in, come in," called a welcoming voice as we knocked at the back-basement door. "It ain't often as I have callers."

A little old man stood in the dim light that came from a window half underground. He was frail past caricature, and he had an old pipe in his mouth.

"Asthma and bronchitis, that's me," he whispered with a smile. "Haven't been able to work for three years, but the wife gets a bit now and then. Used to be a stonemason I did, but it's no use thinking of that now."

"Isn't this place bad for your throat?" the visitor asked.

"Sure it is," agreed Mr. Peterson, "but then you see the price is agreeable,—five dollars a month,—and if the bird can stand it I can."

That took the glance past the little old mason to his little old window where a canary like a sliver of sunlight hopped to and fro in a bright gilt cage.

"Sometimes I take him down and talk to him, and sometimes I talk to the cats," said the invalid. "Here you, Tom and Tim, where're you at ?"

He and the wife were both over seventy. No, they had no children. Yes, it was just one room, but they hadn't many things. Canadians they

KATHALEEN'S ONE-ROOM HOME IS TENANTED BY MRS. MCNAMARA. AS THE LESS SAID ABOUT HER THE BETTER

were, and the only real ones in the house.

"Take a drop? Of course he does," said the nurse. "What'd you expect? Did you notice the tomato-can view he had out of that window,—and nobody but animals to talk to."

The next floor of the house, the ground floor, boasted two carpetless, curtainless, but far from odorless rooms in which the Jew lady lived with her cheerfully increasing progeny. The father kept a wagon for hire, and augmented his earnings by the shrewdly calculated profit resulting when the rent paid the trust company for the whole house was deducted from the sum total received from the six subletters.

"She'll smile at you," said the nurse, "but it's got to stop there, for she doesn't talk English. It won't take the kidlets long, they're such preternaturally intelligent things; but she may never learn."

Past the second storey we climbed, past the padlocks on two doors that told of roomers out earning the rent, and then we struck the third storey stairs.

"For the love of Mike !" gasped the reporter. "They're clean !"

"Yes," said a thin little wisp of a sighing voice, "I asked the Lord for strength to clean 'em and I done it."

On the top step sat an old woman of whom nothing seemed alive but the restless dark eyes. She had her chin on her hand, and the fluff of her grey hair framed a face that might have been any age past the ones you believe in. She wouldn't have weighed a hundred pounds, and as she talked she shook and her voice shook and there wasn't a still thing about her but her indomitable soul.

"Mother of eight I was," she said, when she had recovered sufficient strength from the stairwashing to take us into her tiny dollar a week hole under the eaves. "Five died in one week with black diphtheria and then himself was run over. Yes, Miss, yes. But I come to Canada with two and I was strong. Many's the time down near Port Credit that I'd milk nine cows afore breakfast and the little girl holdin' tight 'round me neck. Then I'd go back and make porridge and work in the fields all day."

"And is she dead ?" the visitor asked softly.

The old eyes travelled wearily from the meager room, off somewhere past the slanting wall, through the single little window to the One Thing Left.

"I hope so, Miss," said the mother, who was sixty-eight and looked a hundred. "She went to New York. And I heard she'd died."

There was a boy left, though, and it was partly for his big, bonny sake that the woman married again.

"Good he was to me, good," she crooned, "he'd kiss me'n his stepfather goodbye so sure's the mornin' for him to go to work. Then the Boer war come, Miss. He was one of the first to enlist. But he never lived to be sent home. I don't mind just where he died, but he's buried out there. The other baby that was coming died too, and then after all Wilkins died, Miss, and now there's no one but me, a widow eight years."

THE OLD TRAGEDY OF POVERTY AND DRINK, PUZZLING TO WISER HEADS THAN THE CHILDREN'S

"Do you get out much ?" the reporter asked, noticing that the window showed tree branches and a patch of sky, but none of the cheerful sidewalk scenes that old folks love.

"No, Miss, I ain't got the strength. I get weak-like in the back. But I've a neighbor as does a bit of buying for me now and then, and the City Nurse, she's an angel of God if there ever was one, she brings me tea and sugar an' the like o' that. Yesterday I scrubbed this floor and to-day I did them stairs like you seen and to-morrow I'll black the stove. The good Lord gives me strength enough for that."

Why doesn't she go to the House of Providence, you ask, and join the five hundred others who have outlived Wilkins and the eight ? Because there's just one thing she hasn't outlived in all the round of human possibility and that's the pleasure of dropping inch by inch to her creaking knees and washing up her own floor. She craves above all things that when Death comes, whom she doesn't in the least fear, he may stand for her at the end of her own featherbed, between herself and the bent old stovepipe, "that smokes, Miss, that cruel," the pipe that is to her the pipe of peace because it means home.

We got her talking about the rest of the folk in the house, the folk that hadn't prayed for strength to scrub the stairway and thoughtlessly dirtied it when it was clean. There was the young Scot next door to her, another dollar-a-weeker, drunk every night, but a good boy to work when he's on the boats. One night not long ago he brought Mrs. Wilkins a glass of the beer which she hates and dreads. She threw it back at him. But now she's sorry, "for no doubt it was kindly meant and him drunk and all."

On the other side is the old Irish railway crossingman whose two dollars a day puts him blissfully beyond, by eight o'clock each night. Mrs. Wilkins detests him, though she's Irish herself, because he's bad for the Scotch boy and worse still for the mother of "Kathaleen," who owned one of the rooms downstairs.

Kathaleen is four, and Georgie is six, and Fred is eight, and Millie is ten, and God Almighty alone knows how they should be registered. Their mother has had so many names that Mrs. Wilkins can't keep track. A few months ago she got the Reforma-

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I THOUGHT SHE WAS NO END LOVELY TO LOOK AT

# In the Wake of the Titanic

## By James Church Alvord

*Author of "The Sins of the Mothers," "Men of Labrador," etc.*

Illustrated by Ruth Bingham

OUT from the mist of the morning something shaped itself; at first a monotone in the smother of the spindrift, it ramped up from the gray-green sea at last, a bold coast-line with icebergs stranded along its rim. Its basaltic boulders were beaten by the storms of aeons into the rough-hewn battlements of giants.

"Why, it's Makkovik Island," breathed a voice at my elbow and I switched around, almost crossly, towards the girl.

A man with a risk on hand has no business bothering with a woman—I had 'em both. The sea had flung *her* at me. Coming up in my wee chartered steamer, the Curlew, I had steered around the sides of Newfoundland on the Atlantic liner track; for a man with a secret mustn't look secretive. Then, just as the starlight bleached into the dawn, we bumped one night into a mass of floating objects, deck-chairs, stools, half-a-dozen buoyed-up bodies. One of these, encased mummy-like in a thick Arctic sleeping-bag, was a girl—alive. Nothing could have been more inopportune for our adventure.

Cruising around, we waited for daybreak, until mighty steamers slamming down the horizon frightened us and we fled, girl and all, through the icebergs towards the north. For two days the young woman lay half-conscious, but on the third told us of the wreck of the Titanic. She was an orphan, had just returned from a hunting trip in Northern Russia, and didn't worry about delay. That she guessed we had a secret was obvious, that it didn't interest her, even more so. She fraternized heartily with our crew, more a lad than a girl anyhow, handsome too in a frank, violet-eyed sort of way.

"Cross?" she chortled. "Come now, it's going to be sunny for a wonder in this land o' th' weeps; while Makkovik isn't gay there's salmon in her one river. I know the marconi-man over there, and he's civilized. Labrador isn't half so bleak as she's painted."

With red cap thrust back on her golden-brown hair, a scarlet bit of flimsy silkiness fluttering from her throat, she stood gayly out from the grim coast-line, even the icebergs—there were plenty of 'em, God knows,—warming up a bit at her smile. I thawed down to a swift melt, though I didn't intend to show it.

"Cross?" My snarl didn't come off as snappily as it might. "I'm crazy. Fate's beat me to a frazzle. That *is* Makkovik; you *don't* know the operator there; I must communicate with him; and the only man on board who knows the coast or can run my baby-wave-tosser up yonder, is loony with fever in my cabin—and —and— O, hell! Excuse me, but it *is* hell."

"Come!" She laid a comradelike hand across my arm. "Trust me! Tell me what you're up to. If it's honest, I'm yours heart and brain; if it isn't —I'll—I'll remember what I owe you. That's—everything." She puckered up her brows whimsically, but her lip corners drew down.

I was twenty-three years old—she was no end lovely to look at—I should have left her at some fishing-village long ago—perhaps I'm a bit of a fool—I told her.

There'd been a ball-up over father's marriage. He'd been wived and divorced before; so that in Boston, where we'd lived since our birth, he was married; in Canada, where he held his citizenship, he wasn't—to mother. He'd put his fortune into a fur-trip up Labrador-way, spent six breathless years in that fog-decorated wilderness, returned laden with skins, immensely rich for us, reached Makkovik Island—and died. After two years Rolly and I had grown weary of the laws' delays, of being called illegitimate, and had come up to grab our furs. Once back in the United States they'd be ours. Roland was on Makkovik as the wireless man, had held down the job for a month. I must tell him I'd arrived and I couldn't.

"It isn't exactly honest——"

"Honest?" snorted I. "I guess he was my dad, and Rolly's; and there isn't a guy nearer'n second and third cousins grabbin' at 'em up here; one of those seconds is private secretary to the Premier—what do you know about that? Rolly's occupying the marconi-station hasn't a thing on it for pulling wires behind the throne."

Her comic wrinkles came and went, quick as a conjuror's magic bunch of roses. She laughed frankly out into the sunshine.

"I can marconi," she confessed.

"The devil," bawled I—and apologized.

I landed behind the Esquimaux village, while the gawky things dawdled out of their huts to gape at me, not a spark of intelligence flitting across their faces. They didn't even know enough to tell. I crawled up to the peak of the ridge, gingerly, slipping more than once into quagmires beneath the quaking sphagnum moss, jeering at myself over every soaking. I *was* green at the business. At last I peeked over.

Below stretched the island, covered with a thin pessimistic vegetation, mostly moss and ferns with a scattering of wan blossoms; in the ravines a few disgruntled trees huddled from the blasts, the highest not two feet tall though houghed and wizened with age; a few rods down the hill quivered the towering pole of the station beside its grim granite hut; further off by the harbor a barracks stretched its white length, the storage of the furs.

Before this building a soldier paced back and forth, humming gayly to himself as the sunlight sifted through the fog and the great bergs began to sparkle and dazzle with the day, a blythe bold lad. Just in the jaws of the harbor a slim grayish craft rose and fell on the surge. Guns bristling along her sides, her nose heavy with its ice-smasher, she lay low on the tide, a few white-clad forms bustling about her here and there, a wireless web of wires twanging to the breeze amid her masts. She was our enemy, the policeman of these rude coasts.

Startlingly clear in the stillness an alarm clock, a cheap dollar affair, burr-r-ed out its cry to wake and work. Immediately Rolly, very visible in his pink pajamas, appeared at the window, yawning and stretching himself. It was seven o'clock and the thirtieth of July. We'd agreed, Rolly and I, that on the last three days of July he'd listen ten minutes, on the strike of every hour, from eight in the morning to midnight. I scurried back.

Marcia Lane could marconigraph—it wasn't brag.

Whirling into the stool with an adorable little air of business, she tossed off her girlishness for a boy's absorption in his task, dropped her hand across the switch like any old timer, revolved its shimmering edge along the contact points, and puckered up her forehead to listen intently at the buzzers over her ears. In a moment she flashed her eyes into mine, shaking a merry head; nobody was calling. She flung herself into the game, a high-school boy with a new prank on the principal couldn't have grinned over it more rapturously—it was all fun to her. I smiled back bitterly, for to me it was business; the honor of my mother's name clamored that I obtain my inheritance lawfully or unlawfully.

The girl grabbed the antennae; slowly her slim hand ridged with set muscles felt with the rheostat from one contact to another, her fingers quivered over the keys. A moment later she was howling through space her breathless call for succor.

"S. O. S." she wailed, "S. O. S."; reversed and waited.

Five minutes afterwards she reached up and clasped the receivers around my head; they droned like gnats on an August noon.

"Your brother's taken it up," chuckled the girl. "He's bawling 'S. O. S.' in a way to make this little tuning-fork ashamed of itself. He'll fool 'em to the top of the Arctic Circle—whew!" She snatched the whirring tubes from my ears.

"They're responding," she whispered as though somebody might hear, "beginning to suggest other boats. There aren't any others; they'll have to go themselves. Gee, he's telling 'em he's struck an iceberg thirty miles north—can't hold out more'n five hours longer—that he's the Virginia Lake—the Virginia Lake runs 'way up, you know—ah-h-h!" She began to beat out a tune on the floor with impatient feet. After the first line I recognized the song, it was "Tramp—tramp—tramp." When she started in again it was with a quotation from its wild hurrah.

"They're at it—marching. We'll be, too, in an hour's time. He's a clever young scamp—the brother!"

"He's not a scamp," stormed I. "Those furs——"

She shook a solemn head and was all business in a jiffy. "Now he's sent the Vampire on her fool-errand, it's time to slam things. I know this island well, our hunting party was marooned on it last summer for five weeks, and there's a gully through which a hundred men could ambush up to the back door of that storage shack; I'll take the boys there, while you rush the brother. Skip!" She danced up and down with excitement, the lad of a girl.

Within the hour a blubbering toot echoing down the harbor-bluffs announced that the Vampire had started to rescue that mythical shipwreck, thirty miles north. A salute of popping muskets followed and we stilled down to work; for the only real danger had lain in the possibility that the operator on the Virginia Lake might intercept his own supposed howl for help and tell the truth. Evidently Rolly had the fellow fixed. He's sharp—Rolly. That's why he had come to Makkovik; for I'm direct, blunt, none too secretive. Rolly would never have told Marcia. I had. Allowing time for a clean get-away we landed, the girl smuggling her thirty men down the ravine, I creeping through the sloppy sphagnum towards the station. The sentry had changed his rag-time ballad to a shrill whistle concerning some objectionable individual who'd kicked his dawg aroun'.

Rolly loitered to the storage, jollied out a couple more soldiers, joined the refrain with sung words—the set signal—and we rushed the regiment of six. All the rest of that day we packed and dumped and stowed away. By six the furs were stored, the barn of a building empty, as without toot of whistle we stole down the bay. From the shore those desolate boys in khaki waved us a none-too-cordial farewell; behind, a group of greasy-skinned natives gaped and grinned, not yet realizing what we were about. At the end of a week dim glimmerings might penetrate their fat intelligences. We had saved our inheritance.

Trippingly Rolly and I, with the girl between us, danced a mad fandango on the deck, while my sailors whistled an accompaniment. Marcia had never looked so charming as in this hour of abandon and I—well—I—to be frank—I wished Rolly a shade less splendid in his dark, romantic way. I'm tow-headed and big-nosed. Rolly was forever joshing me about it.

"You and I don't look a bit alike, Rob," he'd mock, rolling his handsome eyes mischievously, "if we are twins. I'm handsome and you're not, decidedly

"WHAT DOES HE SAY?" ASKED [illegible] "HAVE YOU THE SAME ROW AND I?" SHE TRANSLATED, AND BIT HER LIP AND FROWNED AND SMILED WITH AMUSEMENT

so, decidedly not." It wouldn't have cut so deuced deep if it hadn't been so deuced true.

All that night, under a serene sky, we coasted the black headlands, running an even eight knots and making a fuss about it worthy of a better speed. Through the next day's pallid glory we ran, without sign of pursuit, past mimic castle and lonesome island, through screeching flocks of sea-birds, past huge rivers which flung themselves bodily over the escarpment, smashing down into the surge. The next day—the next—the next, we sailed on into the dim ocean. At times gaunt villages on the shore peopled their wharfs, once a church-bell tolled out in warning of our arrival, always the icebergs glittered everywhere with translucent greens and blues and flashes of rose. On the afternoon of the fifth day the fog swept in, a real Labrador affair, soaking as a shower-bath, penetrating, chilled by the ice-laden air. In great-coat and sweater I shivered on the bridge. The voices of Marcia and Rolly chattered up from an open port-hole.

Out from the haze a voice hailed us. "Have ye seen th' Vampire, Cap'n ?" it clamored anxiously.

From my perch, looking into the dirty smack, I recognized an "egger," those pirates of the Newfoundland straits. Drifting about these islands, they land, smash every sea-bird's egg discoverable, then return in a week to grab all the fresh laying of the undiscouraged fowls. Even the Newfoundland government, careless as it is of its wealth, keeps this police boat to deal with such lawless vagabonds.

"No," shouted I gruffly, for I liked their business none too well, "She's somewhere up along."

The voice cried thanks and was lost as we, slowing down speed, limped through the darkening day. Less than an hour later, a murmur rather than a sound, there floated to us the "boom—boom—boom," of a cannon bawling, "Halt !"

We were followed.

The eggers would delay that Vampire no more than forty minutes. Through the wool-pack we rushed, at our reckless eight knots, while our engineer cursed the engine and the engine cursed the coal. It was half-clay, every spoonful of it. The shore became a blurr on the vapour, the sea invisible beyond the first two rods, the churn of the water at our prow a dim uncertainty. Around us the only sound was the panting of our engine, the dive of our nose through the waves. I didn't know the coast—Rolly didn't. The voices of the merry couple below had ceased their laughter, though the girl was speaking in hurried anxious tones, urging something on Rolly which he repulsed with a boy's lordly brag.

Then out from the silence came the clang of a bell, a warning for fisher folk to be up and to aid. The only bell around was on the church-tower at Chateau. The Vampire was searching her commodious harbor for us; but the clangor was near. So was the Vampire.

A scurry of pattering feet skipped up to my nest, a girl's face peeked around the canvas spread, a voice whispered imperatively. "We must attempt the tickle at Henly Harbor; it's our one hope, for we'll wreck out here. Can you do the trick ? The Vampire's sneaked to shelter, see ?"

I glowered at her through the slather of the fog. "Then it's poverty and prison for mine," I growled. "Well, I came up prepared to swallow my medicine and ask no questions for the plunder's sake."

"I know Henly Harbor," declared this wonder of a girl. "Port, hard-a-port," she commanded at the man below. But she called her orders softly, picking a cautious way through the fog, slowing down to the danger limit, peering through the opaqueness of the gloom. White ghosts loomed up on either side of the Curlew, or poked out of the obscurity ahead; then her voice rang with a smothered sharpness; but generally we jogged—jogged—jogged, with a laziness well-nigh intolerable to my thrilling nerves. When the down-swooping darkness all about assured us that day was closing in at last, suddenly something big and black, a gargantuan cliff, stood up beside us and we prepared to anchor. The girl had carried us through that tortuous tickle without a bump.

"Gee, you've the eyes of a cat," I chuckled.

"I know the place," she answered simply and started to run us over to the further outlet of the Harbor, a queer side-backing bung-hole of an escape, requiring the skilled tactics of a country horse on a mountain road; but that pass was blocked by a stranded berg, swinging in the rip of the tide. Marcia gave a gasp.

"We've foes before and foes behind," she jeered with her plucky boy's soul a-thrill with determination.

Rolly loafed up to the bridge, his hands stuck deep into his pockets, his head tossed back in his superior way. He is irritating at times.

"Pretty well for a girl," he applauded patronizingly.

Her violet eyes snapped, as I'd never suspected they could, her cheeks flushed scarlet. "Girl, or no girl," she stormed, "'twas something you couldn't do, Mr. Director-of-the-Universe." In a moment she was her own jolly self.

"You did a man's job," cried I, "you're a hustler." At that she blazed, looking Rolly deep into the eyes with a mad young triumph.

Gradually a noise entered and suffused the harbor; the puff of an engine, the quaver of water around a splurging prow, then the shout of men's voices, neither hushed nor abashed, then the glare of a line of lights whose shimmer penetrated the haze. Then with rattle of chain and bawl of gruff orders, the Vampire took her position directly across the mouth of that narrow inlet; her officers, evidently unsuspicious of our presence, had hemmed us in between the iceberg, huge and solid, and the corked up bottle-mouth of their tickle. We sat disconsolately, the whole gang, waiting for day and discovery. Even Marcia failed to smile beneath the flicker of a lantern hung up on the far side of our ship from theirs.

As the night wore on the tide swept in, beaten by a following wind, until the gaunt bluffs in front of us grumbled through the darkness. The spray from the slash of the waters over the berg slathered across my face every time I poked my nose around the door-post, while the monstrous mountain of ice lifted, rattled, grated against the bottom of the harbor. A lessening blackness, at last, began to hint at dawn, not real light, only a foreboding of morning in which we could discern the white fury of the breakers, the phantasm of an iceberg, the dim smudge of the near-by ship. Silently we three stepped out into the cold crepuscule of the daybreak, while the wind swept the mist inland, ghostly, tossing banners.

Then something happened.

As the tide had risen the croaks of that swung berg, thumped and thrashed by the inroaring flood, had intensified, the mass even seemed to move, imperceptibly almost, a quarter-inch at a jump. But, as we watched, hopelessly dawdling, a mighty comber, a mass of black water on an inky sea, strewn with white wreaths as the escarpment cut its surface on either side, swept thunderously through that crooked inlet. The berg lifted with a groan, staggered at its moorings, and toppled over. For a second it hung suspended; then, as clever as some prize diver, turned a summersault in the brine. As it went brawling over in a slather of spume, a howl of mad waves, another sound, sharp and distinct as the crack of a battery, shrieked through the morning and the monster split into three hulks, each rising instantly nearer towards the surface. They hesitated, freed from the rock-bed beneath, then each in turn was gripped by the impetus of the flood

and went pirouetting off into the harbor. A milky-way of shattered ice strewed the ocean, then it also danced away into the depths of the bay.

A morose voice shouted from the half-seen Vampire, "What's that everlastin' racket out there ?"

A joyous Irish voice answered, soothingly as a mother coddling over her child, "Sure an' it's wan o' thim icebergs a-breakin' up."

"Is that all—the deuce of a row," snapped the first.

"Aye, aye—that's all," comforted the second.

Leaning against the pilot house Marcia gave her orders in a whisper as we stole out into the opalescence of the dawn, free from that trap at least, the noise of our going smothered in the smash of the breakers.

All that morning we steamed sturdily ahead. Our start at three had given us an immense handicap over a craft which made two knots to our one; but at noon Marcia called a council. We must hide, was the verdict. Bowling along through the sunny day for half-an-hour more we passed no hamlets, not even a fishing smack; then the girl pointed us blank at the solid sea-wall, reddish-brown of color, pillared like the palisades of the Hudson, crackless. But, as we drew nearer, the escarpment dragged apart like some theatre-curtain, until the flash and rumble of a waterfall inside proclaimed a harbor, a screen of rocks about a tiny pool of ocean water at the foot of a cascade. Our pot-bellied craft just wedged itself into the turbulent pool, cast anchor, drew the fires, and lay silent. Marcia, Rolly, and I, with a dozen others, clambered to the top of the headland and lay on the cushioning moss, as pale-faced as gamblers around a faro-table. This was our gamble. Even Marcia breathed in gasps.

At half-past-three a trail of smoke along the horizon ushered in another actor to our theatre-scene. Slowly she budged up, masts and marconi, then smokestack, then indistinguishable body painted the gray-green of the sea. Driven at full speed, rocking on the pitch of the waves, the slim creature swept by, nose-down in the chase, steering on towards the coast of Maine and our supposed escape. Silent, magnificent, speckled with spidery forms of humans, she passed the crack in our cliff and, hull first, then smoke stack, then masts and marconi, faded as a dull smudge off from the sky-line.

"Pretty well for a girl," triumphed Rolly, but this time his voice was hot with admiration. The boyish face incarnadined with pleasure.

"You think so?" said she demurely.

HER FACE BECAME ALL ONE PUZZLE AT MY WORDS, AND THEN SUDDENLY SHE UNDERSTOOD AND WAS GIRLISH AND BLUSHING AND EXCEEDINGLY SWEET TO LOOK UPON

"Oh, I'm converted all right," he laughed.

She glanced at me, raising her inquiring brows at my silent observation.

"You're a topper," declared I; but she turned to meet my eyes soberly and her own asked some question I couldn't unriddle. She did not smile; at first that hurt and then, strangely, made me very glad.

A slithering rain welcomed us into Lubec harbor six days later. It had been drizzle and downpour all the way; so that seemed natural and, considering what awaited us, only too welcome as we poked a cautious nose along the coast of Campo Bello, tremulous with the sight of the desired goal.

There lay the Vampire, at the end of the island, just beside the boundaries she might not cross. An ashen snake, heavy snout turned towards our coming, she snooped over the ocean, venomous, determined; but she didn't scent us soon enough by a good quarter of an hour. It may have been the sputter of that drenching; or the American flag we unlawfully flew; or that she'd obtained no exact description of us; or that we were just ornery-looking; anyhow we were close to the boundary line before she leapt to action. Her first spluttering shot spit across our prow, kicked up a splash diving through a wave, kicked up another, and was gone. We looked into each others' eyes, we three, with faces as dismal as the drip-drip of the storm.

"We're all down and out now," squawked Rolly.

I groaned and turned to see how Marcia took this licking. She wasn't taking it but had glued her glances on some bulky phantom emerging from the dimness; in a moment we all saw it, a mighty ship, painted white, plunging across the harbor towards Lubec. It was the Boston steamer making port.

"Oh," cheered the girl and clapped her hands, "she'll save us, she will—she will !"

Into the marconi-room she tore, Rolly and I at her skirts, and in an instant her "S. O. S." purred through the air. Twice she called; reversed and listened.

Continued on page 216.

# The King's Highway

## BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE WORK OF THE CANADIAN HIGHWAYS ASSOCIATION, AND THE GOOD ROADS MOVEMENT IN THE WEST

By P. W. Luce

Illustrated from Photographs

THE diamond-shaped board of the Pacific Highway marks an established thoroughfare north and south along America's western border for more than two thousand miles, and a mapped road stretching over four thousand miles more. The motorist who swings his car out of Vancouver, and heads it south, may travel, the gods of good luck and gasoline permitting, to Tia Juana on the Mexican border without a break, and some day may pause only at Cape Horn.

Those who see visions prophesy a like highway east and west across the Dominion —a hard any-weather road with the Pacific lapping at its western end and the fogs of Halifax misting it on the east,—a huge artery throbbing with a stream of traffic along its four thousand miles, and feeding countless veins of provincial roads not only connecting our cities, but drawing farm up to farm, linking farm to railway, and establishing a gigantic system of inter-communication that will make alike for education, for commerce, and for development.

A country is no more advanced than its highways. The casual observer may have the vague idea that where a country is so traversed by railways as Canada, roads become a less important matter. On the contrary, they are vastly more important. Bad roads interfere with the march of business. The interference is seen in an irregular distribution of food products for instance—and a nation keeps up and at it by feeding, just as an army travels on its stomach. The result is that some consumers must go without accustomed articles, while other consumers must perforce pay higher prices. The farmer suffers loss because he cannot get the products of his labor to market. The retailer loses his usual profit because he does not have the stuff to sell. The railways and railway employees suffer. In the rush to move crops every year the railways are driven to desperation.

For a few weeks the companies are called upon to furnish more cars than they can possibly mass at the necessary points. They are required to produce from their hip pockets enough locomotives to haul these cars—for a few weeks—and as far as the farmer is concerned, the locomotives and rolling stock may lie idle the rest of the year so long as he gets his wheat moved when he wants it. Trainmen are called upon to do double stunts. Too much strain of this kind is responsible, often, for trains piling up in the ditch. And right in the middle of this tug and strain the bottom drops out of the country roads, and the railways are left with more cars and more men than they can use. Instead of a regular and even movement of freight, it is irregular and spasmodic, which makes an increased cost of operation and maintenance, and a necessarily higher rate of transportation.

THE OLD YALE ROAD
Built in the early days of British Columbia for the goldseekers, and now an important part of the highway through the mountains from Calgary to the Pacific

Mr. F. A. Delano, president of the Wabash railroad, put this aspect of the case succinctly in a bulletin of the Farmers' Good Roads League.

"You have no idea to what extent bad roads affect railway traffice. We notice the fluctuations of business from week to week. The falling off due to bad roads is often as high as fifty per cent. of the business received at country stations. In the rush of the crop moving season the railways are generally so swamped with business that an adequate equipment and prompt service is difficult, if not impossible."

This, mind you, in an old, settled country largely devoted to mixed farming—Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Iowa, Ohio, Michigan. How much truer it is in our own west, where wheat is still the chief crop, supplemented by other grains that are ready for market at practically the same time.

Uniformly good roads over the country would prolong the crop moving season, thereby not only relieving the traffic congestion, but the financial situation as well. With good roads and equalization of the traffic, the railways could furnish better facilities to their patrons with ten to twenty per cent. less car equipment than at present.

Bad roads make bad business all around. The wholesaler depends on the country trade for business. The country retail dealer depends on the farmer. We are never to forget that the farmer is the backbone of the country—write that on the tablet of your memory. The farmer is still the backbone of the country, and always will be. With bad roads he cannot bring his stuff to town, or come to market to buy. He skimps until he can get to town. He doesn't grow any more crop than he can haul to market. It all comes to the point that the farmer buys less—the

retailer sells less—the wholesaler does less business—and the anxious city housewife wonders why eggs go soaring to forty-two cents a dozen. There isn't an interest in the whole country that is untouched by this condition.

Let us look for a minute at some interesting figures on traffic collected by the Illinois Highway Commission, as to the effect of road conditions on highway traffic. Observations were made at seventy-two well distributed points in the state, and the actual number of vehicles passing upon given days was recorded. Travel over hard —that is, "made"—roads was fairly uniform during the entire year. But travel on earth roads during bad weather was notably restricted.

The Clear Lake earth road leading into Springfield, the state capital, showed an average traffic of 65½ vehicles per day in March. In June and July, the average was 389 vehicles per day. Something of a difference ! At Peoria on corresponding days, the traffic over the "made" road showed in March an average traffic of 166 vehicles and an average traffic in June and July of 153. In other words, at the season when earth roads were a wallow of greasy clay, the made road was in good condition and drew an even greater amount of traffic than in summer when the earth roads were travelable. At Champaign, observations on the Tolono earth road showed an average for January, February and March of 63 vehicles as against 200 in September and October. The count at Decatur over a gravel road was 240 in March and April, and 278 in July and August. Tab kept on the earth road at Sullivan for January, February and March gave 54 vehicles, and for August and September 316. At Elgin on a hard road the count showed 166 in March and an average in July and August of 154. When the count was taken at Effingham, the earth road showed 109 for March and April, and 399 for August and September. A Centralia earth road showed 28 in March and 187 in June.

Now Illinois isn't peculiar in its problems. Much the same conditions confront the Ontario or Manitoba farmer that confront the man of the corn belt. It is a general fact that people won't travel bad roads any more than is absolutely necessary, and it's a corollary of that proposition that in a country of good roads farmers live better, dress better, go out more, buy more, own more automobiles and use them more, have a higher average of education, and are better spenders. Good roads mean more inter-communication; and more inter-communication means a more intelligent and prosperous coummnity.

Let us quote from a speech made last year by W. A. McLean, chief engineer of highways for the province of Ontario.

ON THE PACIFIC HIGHWAY
Notice the signpost, erected by the Westminster Automobile Club, with salmon and automobile wheel crest

"The creation of a thorough and efficient system of highway construction and maintenance is a task which in the Canadian Province is being actively considered and dealt with. While some satisfactory progress has been made, measures of the present time are those of the formative stage. Evolution rather than revolution has been the history of legislation for good roads in Canada. . . Under the British North American Act, legislation regarding public roads and municipal organizations is within the authority of the Provinces, although the Dominion Government has power to subsidize road construction. Up to the present time, Canadian road systems have been without enormous governmental appropriations, and construction has been of a comparatively inexpensive type. Canada has sought to build as substantially as necessary for present requirements and to establish a policy of maintenance that will thicken and widen the road crust as travel requires."

This policy is one, he points out further, that will steadily increase the road mileage of the country, without piling up any vast debts for the future generations to pay off.

Thus the matter of good roads while it may be fostered, subsidized and encouraged by the Dominion Government, is really "up to" the provinces. Let us look for a moment at what they have done.

In the ten years ending with December, 1911, the province of British Columbia has spent some $15,000,000 on roads and bridges, and in the three years of 1912-13-14 the expenditure of an equal amount is outlined. A special fund for the construction of trunk roads is being spent at the rate of $5,000,000 annually, under the Department of Public Works.

Saskatchewan and Alberta, while they have to deal with no such problem of mountain and forest and turbulent stream as our Pacific province, have a bigger volume of traffic for which to care. Each province has a provincial highway department, and each is drawing largely on its resources for road expenditures. In Saskatchewan a special appropriation of $5,000,000 for trunk roads was set aside by the legislature in 1912, of which $1,500,000 was to be spent in 1912-13, in addition to the usual appropriation of $400,000 from current revenue. In the same year Alberta made a special grant of $1,000,000 for the construction of a trunk road from north to south, in addition to the usual sum of $250,000 from current revenue.

Manitoba has a provincial highway commissioner, whose duties are largely educational. In 1912 it set aside $2,000,000 annually for provincial roads.

The municipalities of Old Ontario are spending yearly about 1,100,000 days of statute labor, and $1,400,000 in cash on roads. In New Ontario the provincial government spent in 1912 about $850,000 on colonization roads and $250,000 for bridges. Quebec is active in good roads work. New Brunswick has an appropriation set aside for highways. Nova Scotia is actively engaged in road construction and improvement. Prince Edward Island is the least progressive, and has even recently prohibited the operation of automobiles

Continued on page 211.

# THE WOMAN OF IT

## By Alan Adair

*Author of* "THE APOSTACY OF JULIAN FULKE," "JOAN," *etc.*

*Illustrated by Katherine Southwick*

SYNOPSIS.

This novel of English society opens with a prologue showing Robert Sinclair as a boy in Rome. He angers his father, a cashiered captain, by wanting to become a singer, and is brutally beaten. Mother and son leave Rome that night, the boy regretting only his parting with his playmate, Denzil Merton.

The scene changes to London. Lord Merton is giving a box party at the opera for the family of a Canadian railway man, with whose daughter, Valerie Monro, he is deeply in love. When the new tenor who is to make his premier in the role of the Knight Lohengrin comes on, Merton recognizes him as his boyhood friend, Robert Sinclair. Valerie is strangely impressed by the tenor but chides herself for being as silly about him as the other women of the party. Merton tells her he is going to call on Sinclair the next day.

### CHAPTER IV.

"He isn't very sumptuously lodged," reflected Denzil as he followed a servant along the corridor. She knocked at a door and left him, without a word.

"Come in !" cried an English voice in response to the knock.

The room was a long one, well-lighted, bare-floored except for a few rugs here and there. A grand piano stood in its centre, and with a writing table and two or three deep armchairs completed the furnishings. Over the mantel-shelf hung a painting of a woman of middle age, yellow-haired, blue-eyed and with a look both repressed and sad. Beside this stood some little terra-cotta statuettes, and in one corner of the room was a marble bust, evidently of the same woman and giving in its rigidity even a greater impression of suffering. A number of flowering plants gleamed in the morning sun; and in one of the deep armchairs Robert Sinclair's golden head shone in the sunlight too. He did not look up, as Denzil entered, but spoke in a level, business-like voice.

"You're late."

"I think not," responded Denzil, with some amusement. Instantly Sinclair rose.

"I beg your pardon," he apologized. "I expected the fencing-man."

Denzil laughed aloud. "I'll not fence with you, Bob," he said gaily, and at his laughter, Sinclair knew him.

"Denzil ! by George !" he exclaimed, with both hands quickly out. "My dear fellow ! It *is* you, isn't it ? You haven't altered in the least."

"I can say that of you with truth," Denzil smiled. "You are only more so."

"I thought I saw you in that box last night—but then I have thought more than once that I had found you again, and decided it was only fancy. It was a tremendously pretty girl you had beside you."

"The most beautiful girl in the world," said Denzil soberly.

"So ?" Sinclair raised his eyebrows with a foreign air. "You've found her already ?"

"Yes, I have found her already. But she is only the woman I love, not the woman who loves me."

Sinclair smiled. Women had always been easy for him. His handsome head and well-knit figure attracted them; the romance of his profession added glamour. But, even if he had been a bricklayer, he would have drawn them to him, for he had that indefinable charm of personality which atones with a smile for many wrongs, and paying lightly for friendship, reckons it lightly worth.

"That will come," he said easily. "Only don't let her be too sure of you, and you can commit any other crime in the calendar. No woman who knew you could refuse to adore you, Denzil."

The little man shook his head.

"Plenty of them have—or at least they have been amazingly capable of concealing a hopeless passion. If I were a head taller—"

"Bosh !" said Sinclair.

"They must have loved you," said Denzil reflectively. "I always did when I was a youngster in Rome. Lord ! how splendid I thought you ! When I saw you last night on the stage it occurred to me to remember that old hero-worship, and it seemed not unfitting that I should find you glittering in armour."

"And strutting about a stage,' added Sinclair with a laugh. "Denzil did I do well ?"

"Splendidly. I thought the same of you last night that I used to think in Rome."

"That goes to a mummer's heart," rejoined Sinclair. "But tell me what has happened to you in all these years."

"There is nothing to tell. They sent me to Eton where I did a little rowing. Then they sent me to Oxford, where I did less. Since then, I have just gone about doing nothing and being very busy about it. My great-grandfather did everything to the estate that could be done, and all I have to look after is keeping the hedges trimmed and the woods cleared out, and the kitchen-garden growing; and the head-gardener knows vastly more about all that than I do. My father, you know, died."

"But you have your mother ?"

"Yes. She will be delighted to know I have found you again. You must come to see her."

But Sinclair was looking off into the vista of the bright street with sober eyes. "*She* died just before I made my first success," he said. "That's the one thing I can't square up in life. It would have made her so happy."

"Tell me what happened that made

you leave us so suddenly," said Denzil. "We missed you sorely, and never knew why you went away."

The singer's face darkened.

"Did you know anything about us ?" he asked.

"Nothing for certain. But I had an idea that your father was—difficult."

"He was. He was more than that. He made life impossible for my mother, and the very day I saw you last my mother cut free from him. She ought to have done it long before. She was the breadwinner and the backbone of the family."

He paused for a moment, remembering the days in the Roman garret.

"He beat me, that day, and lamed me. That night we went to Florence together, mother and I. We lived there, and she earned money by modelling. Till the day of her death she sent my father money."

"That is a good portrait of her," said Denzil, looking at the painting above the mantel. "I remember her so well—her fair hair and slender hands so bright in contrast to her dark blouse, and her smile."

"It was done by one of the fellows in Florence. At least I've that to remember her by. Well—when I was sixteen we went to Milan, and I worked at voice—I always could sing, you know."

Denzil nodded, his eyes bright.

"We were very happy together. I think it was the only happy time in her life. She used to glory in my little tuppence-ha' penny student triumphs, and I grew more and more immersed in my work. I didn't realize how frail she was growing. I was to sing first at La Scala, and one night I came home to her with the news that I had a part there." He broke off, his forehead knotted with pain; and then continued with an effort, "We talked late about it. She was to sit quite in front and was to look at me to give me courage—it's nervous work at first, you know—and then we talked of my costume. When I sent her to bed at last I said that I was a brute to keep her talking so late, and she said—I've never forgotten her voice or her look as she said it—'It's been splendid ! I have never been so happy since the day your father told me he loved me.' And I kissed her—and next morning when I went into her room she was dead. Denzil, I thought I should never sing again."

He went over to the piano, and sitting down struck a few aimless chords. Denzil said nothing. In the moments of strong feeling there is never anything to say. But Sinclair was not the sort to give way to emotion for more than a moment.

"Oh, I had to come out, of course, nd I succeeded. That's all old stuff a now. This year I came to England, and Denzil—" he turned around with a boy's eyes suddenly laughing out of his handsome face—"do you know what I want most to do ? I want most awfully to go to Lord's and have a rattling good game of cricket."

"That's easy," laughed Denzil, glad of the released tension. "Come with me—but I suppose you've loads of friends, already."

"Not friends—invitations to dinners and requests that I sing for Lady Thingumbob's tea-fight—look at 'em ! What would you do if you had all those ?"

"I should throw them in the fire," decided Denzil, for the pile indeed seemed formidable.

"I do the society lion to the king's taste," declared Sinclair. "I roar as gently as any sucking dove, and the honorable Misses and Lady Maudes and young matrons all either tell me how wonderful I must feel when I sing so magnificently, or take the sporty tack and ask me if I don't find singin' a rotten bore ? Probably I'll meet your peerless she some day."

"The peerless she is already quite interested in you," said Denzil simply. "At least she was much interested when I told her I thought I knew you."

"That doesn't necessarily imply that she would care to meet me."

"She would be very foolish if she didn't find you interesting—and she isn't foolish."

"DENZIL ! BY GEORGE !" HE EXCLAIMED, JUMPING UP. "MY DEAR FELLOW ! IT IS YOU, ISN'T IT ?"

"Probably she wouldn't care about the real Sinclair at all," disclaimed Robert. "The stage hero, all glitter and tin armour and tenor, is what most of them expect. Poor, silly little souls! They don't mean an ounce of harm, but they do write such foolish letters. Once in awhile, too, among the grass-hoppers you find a serpent."

"Miss Monro is not the letter-writing sort."

"No, she doesn't look like it. That is why I doubted her interest in meeting a singer."

"Her mother would like to know a fashionable singer at least. And, though I cannot answer for her, I think she would like to know you. Her father is quite delightful—a western man. And that reminds me, Bob—chuck the fencing master, and come along with me to see my mother. No, you needn't dress. Come just as you are and lunch with us."

"I have half a mind to do it," said Sinclair, rising.

"Have a whole mind, and come along."

"All right. Wait a second till I change my coat."

"You don't have a valet?"

"No. Can't be bothered with one. I have enough of that sort of thing at the theatre."

They emerged into Oxford Street, which was full of people, and walked across the park. Robert was simple and boyish, and just now very much in love with life, with the movement and color of London, and with the success that had come to him.

Lady Merton greeted him like a son, and instantly they fell into eager talk of Robert's experiences since their parting. Not once did he touch on the graver mood that Denzil had seen, but laughed and chatted and told funny experiences of his student days that amused Lady Merton vastly. The frolics, the laughter, the gaiety of the young singers in Milan and Florence, the midnight lunches and the morning escapades he recounted with a fresh and vivid touch; the triumphs and despairs, the garrets and the theatres he put before her English eyes until she wiped the tears of laughter from them and vowed that if she were thirty years younger she, too, would have an art to die for. There was a good deal of the actor about Sinclair, he had a sense of the dramatic situation. Before he said good-bye, he had established himself as an adopted member of the family. This greatly to his content, for under his bright and confident manner he was lonely.

That night Denzil Merton sat out a dance with Valerie. Sensitive on the subject of his height, he would never dance, but he always claimed one from her and spent it in watching the play of her charming face as she talked to him. To-night she began at once, "Well, did you go and call on the tenor?"

Denzil hardly knew why he disliked hearing Sinclair called "the tenor," but he answered readily enough, "Yes, it was my friend."

"I can see that you are glad," she told him. "You look as if you had found a friend."

"He is the same—handsome and open as the day. You would like him."

"I?" said Valerie, with lifted brows.

"Why not? He wants to meet you."

"What does he know about me?" she asked, but the color crept up under her throat. So he, too, had looked at her.

"He saw you in the box, and thought you beautiful—you know he has eyes like the rest of us."

"So you talked of me." She took the side issue instinctively.

"Are you displeased?"

"One does not like to be made the subject of idle talk," she reproved gently.

"Did you think I would talk idly of you?"

"N-no!" She hesitated for an instant, and then spoke honestly. "I didn't think so. I knew you respected me too much."

"You are quite right," he answered, a note of sadness in his voice. Was respect all she thought he had for her? "I could not keep you out of my talk with him—I cannot keep you out of my thoughts. I wish I could."

"Why?" she said softly.

He did not answer, but turned his brown eyes towards hers with the look that sometimes you may see in the eyes of a beautiful, high-bred dog who loves you and wishes dumbly for the gift of speech. The plain little face was very sad, and Valerie's eyes fell.

"Can't we be—friends?" she murmured.

"No—at least I can't," he told her, simply.

"Then wouldn't it be better if you didn't keep on seeing me? I hate to hurt you—Denzil."

"No," he returned. "I can't go on without seeing you sometimes. If it hurts me to be with you, it would hurt me a great deal more to go without you. I want to know that you are happy and safe, besides. I want you to feel that if ever you need a man's love and devotion, I am here. There is nothing I would not do for you—nothing."

"I know it," she said softly. "I wish I could give you the answer you want. Indeed—" she hesitated, and then, taking her courage in both hands, went on,—"I have sometimes thought that I might sometime say to you to take me and make the best of a woman who does not love you."

The ugly face was transfigured. "Valerie!" he breathed. "You have felt like that? I didn't dream you ever thought of me at all. If—if that day ever comes, my dear, everything I have is at your feet."

"I know that, too," she said softly. "But it isn't quite fair to either of us, I think. Perhaps you will find somebody else some day—no, no, don't look like that. Women are wiser than men in these things, I think, and know that love isn't always for time and eternity. I hope you will find someone else, who loves you, Denzil."

"I can't say that to you yet, Valerie," he answered, his voice roughened and a queer, strained look about his eyes. "I'm only human, you know."

She rose, and held out her hand. "Come," she said, "I ought to be dancing. Take me back."

Mrs. Monro formed one of a rather befeathered and begemmed group in the drawing-room. She pounced upon Denzil delightedly.

"Lord Merton!" she cried, "I am consumed with curiosity. Is that wonderful tenor really your friend?"

"He is," agreed Denzil briefly.

"You must bring him to see us. I am so anxious to meet him." Mrs. Monro could not bear the thought of being outstripped by anyone else.

"He will be very glad to come, I am sure," said Denzil, with a side glance at Valerie. She flushed.

"Mother!" she protested. "You don't want to give him an invitation like that, do you?"

"Why not?"

"Oh—if he comes, he ought to come as a friend, not as a famous singer."

"I had no idea you were so conventional," laughed her mother. "Isn't that just the way he will come? I know he is a singer, but we ought not to be snobbish."

Valerie lifted her delicate eye-brows. Her mother's attitude towards professionals had not been wont to show anything but patronage. But she said no more, and Mrs. Monro turned again to Denzil.

"You will bring him, won't you?" she said. "I suppose the time will depend on when he must sing. Say that I ask Miss Searle to send him a card for my ball—will that do?"

"Perfectly," agreed Denzil, and he moved on with Valerie. "You don't really mind, do you?" he asked.

"Why should I?"

"I thought somehow that you did."

She made no answer at all. But inwardly she whispered, "It's fate—is there no evading it? Fool that I am. I believe I am counting the days to the ball!" And she gathered up her feminine resources for victory.

## CHAPTER V.

She does do things well," reflected Monro. "I don't know how she does it—and nothing would ever make her believe that I'd rather have a cheese sandwich and a bottle of beer in the kitchen."

He was watching his wife from the other side of the marble stair-case where she was standing to receive her guests. The place was brilliant with flowers and lights, a note of bizarrerie adding to its effect, and Mrs. Monro herself was a charming hostess. Her long train swirled about her slippers, and the diamond tiara she wore glimmered like frost-crystals in her white hair. She could wear a small fortune on her head without appearing vulgar—and did, with the unaffected pleasure of a child. She had grown up with the west, years before—an old Indian woman had been her mother's sole attendant when she came into the world, and in her pinafore days she had scampered barefoot with the other children through the poplar bluffs of Saskatchewan. Then she had married Monro, when he was a young railway-clerk, and with him had come up through poverty, the days of his first "lucky strike" and his succeeding prosperity. But to look at her now, no one would ever imagine that she had lacked for anything all her life. Her gaiety had persisted through it all, and "merry Molly Monro" had laughed alike in good and evil fortunes.

Monro looked at her with the affection that had persisted a life long, and noted the restless movement of the hands that held her great feather fan. "She will break down under this social strain," he reflected. "I must see about getting a country place where she can rest. Poor Molly! I wonder how Valerie will like it."

At that moment Valerie passed the door, dancing with some tall man whom Monro did not know. She flashed a look at him as she swung by. Evidently the charms of neither dance nor partner failed to monopolize her attention. It almost seemed to Monro as she looked at him and then past him where the guests were arriving, that she had an air of expectation. He mused about it for a moment, wondered if she were looking for Merton, and then decided it could not have been for him she wore that brilliant look. Monro was keen as a hawk where his little girl's likes and dislikes were concerned. Casually he strolled to the doorway and watched her circling through the dancers. Both she and her partner moved with beautiful grace, but he knew that she was bored with his polite banalities. Somebody came up to claim a place on her card, and as she hesitated, Monro guessed that she was keeping a dance for the unknown she waited. But her hesitation was short. Monro chuckled. "Whoever it is has lost his chance," he murmured. He enjoyed watching Valerie and her mother, and turning to see how Mrs. Monro was faring, he found Denzil Merton just coming up the marble stair. With him, his golden head held high and his keen blue eyes fixed on the gay groups, was a tall young man whom Monro recognized at once.

SUDDENLY ACROSS THE WHIRLING DANCE RANG THE SHARP CRY OF A WOMAN IN PAIN, AND THE ACRID SCENT OF BURNING CLOTH FILLED THE AIR

Mrs. Monro welcomed the pair warmly. Not only did she love to entertain lions, but she had a very definite liking for handsome young men, considering that her white hair gave her special privileges. Monro came forward, leisurely, a quizzical gleam in his eyes, and greeted Denzil with a glance that inquired his companion's identity.

"Let me present my old playmate, Robert Sinclair," said Lord Merton. "Bob, this is Mr. Monro, the Canadian railway man about whom I told you. You two will like each other—success always appreciates success."

"Now that's hardly fair to him," said the millionaire. "Last week you gave me audible proof of his achievements, and now you're making him take me on faith."

Sinclair smiled frankly, and held out his hand.

Continued on page 195.

# Two Men—

## AND WHAT THE GIRL THOUGHT SHE THOUGHT ABOUT THEM

By Mary Wilhelmina Hastings

Illustrated by George Brehm

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN ?" FLARED TOM. "ARE YOU GOING HOME WITH HIM ?"

"AND I said to him——"

So Maggie deftly resumed the thread of narrative, suspended by an intervening customer.

"I said, 'What do you think I am, anyway ? I'm not that kind of a girl.' I said. 'I don't shake the gentleman friend who took me to a dance to go home with any new acquaintance ! If you want to make a date that's another thing.' "

"And did he ?"

"Sure he did, for Friday night. We're going to the American."

"You do have such luck, Maggie," sighed Amy Mills.

She was the youngest of the girls, scarcely seventeen, tall and slim, with a thin, wistful face, delicately pretty in spite of its overhanging pompadour.

The other listener shook an extremely yellowed head.

"Maybe he won't keep it," she darkly foreboded. "He may be mad at you for not taking him then."

"Maybe he won't," returned Maggie, philosophically. "Living's learning. But I won't ditch nobody for anybody !"

This sterling sentiment won a murmur of applause from the youthful Amy, but the plump blonde challenged it.

"That sounds well, but I am not so sure. Walter isn't anybody," said she, with the air of stating a conceded fact, "and you're only going with him to pass the time, so it's foolish to lose a chance. What was he like ?"

"Oh—swell !" declared Maggie, comprehensively. "Not handsome, but a grand dresser, you know, and lovely manners. I saw him the minute we came in, but I never let on, and then in the very first grand-right-and-left I got him for a partner !"

"Wasn't Walt crazy ?"

"Crazy ? The poor kid was wild for fear I'd turn him down. It's really pitiful. I oughtn't to go with him any more," she murmured virtuously.

"No, madame, the velvets are on the next floor. We have only the velvet ribbons here. Yes, the floor above. She won't get there before the bell rings," she added to the others.

"There it goes now."

As the closing signal pealed through the building, she slammed a last drawer into place and hurried out in the aisles, elbowing good-naturedly along in the increasing crowd that seemed equally resolved to waste no more time within.

Amy Mills lingered, pretended to redrape a counter. Harry Leroy was going by. Perhaps this time—but Leroy passed on with only a nod and a careless glance of his handsome gray eyes. Leroy always passed on. He was the dream of the girl's life—a dream that hovered tantalizingly on the verge of reality. They had never exchanged more than ten words at a time, and in public she scoffed at the girls who paid him coquettish court; but because of him her days were haunted by shy, furtive hopes and dull heartaches.

She had grown used enough by now to recurring disappointment, yet tonight she resented it with mutinous passion. For the thousandth time she wondered rebelliously why, when other girls, plain girls, fat girls, red-headed girls, could all live their dreams, hers must be forever denied her.

Reality for her was waiting below in the person of Tom Neugan, short and stocky, with a bullet head on a round neck, perpetually reddened by too tight collars. They were always scrupulously clean collars, and he wore good clothes in an effort at appearance, but the distinction of being a "good dresser" was beyond his achievement; he lacked forever the indefinable quality of style.

Neugan knew all these things well—and the knowledge had brought a sobering patience to his irascible blue eyes. He realized he played no part in the girl's dreams—indeed, he suspected shrewdly that his escort had first been tolerated for the saving in carfare—but, though he had no share in the future, the present, at any rate, was his to make the most of.

They greeted each other briefly now, and hurried out to crowd on the overladen car. There they hung from separate straps, swaying, bumping with the rest, exchanging only an occasional word or glance.

At Beatrice Street they made their difficult way out, and fell into step together. It was a raw, damp night, and now a chill wind rushed down the street upon them. Amy shivered and shrank closer to the shelter of his arm. Neugan put a hand on her thin, shabby sleeve.

"You ought to get a new jacket, Amy."

"I know it."

"Have you looked at any ?"

"What's the use," she spoke impatiently, "I can't get one."

"Well, I know somebody who will."

She shook her head. "You mustn't, Tom. It ain't right."

"Right," said he pugnaciously, "why ain't it ?"

"I'm still owing you some from grandmother's funeral."

"I wish you'd forget that," he declared. "I guess she liked me well enough to let me help some. Anyhow, there's no hurry, and I'm going to give you that coat."

"You really mustn't. It ain't,—" she hesitated delicately. "It ain't as if we were going together, you know."

"I know," said he briefly. "But we're good friends, ain't we ? Ain't you a good enough friend to take something from me ?"

"But it's—clothes."

"Well, what's the matter with clothes ? I believe in giving what people need. There's plenty girls don't think anything of getting all the

shows and suppers they can out of a fellow, and coming back for more, and a jacket don't cost any more'n that. Make believe it's a season ticket—or a bunch of roses, you know. I've got the price."

"But it really *sounds* so awful !"

She was manifestly weakening. A budding vision of a coat must have been floating in the fringe of consciousness, for now it popped, full blown, before her mental eye — a little jewel of a coat, smart, black, straight in cut, with heavy braided seams.

He combated the words fiercely.

"Who's it going to *sound* to ? It's our own business—my business. For heaven's sake, Amy, don't always turn a fellow down. If you're a friend of mine—take it; if not—take it, just the same. Work me for a good thing — I don't care."

She bubbled with sudden laughter.

"Tom, you do say such things !"

"Do I ?" He sighed in relief, for her laughter was a good sign. "Well now, I'll give you an envelope to-morrow, and you go blow every cent on something warm. Don't pick out a flimsy one for its shape. Get a collar that turns up."

"I should say not," she declared gaily, in new-found spirits. "They aren't wearing them this winter."

"Oh, you girls ! I'll have to be buying you furs, next," he threatened.

Amy's eyes, tender with a warm rush of gratitude, smiled back at him through the dusk. How good this Tom would be to a girl ! Oh, if only—the old pain stirred at the irony of it all—if only this were Leroy here beside her, sheltering her, planning for her. Oh, how right the world would come for her then !

They were at the corner now, the parting of the ways. Half a block distant Neugan owned a small cottage and roomed with his tenants; Amy boarded on the next street, with her brother's family.

The girl lingered uncertainly.

"You're awfully good," she said in a low tone. "Too good—I ain't worth it. You ought to be spending your money on some girl that's crazy about you—not just a friend."

"Never you mind that," he told her gruffly. "I'm not a kid. As far as you go—"

He hesitated, shifting in embarrassment from one foot to another. How was he to tell her of the love that protects, sustains, yearns over the beloved, asking nothing for itself but the privilege of service, buying it, if need be, with the heart's lifelong pain and devotion ?

"I'm glad if I help some," he brought out at last, turning to go. "Here's to-night's paper—see you in the morning—so long."

"So long, Tom," she answered, and hurried down the street before the gusty wind.

Her sister-in-law was bending over a stew on the stove as she entered. They had two rooms; the family slept in one, and Amy had a curtained alcove off the kitchen. The brother was close and weak; the wife was close and hard, contemptuous of her husband's ability, disdainful of what she termed Amy's airs.

She snapped querulously, now, at the girl.

"Shut the door, you're letting in all outdoors."

"It *is* cold," Amy pacifically agreed.

She hesitated. Then with deceptive casualness:

"I guess I'd better get a new jacket."

"Humph !" The woman bent over her dish. "I'll bet you will, and when you're sick and haven't a cent, don't expect me to pay the doctor."

"I'm not likely to," the girl retorted with dry significance.

There had been no love lost since the little grandmother's illness. She stood a moment, bitterly reminiscent, then, picking up the youngest child, which seemed to be crying the loudest, sat down to quiet it. As she rocked, her frown faded, her straight lips curved to a smile. She was debating the delicious question of gold buttons, and with revived interest in life she decided to try her hair that new way to-morrow.

Whether it was the re-arranged hair, or the smart jacket, or the cumulative effect of both, enhancing her girlish prettiness cannot, of course, be ascertained, but certainly from that next week the dream came closer to reality.

It began with a few words in passing; then an idle joke and an exchange of glances—dark eyes, half shy, half provocative, met by a bold, confident stare from the gray. It was a stare that thrilled and yet abashed. Her eyes fell swiftly before it, yet rose again in irresistible attraction.

She read in Leroy's good looks, his gay, ready laugh, his six feet of straight, strong youth, all the fine, wonderful things of a girl's first imaginings. She told herself feverishly that he must come to care for her. He *must* ! It would be too cruel to have him turn away now on the very threshold of acquaintance. Let him only cross that threshold and be her lover, no matter how short the time.

So she prayed to the invisible gods of life. She would not complain whatever

SHE READ IN LEROY'S GOOD LOOKS, HIS GAY READY LAUGH, HIS SIX FEET OF STRAIGHT, STRONG YOUTH ALL THE FINE THINGS OF A GIRL'S FIRST IMAGININGS

the end might be. Let her only *live*—once!

One night, at closing time, Leroy came behind her on the stairs and caught her elbow.

"No need to rush—that steady can wait a minute," he laughed, for he was in Neugan's lodge, where his devotion was an open secret.

"He's not my steady," Amy quickly protested.

"Who is, then?"

She flashed him a swift glance. "I haven't seen him yet."

"You tell it well. Going to Doane's Saturday night?"

"Yes, why?"

"Nothing—only," he pressed her arm significantly, "if you look you may see somebody, that's all."

Doane's was, theoretically, Professor Doane's Dancing Academy for young ladies and gentlemen. Open every Saturday evening, admission, per couple, half-a-dollar; extra ladies, twenty-five cents. Whether there was a Professor Doane or not, there was a brassy orchestra, and a large well-waxed floor, over an eminently respectable drug store. It was considered a haunt of fashion among Amy's friends—the half-dollar entrance fee giving it a tone of wealth and exclusiveness. Amy, herself, went but seldom. She was fond of dancing, but not with Neugan, who was too short and bumped a great deal.

This Saturday, however, she would not have missed for a kingdom. The three preceding nights she sat up late, fashioning a new waist by the light of a small, ill-smelling oil lamp. She would have dearly loved an entire new dress. The daughters of well-to-do butchers and bakers who appeared there in emphatic novelties, would shame her shabby black skirt with their smart, white cloth ones, and Leroy, she knew, was critical. But even this cheap silk muslin waist emptied her purse.

As a creation, however, it was decidedly a success, and balancing on a chair that Saturday night to scrutinize her belt in the mirror, she decided happily that, after all, she could brave the comparison.

Excitement, born of eager anticipation, sparkled brightly in her dark eyes, and flushed her cheeks with a pink, deeper than her waist. Every line of the tall, slender figure was pliant with pretty grace.

At the academy Neugan watched her with a sort of bewildered and hopeless worship. He danced even more badly than usual, treading on her toes, and forgetting entirely to reverse, but she did not seem to mind.

From across the crowded hall she was conscious of Leroy's eyes on her in arrested admiration, then, in deepening significance. When he came to ask her to dance, she met his banter with a gaiety that transformed her.

They danced together three times, and at the end of the third he asked to see her home.

It was the crowning moment—but she remembered Neugan.

Leroy met her explanation with a careless laugh. "Oh, all right. I won't butt in on your steady."

"He isn't my steady," she declared.

"No?" scoffingly.

"No, he's not—he's just a friend, but I don't want to be mean to him. Any other time——"

"There's no 'other time' with me," he interrupted grandly. "If you're going with me at all, you're going with me *now*!"

Amy's heart stood still in the cold clutch of dread. The story of Maggie's acquaintance, who had failed to keep his engagement, rushed over her. Opportunity, it seemed, came but once. If she denied him now——

She looked up, and his eyes, the eyes of a man who brooked no denial, smiled down conqueringly.

"All right then," she yielded breathlessly. "I'll go—with you."

It was no easy matter to explain this to Tom. She sought him, trembling almost, and at the first word of shamed apology he flared into quick, amazed anger.

"What do you mean? Are you going home with him?"

"I didn't want to," she pleaded, "but Tom, if I don't—" her eyes sought his, asking the understanding that would save her further words.

He waited stolidly.

"Don't you see? If I don't—he—he won't ask me again."

"What's that to you?"

"It's—oh, Tom!" The tears came to her eyes. "You always said you'd do anything for me, and now, when it's the thing I want most of all——"

He took it without a word, considering it slowly, in his eyes the surprised blink of an animal balked in its first rush of rage.

"Oh, all right," he brought out at last. "I'm down and out." He turned on his heel.

"Tom—I'm awful sorry." She followed a step timidly.

"Forget it," he muttered. "Go on, have a good time."

The queer, hurt feeling with which she watched him disappear stayed strangely with her through the rest of the evening. She could not quite forget it, even in all the intoxication of Leroy's open attachment. They danced the remaining dances together—the most conspicuous couple on the floor; men winked when they passed, the girls giggled and nudged each other.

In the cloak room Maggie fell on her in a rush of friendly excitement.

"My, you handed it to Tom," she exclaimed in a tone in which disapproval was smothered by wondering admiration. "I didn't think you had the nerve!"

The fingers buttoning the jacket—Tom's jacket—faltered.

"Tom didn't care," Amy tried to say carelessly.

"Well, you're a winner," the other girl pronounced. She looked out to where Leroy waited, the center of a jovial group. "And I don't blame you, neither," she owned in frankness.

Neither, in point of fact, was Amy blaming herself. She held it her misfortune to have things happen so, but the fault itself was clearly on fate's shoulders. Yet she could not forget Tom's face, and depression gained on her as she sat in the car beside Leroy, who talked and joked boisterously across the aisles, in high feather with the occasion and himself.

A shout of farewell pleasantries followed them off the car and down the still, street.

"Seems to tickle 'em, doesn't it?" chuckled Leroy. "Gee, but it was a facer for your friend!"

"Oh, he didn't mind," Amy declared.

"Didn't he though! Well, you ought to have seen his face when the fellows jollied him. They gave it to him, plenty."

"They shouldn't," she cried distressfully. She had given Tom into the hands of his enemies, but she was ready to turn on them for tormenting him.

"You're a good one to talk! A fellow that can't keep his girl deserves to lose her, anyhow! If you ever serve me such a trick," he squeezed her arm fondly, then clenched his fist in illustration, "I'll give him this, see? But that little snipe—why he just shrunk out of sight!"

"Tom can fight," she declared proudly.

A man never wins a woman by dispraising her last lover. "He can fight," she reiterated, half pulling her arm away from him.

"Huh—why didn't he, then?"

The girl was silent. She knew why he hadn't fought, and she also began to divine, dimly, that the knowledge was above this man's comprehension. It was hard for Tom to hold his hand, and she saw, now, how hard some other things had been. The excitement of the evening ebbed, leaving her cold and a little tired.

At the door she remembered that her key was in Tom's pocket.

"I'll have to knock," she explained.

"Well, you needn't begin yet." Leroy seemed suddenly to have come very much closer; his hand, which had been on her arm, slipped around her waist.

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# Nurse Lind's Heart Case

## WHICH GOES TO PROVE THAT A LITTLE HYPODERMIC IS A DANGEROUS THING

By Katherine McFarland

Illustrated by Gertrude Spaller

THE bell which awakened the inmates of the Nurses' Home in St. Mark's Hospital each morning at five-thirty had scarcely ceased its sharp, imperative call when Nurse Lind sprang out of the narrow cot, such as is used in all hospitals.

Her room-mate, still surveying the tiny clock on the table as though very much inclined to think the bell had been rung hours too soon, turned sleepy enquiring eyes toward the rapidly dressing girl.

"Why such haste, Lind? You are rather out of your usual pace, it seems to me."

"Oh, I've got to make an extra smart appearance to-day. I'm going on duty on fourth floor, and I am determined to do all in my power to keep in Sister Martha's good graces. You know, my time is up next week, and if I can keep from any misdeed on that floor, I'm going to do it."

"Well, I wish you luck," returned her friend, as she rose and commenced her own toilet. "But if you succeed in staying up there one whole week, without having extra time imposed, it will be a miracle. Sister Martha simply has to call someone down once a day, and, as we nurses are the most available, we get it."

By this time Nurse Lind had completed dressing and was adjusting a freshly laundered cap on her somewhat rebellious brown hair. Ever since her probation she had received frequent admonitions concerning the same, which would not, despite her efforts, lie flat in the orthodox, professional manner. Although one of the best and most careful nurses on the staff, she never could become quite as prim and mechanical in manner as a nurse in training is taught to believe proper.

The nurses of different denominations training in St. Mark's were numerous. Therefore, morning prayers held in the large chapel were only for those belonging to the Church of Rome, the Protestant girls holding their devotions in the study.

At the close of the simple service, they immediately fell to discussing the arrival of a new house surgeon, whom few had seen, as he had arrived only the previous night. He was also to be the professor of anatomy and considerable curiosity was felt about him. His predecessor had been a stern disciplinarian, and his departure had been entirely welcome. While all were chattering and surmising as to the new man's appearance, the gong for breakfast sounded, which put an end to the discussion.

The morning meal in the nurses' dining-room is a very brief affair. After a short grace and roll call, all hurry through the meal and repair to their various duties, some to fry bacon and make toast in the main kitchen below stairs, others to set trays for patients' breakfasts in diet kitchens on the different floors. Nurse Lind presented herself for duty on the fourth floor.

Sister Martha, a tall, stern woman, was feared and disliked by all the staff of nurses. Only to the patients did she ever show a kindly disposition, and to them she was all that could be desired. Her greeting to Nurse Lind was curt and characteristic.

"You are late in reporting, Miss Lind. Kindly do not let it occur again. I am very busy this morning and need extra help, although I do not suppose a new nurse on this floor will be much assistance to me. We have a number of typhoids, and several new patients expected. Last night the new house surgeon was up until five so he must not be disturbed before noon, if possible. I have written my orders. You may attend to them, as you are a Senior. I place you in charge for the time being."

When Nurse Lind looked over the orders she decided to attend the most urgent at once.

"Temperatures to be taken—a Junior may do that," she thought. "Medicines to be given. Let me see. Hypodermic (strychnine). Heart case, likely. I'd better administer that without delay. What *is* that number—is it a three or a five? Sister does not write her orders any plainer than necessary. It's a five, I think; yes, that is it. Oh, I certainly do not like this floor! It seems odd that I've never been sent here before in my three years' training."

While so thinking, she was not idle, but deftly prepared a new syringe for the hypodermic, carefully testing it to be sure it did not leak, and that the needle was sharp and unobstructed.

When all was ready she quietly walked down the long, silent hall, glancing either side as she passed along for number five. As she hesitated before a partly closed door, a nurse came hurriedly out, scarcely pausing as Nurse Lind asked her, "Where is number five?"

"Empty room further down," then hurried on her way.

"Empty?" murmured she. "Patient must have just come in and Sister ordered the hypo as a stimulant." She continued on her way, until the number she sought was reached. Gently knocking, she quietly opened the door and went in.

The blind was drawn, making the room dim, and, as she raised it, she saw lying on the bed, a young man of possibly thirty, wearing a bathrobe. A comforter was drawn lightly over him. He appeared to be sound asleep. The nurse gently took his wrist in her cool steady fingers, and while counting

the pulse, which seemed singularly normal for one suffering from heart trouble, she studied his face. How young he was to be so afflicted! It must be only a slight attack, as he didn't look as though he'd been sick for any length of time. The patient appeared to be in a heavy slumber.

He never moved as she rolled the sleeve of his robe back from the white muscular arm, and rubbed a small portion with an antiseptic fluid.

"Poor fellow, probably he has had quite a trip from some of the small towns. This hospital is the only one within a radius of fifty miles," she thought. "He is tired out, I can see that. I'll be as gentle as I can and perhaps he will not waken." Deftly, she held a fold of flesh between her thumb and finger and inserted the needle gently, yet quickly, down among the muscles. Then slightly withdrawing

"WHAT IS THAT NUMBER?" SHE PUZZLED AS SHE STUDIED THE SISTER'S ORDERS. "IS IT A THREE OR A FIVE?"

it, she slowly injected the contents of the syringe, then firmly held a finger over the spot.

Raising her eyes to his face she was startled to see a pair of brown eyes regarding her with amusement and perplexity. Greatly surprised to find what she thought a sick and soundly sleeping man awake and apparently laughing at her, Nurse Lind uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Oh! You—why you are awake! You really frightened me. I tried not to disturb you. I'm sorry."

"I am not," answered her patient; "in fact, I'm quite happy to be awake and able to thank you for your kind ministrations, but I cannot comprehend why I am so favored."

"Favored!" echoed the nurse. "I don't understand you. Orders were for a hypodermic given at once. I have only obeyed instructions."

While speaking, she had risen to her feet, struggling to conceal the embarrassment she so keenly felt. She could not tell why, but this patient seemed so different from the ones she usually attended, so well and capable; in fact, he caused her usual quiet, professional manner to show more embarrassment than she ever remembered feeling before. He seemed to be treating her orders, as well as herself, as a nice little comedy being enacted for his special benefit.

His eyes still held their amused expression as he raised himself to a sitting posture, saying to the nurse as he did so, "Please sit down and do not be angry if I seem rude and ungrateful to you, but what I cannot see through is why Sister should order a hypo given me. Heaven knows, sleep came to me without any persuasion, after my forty-eight hour trip and my hard night on my arrival."

While he was speaking the nurse's face was a study, embarrassment, perplexity, consternation all struggling for mastery as the scarlet blood flooded neck and cheek, even staining her brow with its vivid hue.

"Oh, what have I done!" she thought. "He must be the new House Surgeon; and she, a Senior trying to excel in her work on the dreaded fourth floor, had made the awful mistake of giving the hypodermic to the new doctor instead of the patient with heart trouble. She remembered wondering at first which figure was in the orders—Sister's writing was so hard to make out." Her knees seemed too weak to hold her; the room a crimson mist filled with awful noises. She sank into a chair, covering her face with her hands.

"What can I say?" she faltered. "It's all my mistake. I misread the room number—it looked just like a five—and I—I—oh, I thought you were a heart case! And now I'll never get square with you!"

The doctor hopped nimbly off the bed, and crossed to the limp and disconsolate little figure in the stiff chair.

"Nurse! Nurse!" he pleaded, "don't feel like that. It's all right. I'll never tell a soul. Good Lord! you don't think I'd get you in wrong for this, do you?"

She gave him half of one drooping eye, doubtfully.

"You see, it's partly my fault," he went on. "I haven't any business sleeping in a patient's room. But when I got in last night they weren't expecting me, and my room was just the way Dr. Cadaway had left it—some room, too! So I hunted up the night nurse on this floor, and she put me in number five—and the next thing I knew, there you were giving me a business-like hypo."

He chuckled irrepressibly, and Nurse Lind's visible mouth-corner twitched.

"I knew you could take a joke," he declared triumphantly. "That strychnine won't do me a bit of harm—my heart needs stimulating at times. Besides—"

"Click, click, clack!" came down the hall. There was no sound of footsteps, but the soft click, click, clack had an ominous sound to the girl. A sister! no mistaking the sound of beads. Only too well did every nurse know it. It broke in on the night lunches, stolen visits to classmates' rooms, and forbidden chats with the students. It was always the signal for a general alarm to the fun-loving nurses.

"Sister Martha!" ejaculated the girl, her face a moment ago so flushed fading to a ghastly white. Instantly the doctor's quick mind grasped the significance of her frightened words. In a second he had opened the wardrobe doors and hurriedly lifted her in, shutting the doors softly after her. With such haste did he move that he was lying on the bed sleepily rubbing his eyes as the Sister's knock sounded on the door. He waited until it was thrice repeated before he drowsily asked, "Who's there? Come in."

"Sister Martha," came the grave reply as she entered the room. "I am very sorry to disturb you, but an emergency case has just been brought up and we haven't any other available room, so this must be used. Your room is ready for you, if you wish to continue your sleep."

While speaking to the doctor she was glancing around to see how much preparation was required. As her eyes rested on the table she discovered the syringe and thermometer, which the nurse had left when so suddenly startled by her approach. Annoyance and surprise showed in her stern face as she picked them up, saying as she did so, "Such gross carelessness! Nurses, doctor, never learn to be care-

ful in putting such things away. If I knew the one responsible she'd be taught a lesson."

Dr. Frain felt very thankful indeed that he had hidden the nurse. If a simple act like the leaving of a syringe on a table was so huge an error in the Sister's sight, what would she think should she discover Nurse Lind's presence in his room ?

"Very well, Sister, I'll let you have the room shortly," he said. He quickly prepared to liberate the nurse as the Sister closed the door. But to his consternation she did not go on down the hall as he expected. Instead she seated herself outside the door at the chart cupboard and prepared to make out the morning reports.

"Lord help us," he groaned. "She's settled there for an hour unless I can get her away, and in the meantime some one else will have come in to do up the room. This is a dilemma. Still, the girl is safe for the time being, unless someone looks in that wardrobe. I'll go out and see if I can help the situation from the outside." But fate seemed destined to thwart his plans, for as he stepped into the hall two nurses entered.

"Now what can I do ?" he thought. "What good will I do by getting Sister away while those two are inside ? This is getting beyond me. I dare not confide in those nurses. They may be the kind that would be glad to curry favor with the Sister by telling. No, I *must* extricate the little girl myself. But how ? Shall I go to the far end of the hall and give an alarm of fire ? That would certainly clear the coast. But as I could not substantiate the alarm, and, as I do not wish to have my sanity questioned so early in my new position, I will have to think of something better. While I'm thinking, that poor girl is cooped up in that beastly cupboard affair, and probably scared half to death."

As numerous half-formed plans swept through his head he slowly walked the length of the hall, so any onlooker might imagine him on his way downstairs. He felt deeply, truly concerned over the nurse's detention in her embarrassing position. If she had remained in view in number five when Sister Martha came in she would certainly have been compelled to give a satisfactory explanation of her presence in the doctor's room, and by so doing confess to being guilty of misreading orders; a grave offence in any hospital and more so in this case as the Sister's figures would be called into question. Now, if she was caught coming out of the wardrobe it would be even more incriminating. "But what can I do !" muttered the doctor. "I suppose I am not responsible for her mistake but I bundled her into that confounded cubby hole, confound it. I've got to get her out."

"OH, WHAT HAVE I DONE ?" SHE GASPED. "YOU MUST BE THE NEW HOUSE SURGEON"

When Nurse Lind was shut in her prison she fully expected to be liberated as soon as Sister had left the room and passed out of sight, but, as the long minutes dragged on she began to feel uncomfortably warm and weak in the small space. She hadn't room to sit down, and even though there had been she was afraid to attempt a change of position for fear of making a noise, which would lead to her discovery by the nurses doing the room. She knew they were her juniors and it would never do to ask their silence. It seemed an hour since being shut in, though in reality scarcely fifteen minutes had elapsed when she was startled to hear the creaking of the wheeled stretcher, then the opening of the door, and Sister Martha's voice saying in her sweetest tones, "Carefully, carefully, Nurse. Just a moment and we will have you safely in bed where you will feel easier."

Then a half stifled groan and sounds of someone being lifted into the bed.

The Sister's voice again, "I will remain. Nurse, you go quickly for Doctor Frain. Mr. Prichard's own physician is not here yet and we cannot wait any longer."

Then the sound of the nurse's exit, and again came the Sister's voice, smooth and soothing, "The pain is quite severe, I know. But you will soon be easier. Close your eyes and rest, if possible, until the doctor comes. I will go and prepare a stimulant for you."

Then silence, deep and unbroken. Save by an occasional deep moan and incoherent mutterings it seemed to the imprisoned nurse that the patient was in a semi-delirious state, but even so, dare she risk the chance of detection and leave her uncomfortable quarters ? While these thoughts were running through her head her position became more and more unbearable, the air hot and stifling and a faint, drowsy, choking sensation seemed to be stealing

over her. She knew something must be done, and quickly. Better discovery by the patient than to faint and possibly fall out and arouse the whole floor. After listening intently to make sure no one was approaching, she softly and slowly opened the door and nervously glanced at the patient, who seemed to be in great pain, his eyes almost closed. Softly she stepped out and tiptoed quickly to the door, opened it, and darted into number three next door. It was with a sigh of thankfulness that she saw the occupant fast asleep. She scarcely felt in a condition to give a second hypodermic just then.

When Sister Martha returned with the doctor they found the patient as he had been ever since his admittance, feverish and apparently in great pain. A couple of hours previously he had slipped while running to catch a train, the result being a skull fracture of indeterminate seriousness.

While examining the fracture, Doctor Frain's mind continually kept straying to the wardrobe, even though he dared not allow his eyes to do likewise. If Sister Martha would only leave him alone a few precious seconds, he could liberate the nurse, never knowing she had been able to do so herself. He would send Sister on an errand, then accomplish his work before she returned.

"Kindly bring my case from my room," he requested, and she, being only too willing to assist the fine-looking new physician, hurriedly went out.

In an instant he reached the wardrobe, and threw open the door, only to find it—empty.

Consternation and dismay swept over him. She had been discovered—and by whom? Discovery would almost certainly mean the loss of her cap and extra time imposed. She might even be expelled. Perhaps at that very moment she might be in disgrace and alone. He must help her. There was something peculiarly attractive about her.

A moan from the bed recalled him to his patient, and as he bent over the man, Sister returned.

The patient had recommenced his mutterings, half-intelligible phrases falling from his lips. "Nurse got out," he muttered uneasily. "Pretty nurse—oh, doctor, stop the pain—my head's a furnace—very hot. I must get that—There she is, came right out—Nurse! nurse—no, no—not you," this to Sister Martha. "Pretty nurse—came out of box."

The doctor laid his hand softly over the man's lips, and changed his position slightly, saying "Delirium, Sister. Some morphine——"

"Certainly," she agreed. "I will send a nurse."

The doctor felt a weight lifted from his mind. Evidently the girl had slipped out in an opportune moment and been seen only by the delirious patient. He would see her again as soon as possible. And even as he reflected, Nurse Lind came in with a hypodermic. She had pulled herself together in short order, and her manner was grave and business-like. Only a flush remained in her cheeks, and as the doctor spoke to her, it deepened and spread into a rosy glow. He took the hypodermic from her, and administered the injection himself. The patient

Continued on page 221.

# Farming With Explosives

## By J. J. Larkin

### Illustrated from Photographs

EXPLOSIVES, like fire, have always been man's best friend and his greatest enemy. Men have fast learned how to prevent or, at least, how to greatly check severe fires until to-day fire-protection in practically every village, town or hamlet is recognized as an absolute necessity.

So it has been with explosives, for those powerful gases concealed in pulpy material or in powder form which have wrought not a little destruction have at the present time not only proven invaluable in the larger achievements of construction but have invaded—perhaps the last place the old time pioneer whould have expected—the farm.

For, explosives on the farm, though as yet, of course, not in general use, have proven a decided success. As in all experiments their use at first was very limited. A few farmers, perhaps with some knowledge of quarrying, utilized them to destroy particularly inconvenient tree stumps. Naturally other uses for the explosives suggested themselves until to-day dynamite or blasting powder is not only used to break up boulders which may render worthless a valuable part of a field and

stumps of trees which defy the efforts of machinery for removal, but is proving the farmer's friend in the breaking up of subsoil or hard-pan—the lower strata which cannot be reached by the plow or which has become hard—in rejuvenating orchards; in planting trees; in splitting logs; in making roads; in digging wells and, a most important innovation, in excavating ditches. Particularly effective is it, too, in breaking up log jams on a river or a lake, though not many farmers are concerned in these difficulties.

To the ordinary man, dynamite and danger are synonymous. Time was when a suggestion of using explosives on the farm in other than weapon form would have been regarded as a sign of insanity. The world moves, however, and at the present time responsible persons can use and handle dynamite just as safely as they can handle gasoline, matches or coal oil. True, accidents may occur, for dynamite is not at all suitable to entrust to a child or a careless laborer. Neither is a fractious colt which is likely to run away; or a binder or other valuable and intricate machine which may be almost irreparably injured. Accidents will occur with dynamite but if properly handled there is no more danger from it on the farm than there is from fire, flood, storm or any of the other numerous mishaps which affect the average farmer. Improved manufacture and time-tested methods have rendered accidents practically nil, where proper care is exercised.

It is a race between explosives and electricity on the farm just now and, oddly enough, perfected appliances for the use of the latter have greatly aided dynamite-using for electric batteries which will "fire" charges of explosives from a considerable distance, and will fire practically as many charges as the farmer desires, have added greatly to safety and in some forms of explosive-using on the farm are practically indispensable.

Guess-work is no longer the chief factor in using an explosive. With its great element of danger, it has been

superseded by set rules which any man who handles or desires to handle explosives can secure.

A strong economic factor in the use of explosives on the farm is its bearing on the labor problem. Everybody knows how for some seasons now the wail has gone throughout the land that suitable farm labor was almost as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth. Everybody knows how the east—and its newly arrived population acquisitions from across "The Pond"—swarms west every summer when the harvest is ready to be garnered—at necessarily high labor prices. Scarcer still is the supply of suitable farm help of the permanent variety.

Right there is where the use of explosives at least minimizes the labor problem. For instance, take ditching by explosives. On a conservative estimate it is claimed three men using ditching powder will accomplish as much in a day as could a dozen men in the ordinary manner. Power is obtained cheaper—except perhaps in smaller jobs—from explosives than from the worker's arms, legs and shoulders driving a pick or shovel.

Nor is there as much technique in using explosives as might be imagined. In general the method to be followed depends, of course on the work to be performed. Explosives, first let it be understood, are solids or liquids which can be changed almost instantaneously by a spark, great heat or a shock into gases having many hundred times the volume of the explosive in its original form. Coal and wood are changed slowly into a large volume of gas by burning; water is changed slowly into a large volume of gas (steam) by heating it. This is the whole theory of explosives. By it much in their use which would otherwise seem difficult to explain, is easily understood.

Blasting explosives are divided into two classes—Low Explosives or blasting powders which are exploded by a spark, and High Explosives commonly known as dynamite, which are exploded by a hard sharp shock. There are numerous kinds of high explosives or dynamite each having some particular property which makes it different from every other kind. Some kinds will burn if a spark falls on them and most kinds can be burned if put in a fire.

When dynamite is handled with bare hands it usually causes a headache. Old gloves are therefore nearly always worn.

There is a popular misconception of dynamite in the public mind. Newspapers in reporting outrages such as bomb-throwing by anarchists; safe-cracking by burglars, etc.; incorrectly report them as caused "by dynamite." The result is an erroneous but widespread impression that a dynamite cartridge will explode if dropped on the ground or thrown against the body of a person.

As a matter of fact safe crackers and bomb-throwers do not use dynamite cartridges at all; they would not be suitable for their purpose as it is so difficult to explode them. What these criminals use as a rule is nitro-glycerin.

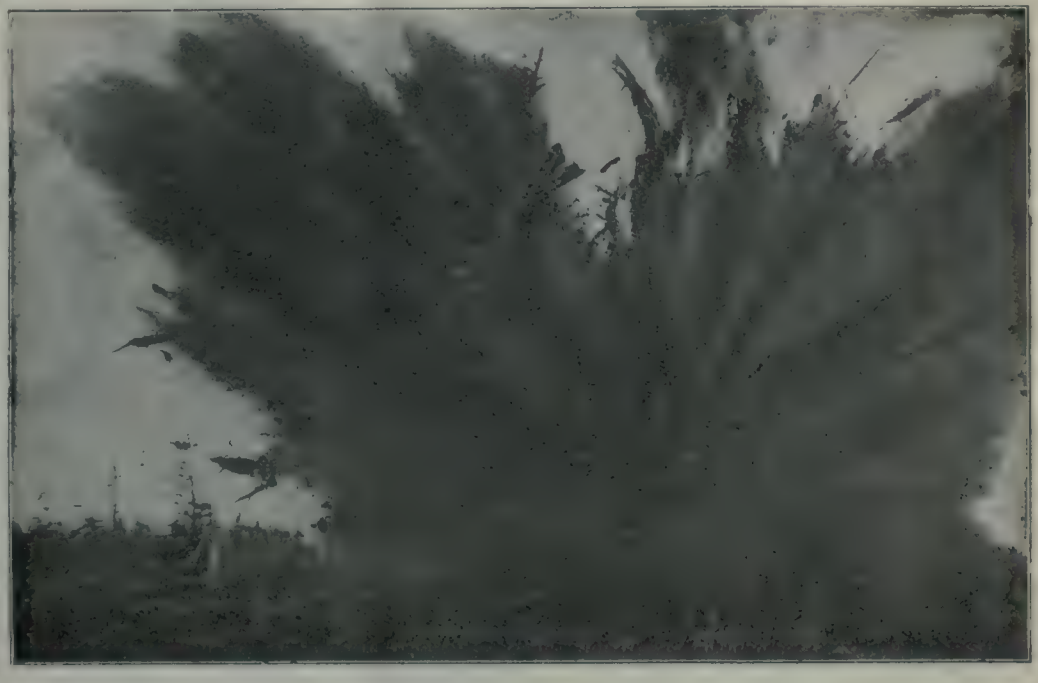
True, there is a certain proportion of nitro-glycerin in dynamite cartridges but that dangerous liquid is scientifically compounded with wood pulp and other ingredients in such a way that dynamite can be absolutely depended upon not to explode accidentally if handled with proper care.

Dynamite, when used for blasting, is exploded by a detonator and a long fuse.

Perhaps no use of dynamite on the farm seems as interesting and as systematic as well-sinking. Wells are generally sunk through rock or ground which cannot be dug to advantage without the aid of explosives. In well-sinking, when the rock is reached and the earth is properly shored, a circle of four or five holes is started about half way between the centre and the sides of the well and pointed at such an angle that they will come close together near the centre when they are three or four feet deep. These holes are loaded about half full of powder with damp clay tamping packed firmly above to the top of the hole and the whole exploded all together from the surface by the use of electricity. The result of this shot will be to blow out a funnel-shaped opening in the centre, and the bottom is then squared up with another circle of holes drilled straight down as close to the sides as possible.

Ditching is another decidedly interesting feat. Stumping will excavate ditches entirely, cleaning them out to grade; giving the sides the correct slope and spreading the earth excavated over the land some distance away. In the same way much valuable land can be saved by blasting straight channels to straighten and shorten the course of creeks and streams. It is not necessary in this work to blast a large ditch or channel for if the current is once started through a small one it will soon wash out to the proper size.

To blast a ditch through swamp ground, a row of holes down to within four inches of the grade of the ditch are drilled from eighteen to twenty-four inches apart and in such a position that the bottoms of the holes will follow the center line of the ditch. When these are filled and the primer is in position they are exploded simultaneously by means of electric light fuses and battery. In this way ditches can be dug up to seven feet wide at the top; three and a half feet wide at the bottom and four feet deep, the width and depth depending on the depth and distance apart of the holes. Ditches from six-



BLASTING OUT A GIGANTIC RED-WOOD STUMP THREE TIMES AS HIGH AS A MAN AND COVERING A SPACE TWENTY-FIVE FEET BROAD

teen to twenty feet wide require three rows of holes with three or four feet between the rows. The cost, including labor, for ditches from three to four feet deep, three feet wide at the bottom and from five to seven feet at the top is only from two to four cents a lineal foot.

In tree planting by explosives the principal object is to open up the subsoil so as to make room for root growth; conserve moisture and to drain the surface properly. When preparing the ground for new trees the holes are generally bored about thirty inches deep on the spot. In many places it is the custom to shovel off the fertile top soil in a circle about the hole, before blasting, and to pile this to one side for filling up the blasted hole to the proper level.

When cultivating orchards by blasting between the trees, the spacing between the holes depends on how far apart the trees are planted and the condition of the subsoil. In Ontario and other provinces where many orchards grow over hardpan, holes are often drilled from three to five feet deep and sometimes only six feet away from the trees. The general rule however is to bore the holes three feet deep midway between the trees on diagonal lines when they stand fifteen to twenty feet apart; midway between them on square lines when they are from twenty to thirty feet apart and on three sides of each tree ten feet away from it when they are more than thirty feet apart.

The surface of the earth is not affected much in blasting subsoil or hardpan for the simple reason that the aim is to loosen the earth down deep. In the ordinary clay subsoil and in plow soil, holes are spaced fifteen to twenty feet apart and nearly three feet deep. If properly done, it is claimed it will not be necessary to break up this subsoil oftener than once in ten years.

Swamps and ponds, except where they are close to rivers, lakes or the ocean, are caused by spring or surface water collecting on low ground which is underlaid by clay or other subsoil that the water cannot sink through. When it is not practical to drain these swamps by ditching they can often be permanently dried up by shattering the impervious subsoil with stumping.

Particularly useful is this new "farmer's friend" in removing obnoxious stumps. And in this the methods employed naturally vary considerably from those in other tasks. It is usually necessary, in blasting stumps, to place the charge under the centre of the stump so that the part offering the greatest resistance will be hit first and hardest. In order to keep the stumping powder from splitting the stump and wasting a part of its force a stout chain is generally wound around the stump.

Ice gorges can be moved effectively with stumping powder. In this operation, the explosive, tied together in several cartridges with a long fuse lighted, is thrown onto the ice cakes, the object of course being to break up the large cakes of ice into smaller pieces, which will thus be prevented from piling up.

But log jams are broken up and the timber started down stream on its way again in a different manner. In this case the explosive is placed on the logs at a point where the timber is loosest and exploded by a blasting machine on the shore through electric wire connections.

Boulder blasting is followed in much the same manner as in removing stumps. It is again a method of attacking the obstruction at its weakest point.

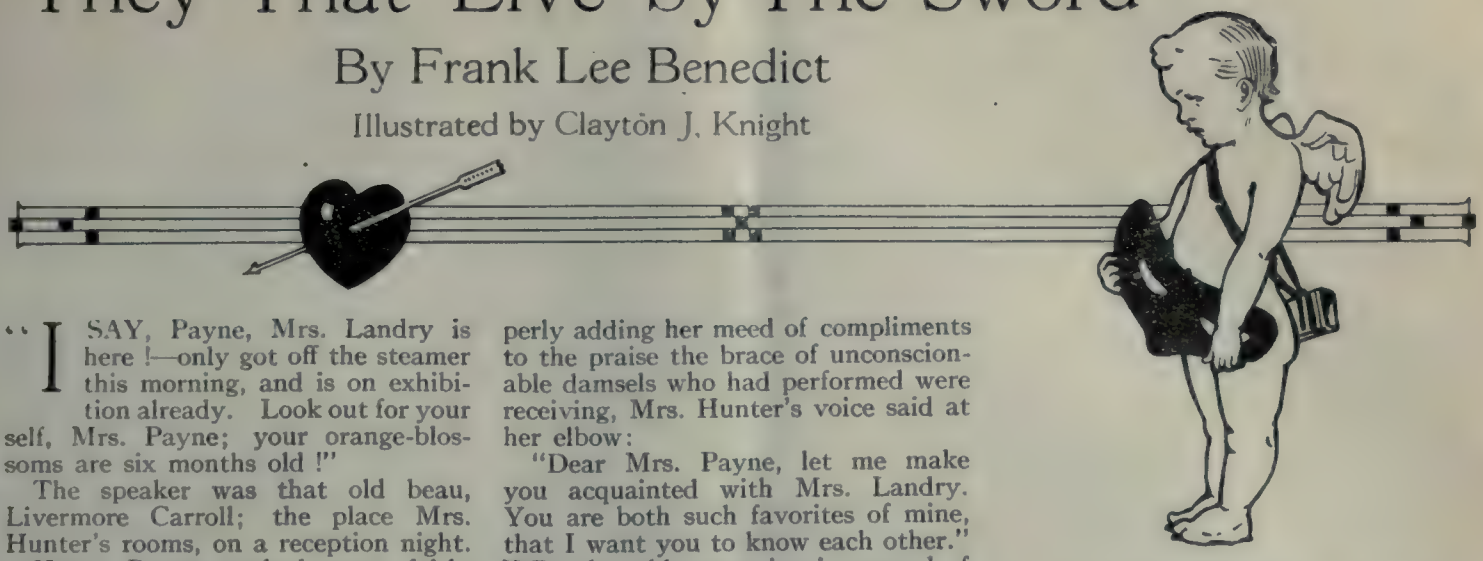
These, then, are the chief uses to which explosives have been applied on the farm with success, though the innovation has also proved effective in digging holes for posts; in building roads where rock had to be cut away or graded and in splitting logs; Quite likely ideas for its further use will frequently suggest themselves to the farmer especially as the powder company supplying his explosives keeps in the lead in experiments and shows particular desire to supply information to agriculturists as to its uses and best methods. In fact in view of steady improvement in manufacture and form, it may not be surprising at all soon to find broad acres even ploughed by explosives used carefully—systematically—scientifically.

THIS WAS A HOPELESS FIELD OF STUMPS AND BOGHOLES. TEN MONTHS AFTER BLASTING, IT WAS GROWING $800 WORTH OF CELERY TO THE ACRE, THE RICH WOODS DIRT BEING A GOOD FEEDER FOR THE PLANTS AND IT EARNED ITS OWNER AN EXCELLENT PROFIT

# They That Live by The Sword

## By Frank Lee Benedict

Illustrated by Clayton J. Knight



"I SAY, Payne, Mrs. Landry is here !—only got off the steamer this morning, and is on exhibition already. Look out for your self, Mrs. Payne; your orange-blossoms are six months old !"

The speaker was that old beau, Livermore Carroll; the place Mrs. Hunter's rooms, on a reception night.

Harry Payne pushed past, fairly dragging Sidney forward; but, with a woman's quickness she found time to say:

"You must put on your spectacles, dear Mr. Carroll. Then you'd see I shall be too busy having other people look at me to attend to your considerate advice, whatever it may mean."

"Oh, I don't think anybody ever accused Carroll of meaning anything," added Harry, laughing, more ready with a retort than men usually are, when somebody has stung them, though Sidney felt his arm tremble beneath her hand.

As she moved on through the gay crowds, Sidney wished, from her very heart that she had told Harry, in the days of their engagement, what she knew about his past. If she had, she would have stood upon a different footing now; but Mrs. Landry's name had never been so much as mentioned between them, much less the fact that Harry was known to have been in love with her.

"Don't let that woman make your acquaintance even, if you can help it; we don't want to know her," said her husband.

Miss Kellogg was singing. A long impossible bit of instrumentation, by two pairs of amateur hands, followed, and in the midst of it Sidney, standing a little back of the piano, raised her eyes to meet those of a lady near, surrounded by a little group of men, and queening it, as a pretty woman may be held excusable for liking to do. Sidney recognized her at once. At the time she learned Harry's secret she had seen a portrait of the woman whose treachery had driven him nearly mad. This brilliant creature, whose eyes met her own with a curious glance, was Isabel Landry.

Presently, the tortured piano got a little rest, and while Sidney was properly adding her meed of compliments to the praise the brace of unconscionable damsels who had performed were receiving, Mrs. Hunter's voice said at her elbow:

"Dear Mrs. Payne, let me make you acquainted with Mrs. Landry. You are both such favorites of mine, that I want you to know each other."

By the odd expression in several of the countenances about her, Sidney knew that she was watched by people who were perfectly cognizant of the old story, and waiting to be amused by this encounter between Harry Payne's wife and the woman who had jilted him. Sidney turned slowly round, gave one pretty look of surprise, let it change into the sweetest and brightest smile of pleasure, as if the very sight of the beautiful face before her filled her with eagerness to know her friend's other "favorite," and said,

"I am very happy to meet you; I'll not have Mrs. Hunter liking you the best." Then another admiring look and a charming laugh, as if the second glance at the beautiful creature wrung the confession from her, "Only I'm afraid she'll not be able to help it."

If Argus had been staring at Sidney with all his eyes he would have sworn she was speaking from impulse; but the perfection of the thing was, that he would have supposed she had never even heard of Mrs. Landry in her whole life before.

It was the enemy's turn now, but there was too palpable a meaning in manner and words as she answered:

"It's so kind of you to say nice things to me; but where you are concerned, I'm afraid I can't expect to be liked best by Mrs. Hunter, or anybody else."

Several busybodies exchanged smiles, to show that they understood who was meant by the general phrase, and held their breath to see if they were not to get a little more amusement out of the scene, but Sidney defeated that.

"Oh, dear ! somebody else is going to play," sighed she. "Do let's sit down a moment, for they'll not let us talk here."

Mrs. Landry followed her, somewhat disappointed, and more angry, that Sidney had so far had the best of the encounter. She felt malicious now, and wanted to stab her antagonist sharply, for, in her over-weening self-confidence, it never occurred to her that this pretty, rather girlish-looking creature could be a match for her powers. But Sidney kept her down to ordinary topics so artfully, that she was a good deal at a loss, and there was nothing ill natured to be done for several moments. By the time the music ceased, Mrs. Landry's quick eyes perceived Harry Payne standing in the middle of the room, and said,

"Ah, there is your husband ! Do make him a sign to come here; we used to be good friends once, but he got very angry with me about—about what was no fault of mine. You must make him promise not to bear malice!"

"Angry with you ?" questioned Sidney, with delightful innocence. "I can't fancy that; but if he ever was, I dare say he has forgotten all about it—the most forgetful creature !"

She beckoned to her husband. He was not a man to do anything awkward, so he did not hesitate a second about obeying his wife's gesture; but, under his smile, Sidney could see plainly that he was furious with her—worse than that, troubled by the sight of this woman, who, until meeting her, he had believed could excite no feeling in his mind but that of contempt or anger.

"Harry," said Sidney, before he could speak, "Mrs. Landry says she is sure you have forgotten her,"

"I was only so surprised that I could not believe my eyes," returned he, adding proper words of welcome, and doing the thing remarkably well.

"And I don't think I was modest enough to say I was sure you had forgotten me," said Mrs. Landry, laughing.

"No. How was it ? You said he

was angry with you. That was it; and I told you I was sure he had forgotten it. You know you are the most heedless creature in the world, Harry !" Sidney cooed in her turn. "And you're not to bear malice, sir, because Mrs. Landry has just begged me not to let you. But, what was it all about; do tell me."

That was her crowning stroke, and all either of them could do, was to get away from the subject as fast as possible, and plunge into the first bit of talk that offered. The crowd; the heat; the horrible retribution that ought to befall amateur musicians; Mrs. Landry's voyage; her courage in crossing in April; and Sidney kept the ball rolling, and held aloof any possibility of awkwardness, or a scene, until the woman beside her was so angry, that she could with pleasure have throttled her with her pretty fingers on the spot. As for Harry, he had always considered his wife an innocent, rather childish creature, and only thought that she chattered out of entire unconsciousness of what the scene meant. With a man's usual inconsistency he was vexed at her lack of perception, and hardly knew which woman he hated most for the moment.

"I don't see Mr. Landry," he said.

"No; we only landed at noon. Mrs. Hunter came and dragged me out; but poor Mr. Landry was not well enough."

"Rheumatism ?" questioned Harry. "You must be very careful of him," and Sidney leaned back, and slowly fluttered her fan in enjoyment of his impertinence, for she knew as well as he did that the gentleman had been a grandfather when Isabel married.

"Mr. Landry is always dreadfully ill at sea," pursued the lady, addressing Mrs. Payne, as if she had not caught Harry's remark. "I want you to know him—such a heart ! Ah, dear Mrs. Payne, I was wiser than all the rest of you girls. It's very nice to be an elderly man's darling."

"I suppose you don't finish the proverb out of politeness," said Harry, rather pettishly, and Sidney would have liked to box his ears for making the blunder.

"Not a bit," quoth Mrs. Landry. "You know I never hesitated to tell you the truth."

People were trooping out to the refreshment-room; some man came and took Sidney away; she was inexpressibly grateful for the release. Driving home that night, Harry burst out suddenly,

"I'm sure I told you we didn't want to know that worldly, frivolous woman."

"Mrs. Hunter brought her up to introduce," said Sidney. "I could not help myself—she seems charming, and [illegible] I wonder I never heard more about her. But what did she ever do to make you dislike her ? She said you used to be great friends, but that you got angry about something that was not her fault."

All Harry could do was to turn suddenly sleepy, and mutter something between the yawns, about the stupidity of going about to parties and balls night after night. Sidney let him alone; she was too clear-sighted not to see that the best hope for their future peace, would be in a frank confession on both sides; but it was so difficult at this late day—she was so fearful of seeing him pained or humiliated that she had not the courage to attempt the bringing of it about.

For a little while Harry Payne

"VERY CARELESS FOR THE SERVANTS TO LEAVE WASTE PAPER LYING ABOUT," SHE SMILED AT HER HUSBAND

struggled against the fascinations of the woman who had so sorely wounded his heart; but Mrs. Landry was determined that he should yield.

But she was dealing with a very wise little woman. Sidney understood her tactics as clearly as if Mrs. Landry had made a plain statement of them. She did her foe more justice too, than many of her sex would have done under the circumstances. She saw that Mrs. Landry was impelled by a thirst for admiration and a keen love of power, and a personal spite against her, Sidney, but was too cold blooded, and too clear headed, ever to let her heart lead her beyond the limits of mere flirtation.

The two women were inexpressibly sweet to each other, and Mrs. Landry insisted on rushing into an intimacy. Harry could not well keep at a distance when she came out in the character of his wife's friend. Indeed, he did not struggle very long; he was soon her devoted slave, and Sidney had the humiliation of perceiving that he was terribly in earnest. She suffered cruelly, and there were often times, during the next six weeks, when she was ready to declare the struggle unendurable; but she was fighting for her husband's heart, for all that could give her a hope of happiness, and she would not be vanquished. A poor heart to fight for, lookers-on might have said, but it was the only one Sidney cared about; besides, she was possessed of an indomitable obstinacy under her mild exterior, and the idea of defeat was almost as hard to bear as her suffering. She would not give in; she would show her husband the difference between herself and this woman, who, after proving so faithless in days gone by, was maliciously anxious to ruin any hope of peace for him in the future.

Mr. Landry remained ill, or at least sufficiently suffering to keep to the house for several weeks. By the time he was about again, his wife and Harry Payne had glided into as pretty a flirtation as one could wish to see, but it was by no means the lady's only affair. The husband knew that, though Harry only suspected it in moments of jealousy. Mr. Landry and Sidney waxed quite confidential very soon—that is, the confidence was on the elderly gentleman's side, and Sidney listened with a pretty respect for his age not often found among this generation.

"People call my wife a flirt," said he; "and so she is. I don't like it, and I don't pretend to; but there's no good in making her unhappy."

"That's really very considerate," replied Sidney, unable to resist laughing, though she was by no means in a merry mood.

"If she were ever devoted to one man, I should interfere—she knows that," pursued Mr. Landry. "But there's no checking her; just now, it may be your husband, or another; to-morrow, maybe, that handsome young music-teacher you sent her—and half a dozen besides."

Sidney lost the thread of his discourse as he verged into excuses for his wife, and invented scores of noble qualities wherewith to endow her, but she managed to look interested—all the while she was meditating upon the light which his revelations had cast upon her. If she could only prove to Harry that the beautiful flirt was just as eager to listen to other men's whispers as to his, and repaid them with the same sweet smiles and eloquent glances, Sidney knew him well enough to be certain that he would hate the woman to the day of his death.

It was not more than a week after,

that Geoffry Renshaw came over from England; and the gossips who were busy with Mrs. Landry's name, did not hesitate to disclose that he had come on her account, and to hold up their hands in horror at her conduct; all the while they paid court devotedly to her wealth and position, and manœuvred as hard to obtain invitations to her balls and parties, as if they had been tickets for Paradise.

From first to last, Mrs. Landry managed as only a woman could have done, to make it perfectly evident to Sidney that it was a personal spite against her, and no return of an old tenderness which prompted this attack upon Harry Payne. But Sidney was her match; she bore herself so cautiously and evenly, that the most keen-sighted of those who watched, were in doubt whether she was aware of the way her husband flung himself at the beauty's head.

Passing through the hall one morning, she met a new man-servant standing there, studying the address of a letter with a puzzled face.

"What is that, James?" she asked.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; it's a note Mr. Payne told me to carry. He's gone out, and when I came to look, the address is so blotted, I don't know where it's to go. If you please, I don't think I could have done it—"

"Let me see," she interrupted, taking the envelope out of his hands.

The blotted superscription was legible enough to her eager eyes; it was addressed to Mrs. Landry! It is useless to deny the fact—Sidney's first impulse was to open the letter and read it; but the unworthy feeling passed in an instant. She knew there must be something strange in her face, for the man was looking curiously at her.

"It is a note that Mr. Payne directed for me," she said, quietly. "Take it at once."

She handed back the missive, and told him the address; then hurried away to escape his apologies and assurance that he could not have been to blame.

It was not a pleasant morning that she spent in her own society, and she felt that her last hold on patience and resolution was giving way. She was almost ready to vow that if there came no end to this insane folly on her husband's part, she would make one at whatever cost. This constant fever of unrest and excitement was too humiliating to be borne. She cried a little even in the solitude of her chamber, grew so ashamed of her own weakness that her spirit rose again.

"I'll not give in," was her conclusion, after those hours of passion and grief. "It might be all very fine to do high tragedy, and go into a convent like a woman in a novel; but I'll not! I love my husband, and he shall come back to me, and own he has been a fool, and Isabel Landry shall accept such terms of peace and mercy as I choose to offer."

But the means? It was an answer to that question which Sidney racked her brains to find, but only worked them into an intense nervous headache, which made her sick and blind. That would never do; they were invited to Mrs. Landry's reception this very night, and she could not go with red eyes and pale cheeks.

Fortunately, Harry was to dine with some friends at his club, and come home to dress and take her, so she had plenty of time to recover herself, and, like a sensible body, went out in search of fresh air and distraction, instead of weakening her powers by a longer season of morbid self-communing.

She could only think of one bit of very feminine revenge for the moment. She happened to know that Mrs. Landry was to wear a dress of pale blue, and she put herself into an entirely fresh and bewitching gown of one of the new marvelous tints of azure, which would make her hostess, by contrast, look like a faded convolvulus. She succeeded perfectly; she perceived it by the angry light in Mrs. Landry's eyes, when she saw her enter the room; perceived that even Harry looked at the lady in surprise, though in his masculine ignorance he had no idea what was the matter, or that it was his own wife's dress which made the usually brilliant coquette look so washed-out and dull.

It could not have been a pleasant evening to Mrs. Landry, in spite of her tact and her ability to act several parts at once. Her husband was by no means satisfied with her conduct of late, and had only a few hours before given her warning as to the limits which he should insist upon setting to the free moral agency of her actions. At the bottom, she was afraid of him; she knew that, lenient as he had always been to her spirit of coquetry, he would be sternly unforgiving toward any imprudence which could compromise his name. Harry Payne and the young Englishman were watching her, each furiously jealous of the other; and they had both reached a pitch of idiocy, to which the spoiled beauty did not like her admirers to go. Just then she would have been glad to be rid of them both.

And Sidney, apparently occupied with other persons and matters of her own, never lost a point of the little drama, and enjoyed maliciously the strait in which Mrs. Landry found herself. If only something would happen to give her that long-watched opportunity! The evening dragged on; a gay enough one to all appearances, though each of the persons whom Sidney studied, would probably have pronounced it about the most unendurable they ever spent in the whole course of their lives; and she, in her pain and wrath at her husband's folly, was almost ready to declare, as she had done scores of times, that she would bear it no longer.

Continued on page 204.

"MR. LANDRY IS ALWAYS DREADFULLY ILL AT SEA," COOED ISABEL. "I WANT YOU TO KNOW HIM — SUCH A HEART!"

ONE OF THE MEN ON THE CICETER ESTATE CUTTING FLAX IN A THOUSAND ACRE FIELD

# Working the Biggest Farm In Canada

## By Frederick Doyle

Illustrated with Photographs taken on the Ciceter Estate

WHAT tiller of the soil twenty-five years ago ever dreamed of a scene like this ?

It is a dark midnight on the open stretches of level prairie in Western Saskatchewan. Seven searchlights, moving east and west and north and south with slow regular progress, flash across the flat fields, the guiding lights in a great conquest of the soil. Behind their beams which stretch a long lane of light along the grassy prairie, working powerfully in the darkness are seven titans of the prairies, forty horse-power gasoline engines pulling gang plows. Moving quietly, relentlessly as they are, the mind can hardly grasp the immensity of their work. For each of these engines is leaving behind it a wake of plowed earth twelve feet in width. And seven engines are pulling plows. All night long then, and all day long on the biggest farm in Canada, at the season for such work, the green sod is turned under in swaths whose combined width is eighty-one feet !

Have you seen this sight ? If you have, you know how mightily man now grapples with the earth to give the millions bread, and if you have seen this fight for life on the biggest farm in Canada, you know that there, where the battle is greatest, the man who is in charge, if he is to make the proposition pay, must have at his command all the resources that wealth and agricultural and mechanical genius can produce.

Perhaps in a land where everything is big, where farms as a rule are bigger by far than they are anywhere else on earth, the attention of Western Canada should be focused on the Ciceter Estate — for that's the name of this farm,—not so much because it is the biggest farm as for the reason that it is the biggest model farm. Yet since it is great in size and great in operation there is something to be gained by every North American in seeing the whole farm in all its aspects.

Let us meet the commander-in-chief, L. Benson Boyd. He is young, very young, and believes in having young blood do his work. And as he shows us about his sixteen square miles of perfect farm land, splendidly managed, you will be inclined to agree that Benson Boyd is right, both in theory and practice—at least that all he has done and is doing on these 10,240 acres, every inch of which has been put under plow, is right.

You may ask him first where he got the name Ciceter, the tongue twister. Well, it came from the days of the Roman conquest of Britain, and it survived in the changed form of Cirencester. The latter is the name of the baronial estate of the present Earl of Bathurst. Boyd one time visited the Earl's estate, and was delighted with its beauty. With such an ideal in mind, he took the name "Ciceter" and the sixteen miles of Saskatchewan were so christened. The Earl, however, is not the owner of Ciceter, as has sometimes been supposed.

Before getting down to business at Ciceter, let us take a look about us, for indeed it is a pleasant place. Why does it seem so pleasing. Certainly the eye, ranging over 3,200 acres in flax last summer, 2,800 in wheat and 320 acres in oats for stock feed, would find much to delight it, but there is something besides nature's beauties ! Everything on this western farm conforms to a color scheme. Every building, every machine, every painted article is bright green with a white border. The Ciceter green and white wagon train is noted in all that country. Uniformity in color costs nothing, adds to the attractions of the farm—"Why not have it ?" says Boyd.

The biggest demonstration farm on earth, that is what Ciceter is, and the practical purpose of this article will be to show that it deserves to be a leader in Western Canada's agricultural progress because it is demonstrating in a vast money-making way what the government and railroad demonstration farms are doing in a smaller way. And for the very reason that it is making money on a big scale, it will have the attention of the farmers and their respect more than any farm run for the sole purpose of pointing out right methods.

In view of this statement, and the continual and very wise agitation in favor of mixed farming, it may seem contrary to say that Ciceter is primarily a grain growing farm, and that it is the intention to keep it so. But it can be made plain that for Ciceter, it is right that is should be.

Ciceter Estate it on the Canadian Northern—the railroad runs right through the farm—the nearest town being Hughton, which is south and west of Saskatoon. Everyone knows this is in a fine grain country—almost perfect steam plow land. The soil is unexcelled, and the climate assures big crops regularly. Where nature has

done everything possible for grain, why not raise grain and raise it all the time ?

At Ciceter they do raise it—all the time. Sixty-nine thousand bushels of grain were produced there for the crop of 1913. Of this thirty-six thousand were flax, 22,000 were wheat, and the oats amounted to 12,000 bushels. One 640 acre tract of Marquis wheat yielded thirty-nine bushels of No. 1 Northern per acre over the entire tract ! This was on summer fallow. One field of 500 acres of flax yielded twenty-four bushels to the acre ! The entire flax crop was sold for May delivery at $1.30 per bushel, while the wheat brought for the same delivery 88⅞ cents per bushel.

Grain pays at Ciceter—but look you: Ciceter is not going to be lessened in its productive power by continual cropping. Last summer 4,000 acres were summer fallowed in the most perfect manner. The fallow land was plowed, double disced and drag harrowed three times. The farmer who follows the lead of Ciceter will be guaranteed maximum crops.

Though grain is its main crop, Ciceter takes a long lead in diversified farming. It does so simply because Boyd believes that the farm he manages should supply its own food demands absolutely. He buys sugar, salt and coffee—and there he stops. Not an egg, not a pint of milk or a pound of butter, is bought for this farm. It supplies itself with these and with pork, beef, poultry and vegetables. Would that this could be said about every farm in Western Canada—and our prosperity will tremendously increase when every farmer does stand on his own legs in this way.

THE CUTTING COMPLETED. PREPARING PORTABLE GRANARIES AND CAMP FOR THRESHING

There is a very interesting example seen at Ciceter of the economy and general satisfactoriness of a farm's filling its own needs in preference to letting them be filled by outside purchases.

Before Boyd's time, Ciceter farm, which was not then Ciceter in name or management, lived on condensed milk and bought butter—just as thousands of our farmers are doing who ought to be supplying themselves and families with the fresh home produced articles at practically no cost instead of paying out their good money in purchases of questionable value.

One of Boyd's first moves was to put on his farm two Holsteins and one Jersey—not blooded cattle he says, but just good honest milk cows which cost $75 per head—cows such as any farmer can have and ought to have. These cows furnished milk and cream for the entire staff of the estate—no small number of men and women with an appetite. Think what the freshest and richest of milk meant in added efficiency to the farm help, think of the contentment it gave the workers. These things cannot be estimated in dollars, as can the saving on the purchase of nine hundred dollars' worth of condensed milk. But evidently the three cows were not satisfied with what they had done, for they modestly presented the farm with three fine calves that soon grew up and became of equal value to that of their mothers. The herd of milk cows at Ciceter has since been increased to sixteen head, and there are also now twenty head of young cattle for beef purposes. Ciceter has a modern, hygienic butcher shop in which is killed and dressed all of the meat which is used on the estate.

ROUNDING THE TURN AT THE END OF A LONG SWATH

Water is flowing through the Pan-

Continued on page 217.

*This department is under the direction of "Kit," who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.*

### THE END OF THE AGE

THOSE whom, for reasons of our own, we will call "The Watchers of the Night," are like the wise virgins, trimming their lamps, for —"behold, the Bridegroom cometh." This year of 1914 is affirmed by them to be the year of the second coming of Christ—as king—according to Biblical computation and prophecy. Quite apart from "the signs of the times" which were predicted as being evidence of the "last days"— not the end of the world, but the end of the age which would usher in the reign of our Lord,—there are many things which point to 1914 as being the Great Year. It is difficult to know just where to begin when one tries to put it down upon paper, for the topic throbs with interest and is fraught with no little awe and is, besides, not easy to make plain.

As you may know, seven is the complete number in Scripture and all the Jewish law was based on this number. For instance, there were to be six days of labor and the seventh was the Sabbath, or rest day, and after the seventh Sabbath or forty-ninth day, came the fiftieth, or day of Pentecost, when the High Priest went into the Holiest of Holies to make atonement for all the people. The law regarding the land was that it was to be tilled six years and allowed to lie fallow the seventh, and in order to let the people be sure of their food during the Sabbath years, they were told that the crop of the sixth year would be so abundant that when they came to harvest the crop of the years after the Sabbath years, they would have old store to throw away. After the seventh Sabbath year, or forty-ninth, came the fiftieth, or Year of Jubilee when all the land was re-divided equitably among the adult males, so that no man could alienate the land from his descendants beyond the Jubilee Year.

Now the Israelites (which we now class as all Jews) observed this law—so far as we can recall from memory—for about 285 years, and then, becoming rapacious, planted the land the Sabbath year, and the crop was so abundant that they were able to sell to their Gentile neighbors and become rich. This was repeated till the tenth year when the caterpillar locust arrived and ate up all the crop and there came a famine. But that did not teach them a lesson, and the law of the land became a dead letter, and for this they were cast off and told that they would be scattered among the nations and be without a king or country for "a period of seven times."

Now from fulfilled prophecies we have learned that a "time" in Scripture is a period of 360 years, so that seven "times" would be 2,520 years, and as Zedekiah, the last King of Israel, died B.C. 606, by corrected chronology, 1914 would see the end of the "casting off of Israel," and as we know that Christ is to be their next king and will sit on the throne of his father, David—which was an earthly throne—we must naturally infer that He will come, a spiritual king—to reign over an earthly people in the land God gave unto their fathers which none of them have ever seen, showing that the resurrection of the dead must be back to this earth. God confirms this in Ezekiel in His explanation of the "vision of dry bones" which were the "whole House of Israel" and to be "taken up out of their graves and put back unto the land God gave unto their fathers."

Another illustration of the operation of sevens is the age of the Earth. With all due respect for men of science referred to in Scripture as "falsely so-called," which makes the earth varying millions of years old—it is fairly reasonable to conclude that the six days of creation during which God worked were six periods of 7,000 years each, or 42,000 years, and that He rested on the seventh 7,000, when He turned His completed work over to man. This being the case, at the end of 7,000 years of man's rule would come the 50,000 year, or the Year of Jubilee—when the land, or earth, would be re-divided among the males. As we know that the Millenium is to be 1,000 years when man shall rest from his labors, what is more reasonable to suppose than that it will follow after 6,000 years of work, and this six thousand years will end, as far as we can learn from chronology, in 1914. Then, we are told in Scripture that after Christ has reigned 1,000 years on the earth, and put down all rule and authority—but His own—He will "hand over the kingdom to His Father, and Himself become subject to the Father, in order that God may be all in all."

This is why the Watchers of the Night are trimming their lamps for, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh." This is why 1914 is expected to be the last year of the age but not of the World—the Great Year "when man shall rest from his labors." Of the "signs of the times" we hope to be able to speak in a later issue of Canada Monthly.

### THE OLD AND THE NEW

Janus am I; oldest of potentates!
Forward I look and backward, and below
I count—as God of avenues and gates—
The years that through my portals come and go.
I block the roads and drift the fields with snow,
I chase the wildfowl from the frozen fen;
My frosts congeal the rivers in their flow,
My fires light up the hearths and hearts of men."

HAWTHORNE, in one of his delightful sketches, portrays the Old Year, as an old, tired woman. Weary, bedraggled, worn by the world, she sits upon the steps of Salem City Hall. Her garments are ragged; her shoes worn to holes. Beside her stands a capacious band-box containing the trifles she has picked up in her travels through the months "to deposit in the receptacles of things past and forgotten." An odd collection surely! Here, mingled together are fashion plates, the dark hair of men, the time-stolen bloom of beautiful women, the tears of the afflicted—so soon dried!—bundles of love-letters breathing a passion which had not outlived the year, packets of broken promises, of lovers' vows, of friendships forgotten. To this old crone sitting under the city clock, steps the jaunty New Year,

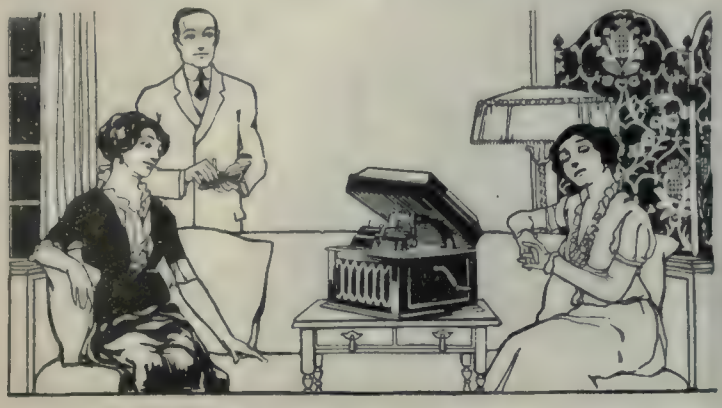
young, lovely, dressed in the latest fashion. She, too, carries something. It is only a basket full of hopes and promises, new annuals and almanacs, and a few New Year's gifts for the children. The whole sketch is touched by the sad humour of Hawthorne. It fills one at once with hope, desire, and despair. Shall the New Year, so bright, so care-free, so full of grace and joy, become in a few short months like the crone who sits on the City Hall steps, old, withered, shabby, carrying about with her the broken resolutions, the faded love-letters, the smashed hopes, the utter failures? It cannot be, we say, as we pin our faith to the skirts of the New Year, and pour into her prettily decorated basket our rich hopes, our undying resolutions, our passionate love, lofty ambitions and everlasting optimism. With the same old hopeful, faithful welcome, we greet the New Year. Every New Year's Day fresh hopes are born, the soul is renewed, the body braced for the fight. We shall begin with a clean slate. Our promises shall never be broken, our love shall never die. We shall fight the good fight and win. We are gods just descended from Olympia. "The world is mine oyster and here, in my hand, lies the trusty blade, keen from the scabbard that shall cleave my way through the months to fortune, to fulfillment, to Love, the immortal." Thus say we.

After all it is probably the fact that we do receive something year by year that is worth living for, that inspires the faith and hope with which we welcome the fresh beginning. Even though the Beldame's bonnet-box be filled with our failures, we send her and them to the dustbin where lie the eternal years. Troubles we have had, and death and his satellite, grief, but do we not always remember the losses, the sorrows more keenly than the joys and brightnesses of the year? There are few to whom the year that has passed has not brought something worth living for. A new friendship, an increase of knowledge, a growth of faith, and access of prosperity—something to be grateful for, to be glad of. And the new path lies before us. We see it flecked with sunshine, hedged with high hope, paved with ambition; and though we may lose much—even our lives or our love,—assuredly some gain will be ours. So here's to the young lady and her basket of hopes. Here's to the lovers' vows—may they remain steadfast and true; here's to the old friends, with welcome for the new; here's to ideals, may they be realized; to ambitions, may they be fulfilled.

A vous, Mademoiselle Dix-neuf Quatorze!

### DIARIES

DEEP rooted in the human breast is the passion for eavesdropping. And reading a diary is eavesdropping of the subtlest sort. To see things from the point of view from which we are intended to see them is commonplace; but to go behind the scenes, to see the author's manuscript, the sculptor's half-finished work, the artist's sketchy conception of his great picture, delights the best of us. Never can the Pedlar forget the majestic exit he made from the theatre to go behind the scenes to interview the great artiste Bernhardt. He was a cub, then, and his toes trembled in his boots at the thought of meeting the magnificent tragedienne face to face, of even saying to her in his feeble college French—"*Comment vous portez vous?*" Yet no one seeing the Pedlar traverse the aisle with splendid steps, his hair curling with importance, his air superior—as of one who pitied the common people sitting there in their



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The Blue Amberol is a perpetual, practically unbreakable record that reproduces in an amazing way the art of the performers. Don't miss the opportunity to hear it played.

Any Edison dealer will be glad to demonstrate the Blue Amberol for you.

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chairs for which they had paid fabulous prices—would for a moment imagine that poor fellow's trepidation and anxiety. He, the chosen one, armed with book and pencil—he,—would soon look into the long eyes of the divine one, would regard her slender litheness, would note the fashion and fabric of her garments, the timbre of her velvet voice, and recite it all in print for the common people to read over the teacups the next morning. He was going behind the scenes, which is what we all delight in; which makes us love to peep over the shoulder of Pepys as he watches his wife putting on her new black stockings, or dip into the memoirs of naughty old court ladies who have court secrets to tell.

It is this passion for eavesdropping, for going behind the scenes and watching the Bernhardt apply her dainty maquillage, that makes a diary such fascinating reading; we find out something that in the everyday course of events would be hidden from us. The same charm pervades "Confessions," and "My Pasts" and "Memoirs." It makes de Quincey and St. Augustine alike interesting, yet "confessions" have not quite the charm of a page from Marie Bashkirtseff or Pepys. A diary is much more convincing—a real diary, not those little books in which we moderns write telegrams of ten words or so such as —"Snow today. Turning colder. Judy had eight puppies. All black," but an ample volume whose sheets are blank of lines and cash-columns, and which does not check the imaginative romantic impulse by such useful information as "Moon rises at 7.10 A.M.," or that "Sun sets at 4 P.M."

### DIARIES AND GENIUS

IT takes a genius to write a diary. He must be at once an historian, a humorist, a dramatist and a lover of detail. It is not given to everyone to appreciate trifles; in many years of journalism we met with but one man who understood the full value of detail, of the minute things that make up so much of life. It is the mediocre mind that has a passion for great achievements. Your incomplete artist will always try to produce a Battle of Waterloo six feet by twelve; your rising theologian is moved to write an enormous book on the relation of science to religion; your halfgrown schoolboy to indite an epic, three hundred pages long. When bursting with ambition we first took our "pen in hand," we felt that only a *magnum opus* was worthy of our ink. We bought reams of paper, quarts of ink, pounds of blotting pad; and squaring our elbows sought to leap into fame by means of a fat dictionary, a box of emotions, a basket of exclamation

points, and bag of sesquipedalian words.

'Tis ever thus. We would leap into the world full grown Miltons, Macaulays, Raphaels, Beethovens. We make diaries! Leave such stuff to the miserable little Pepys, the dull Evelyns, the hysterical Bashkirtseffs!

Alas! poor little people we began and pigmies we remain.

But let us to our diaries. This is the month in which to begin the new record. We have added 1913 to the pile of little faded black and green covered books of the vanished years, and are ready to fill this, clean, red-edged, fat volume with our tawdry scribblings. There was only one diarist. He was a little man who wrote in cypher the most minute and delightful history and gossip of his time, and his name was Samuel Pepys, F.R.S., Secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II.

### RATS

THE discovery of bubonic rats in Seattle some time ago placed that repellant little animal again in the spotlight. The other day we encountered a large, shaggy, brown haired fellow sitting sunning himself on the barn steps. He was a rat of parts—or without them—for on some ill day for him the trap had snatched off his tail and left him without that natural and useful appendage. He looked steadily out from the door for a moment, trembled, and nipped off down his hole between boards. Ever since the catastrophe which befell his tail he had defied and derided all sorts of traps. He ate the fish off one, twisted the door of another open after gobbling up the cake, and turned a third upside down as in contempt. And he is still practising these pranks. But his worst trick is the malicious manner in which he destroys what he cannot devour. Our one hope is that some day he will pay for his ravages.

The old Egyptian symbolism of the rat is utter destruction—the destruction of everything in the way of eatables from the fresh hatched chick to the choicest corn in the barn. A second symbolism among the ancients still better fits the rat's case, since it is judgment, due to the rat's gift of judging between the best food accessible and that which is not quite so good. As a scavenger—in sewers, for instance, the rat excels. This is his only claim as far as utility goes. In other matters the case is black against him. Wherever he wanders he leaves a track of pillage or death. The farmer has the heaviest score against him. Everything on the farm contributes towards the keep of this savage spoiler. Could the value of what a full grown rat consumes and destroys during twelve months' residence on a farm be justly computed, one would be amazed at the amount. He wastes and ruins many times more than he eats, and so desperate becomes the nuisance that often a professional rat-catcher is employed to keep down the ever increasing horde.

Apropos to this, we remember an occasion when our district in Ireland was overrun by rats, and one John Goaly—between times the village butcher—was engaged to drive them away. The premium was five cents (or fi'pence) a rat. John arrived, like the public executioner, with a bag full of instruments. Like the hangman, he brought rope, several rusty old traps, and an antiquated shot-gun—a good one, quoth he, since it peppered two absentee landlords and one gauger in its day. Thus armed, and arrayed in felt slippers, John stole about the house while the family slept all uncon-

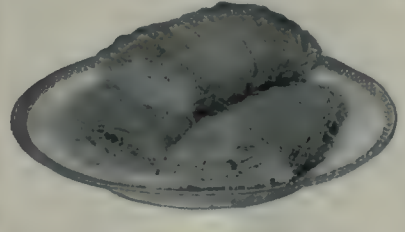
Continued on page 221.


"Eat More Bread"

Of course you should "eat more bread" and less meat—but be sure your bread contains all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain prepared in a digestible form. The only bread that fulfils all these requirements is

**Shredded Wheat Biscuit**

the natural, elemental food, not "treated" or compounded with anything—contains no yeast, no baking powder, no chemicals of any kind—just pure, whole wheat steam-cooked, shredded and baked. Served with hot milk it makes a nourishing, satisfying dish for a cold day.



**Always heat the Biscuit in the oven to restore crispness. Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with hot milk or cream will supply all the energy needed for a half day's work. Try TRISCUIT, the Shredded Wheat Wafer, for luncheon with butter, cheese or marmalade.**

Made only by

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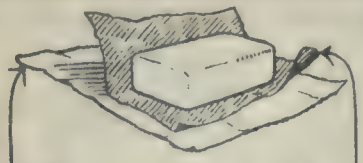

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—is a pure wholesome delicacy manufactured under ideal conditions. The same scrupulous care is observed in every detail of its preparation—even to the wrapping.

FIRST—Encased in the finest and most expensive silver-foil paper;

THEN—Packed in pure, damp-proof vegetable parchment.

HENCE—Always fresh and good.

**The Finest and Richest Cream Money Can Buy**

is used to make Ingersoll Cream Cheese. Its delicious flavour—its creamy consistency—its nutritive properties make it superior to any other cheese.

*Sold in Packets only—15c and 25c a packet.*

*Ask your grocer.*

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# Children Teething

**Mothers should give only the well-known**

**DOCTOR STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS**
**TRADE MARK**

**The many millions that are annually used constitute the best testimonial in their favor, they are guaranteed by the proprietor to be absolutely free from opium.**
**See the Trade Mark, a Gum Lancet, on every packet and powder. Refuse all not so distinguished.**

**Small Packets, 9 Powders**
**Large Packets, 30 Powders**

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUG STORES.
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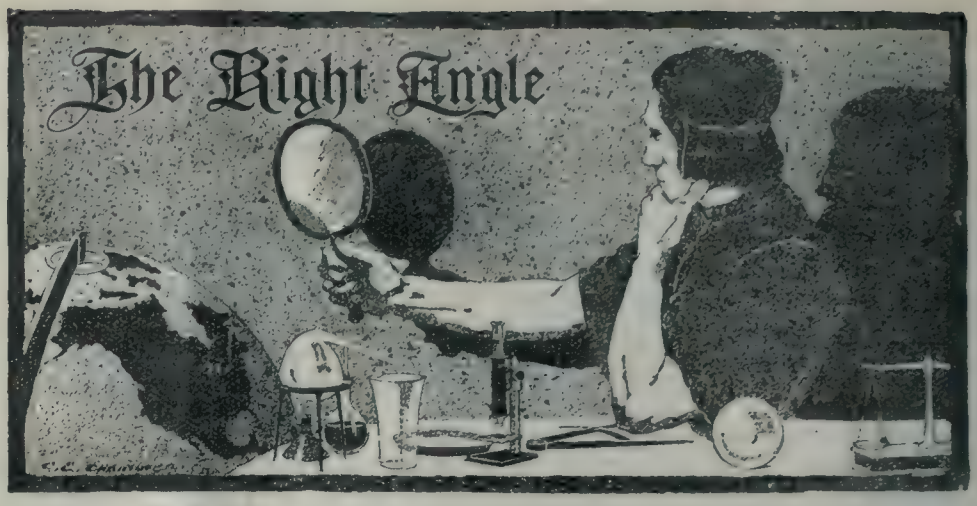


## SMUT

CANADA MONTHLY is glad to note that the so-called "sex story" is on the wane. We have been too long in the wallow. The better magazines are taking up editorially the question of smut, and making a determined stand against its appearance in their columns.

Life has always maintained that it is possible to be funny without being indecent, and through the whole wave of problem stories, and increasingly broad jests that have been flung at us alike from the printing-press and the stage, it has held to its standard of cleanliness, and has driven home some keen thrusts against the offenders. Recently it printed, without editorial comment or explanation, a dialogue between a subscription agent for a certain magazine distinguished for the class of stories it prints, and the small boy that answered his ring. "Do you take the Blank Magazine?" he inquired. "Sure!" said the youngster. "Four of 'em. One that dad hides from mother and sister. One that mother hides from dad and sister. One that sister hides from dad and mother. And one that nobody knows I've got in my room."

Editorial comment on this dialogue is superfluous. The unanimous shame of that family is self-evident, and as succinctly keen a statement of the case against the salacious magazine as we have ever heard. Some readers perhaps may laugh over it. In our opinion it is not funny. Probably when Christ drove the money-changers out of the temple there were unthinking folk who chuckled to see the grey-beard brokers run.

Everybody's and the Outlook are also against evil. Witness this editorial which appeared in the former for November.

Do you tell indecent stories to your family? Do you and your family entertain people who like, and like to tell, indecent stories? Whose conversation is always just a bit off color—but not too much? Who like to make salacious allusions concerning your family's friends? Do you really like to have such people on terms of intimacy with your wife, your daughter, or your son? Or don't you manage to avoid having them around?

If you are naturally particular about the people who come within your family circle, why aren't you just as particular about the books and magazines and newspapers—which have as great an influence within that circle?

Especially the magazines. For they are the most eagerly read, the most entertaining, and hence the most subtly influential.

In large measure, the magazines follow the larger trends of popular taste and emotions. Some lead, it is true; but most of them follow the popular bent.

Just now—in fact for the last few years—we seem to have been wallowing in a bog of filth. Books, the theatre, the magazines—each purveyor of public entertainment has tried to outstrip the others in *smut*.

Just smut. Sometimes clever, sometimes artistic even, usually insidious, and often vulgar. But smut, just the same.

It seems almost as if we were about to live up to Shaw's characterization of us: America's official flag should be white—and black on the other side.

But every such tide of public taste and emotion has its ebb. It is now turning. At any rate, it is true that people are beginning to discover the difference between decency and smut, even when both appear in respectable form and between hitherto respectable magazine covers. But people are only beginning. Smut is still attractive, surreptitious, and *profitable*.

The Outlook says some direct, plain things that need to be said, and says them with its usual simple clarity:

The men who deal with sex problems on the stage or in fiction, not because these problems open up the abysses of human life, but because they appeal to physical instincts and fill theatres and sell editions, are more respectable in station than the owners of houses of ill-fame, but they are in the same business; they are one and all panders, and there is no more infamous class of occupation.

The talk about art for art's sake, truth to life, daring to face the facts, is pure hypocrisy in the case of men and women who exploit passion for business purposes. . . . The emphasis on the physical grows more emphatic and audacious, and its object is unmistakable; semi-nakedness is exploited for business purposes; it is a bid for the support of a class in the community who are attracted by indecency so long as indulgence in that taste does not jeopardize their standing as respectable people. Formerly, this kind of illustration was confined to semi-obscene journals. If those

journals had increased in number, it would have been an ominous sign of lowered moral standards; but the appearance of these illustrations in publications widely read by respectable readers and taken in respectable homes is a much more serious matter; it means that editors and publishers believe that this form of appeal to physical impulses and sex curiosity meets public taste and is an available method of getting business.

The trouble is that *smut is profitable.* And to a certain kind of publisher, anything that is profitable is proper. So reasoned the merchants who took opium into China. So reason the capitalists who send their agents to get rubber from South America—no matter how, but get it,—and maim or kill helpless natives who do not bring the precious stuff fast enough.

Everybody's continues further:

Now not all the magazines go in for the salacious. There are exceptions. Everybody's is one of them. And yet the other day we received quite a jolt from a clergyman in Kansas who wrote to us, cancelling his subscription to Everybody's. His letter was written in duplicate, and sent to several other magazines. In part it says: "Neither does one need to be a Puritan or a blue-law advocate to deplore the erotic stories and the nude illustrations to which so many of the magazines descend to-day."

We wrote him: "We are honestly disturbed by your paragraph which deplores erotic stories and nude illustrations with the implication that we have drifted in that direction. We are conscious of no offense. It is startling to find that we are paying a penalty for having published what we do not publish."

His interesting letter in reply discusses the situation throughout the magazine field, admits that he generalized rather carelessly, and says: "I have offered my wife a pound of chocolates to find similar material in your magazine, and she has *failed.* Hence the apology. Also I discovered Captain Scott, and read it through with great interest, and find I have been hustling over Everybody's. By way of concrete apology I am adding Everybody's to an order I am sending in through a local dealer. This correspondence has been immensely interesting and informing to me. I have always thought of editors as high-brow individuals who throw your letters into the waste-basket. Certainly I shall send no more circular letters to a group of magazines."

As you can see from the above instance, we are not wholly disinterested when we want salacious matter eliminated from the magazines. The bad repute of some is inevitably a reflection on all magazines. Undoubtedly a great many people think that Everybody's publishes smut. But they are people who haven't read Everybody's.

We are told that it pays to print smut. The audience for that kind of trash, we are assured, is large and eager. And the advertisers come after the large audience. And with the advertisers comes more money for the publisher. And then, more smut—at higher rates to the artistic smutmongers.

It's a vicious circle. One of the most vicious in this country. And you don't need to be told why.

The unfortunate thing is that smut *seems* to pay.

Please pardon us if we appear somewhat self-righeous and unctuous. Everybody's has its faults. We know it. We know some of them. Our friends and our enemies keep us posted.

But don't put us down in the smut column. We don't want it. *And we don't want the bigger circulation that goes with it.*

We are getting along very nicely without it, thank you. Our circulation, on the basis of a clean, helpful, entertaining, progressive magazine, is higher now than it has been for years. And steadily going up.

It's going up because there is an ever-increasing audience for our type of work, despite the present popular spasm for smut.

But all this is our personal magazine problem. It is here presented to you simply because we want to be entirely frank in a discussion in which we are directly interested.

This salaciousness hurts us. We might make capital out of it; but we don't want to. If this be unctuous superiority, make the most of it.

But we want indecency in the magazines suppressed because it is *bad.* Because it is *wrong.* We want it stopped, just as we want any public disease stopped. This infection of smut has become a fester on the body politic. It will have to be treated and eliminated just as we're trying to eliminate political graft, corporate oppression, industrial violence—by public opinion and action.

In the particular case of the "scarlet sheets," the remedy is fairly simple and instantly efficacious. Readers and advertisers can shovel all the smut out of them at one fell swoop.

All you have to do is remember that a magazine depends upon its *circulation.*

No circulation—no smut.

As for the men themselves who own and edit the scarlet sheets—well, it does seem that the theologians have been a bit hasty in banishing the old-fashioned hell.

And if it were not for the fact that our federal Constitution prohibits cruel and unusual punishment, we might make a suggestion.

**Double Breasted Ulster**

**of Conservative lines.**

**Always worn for solid comfort in the winter by men who study their health. Now taking the place of fur at one-quarter the cost, and twice the satisfaction.**

**See our many models made with Notch or Shawl collars. Split or plain sleeves, full belted backs.**

**Prices $18. to 50.00.**

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*Important town and city in Canada.*

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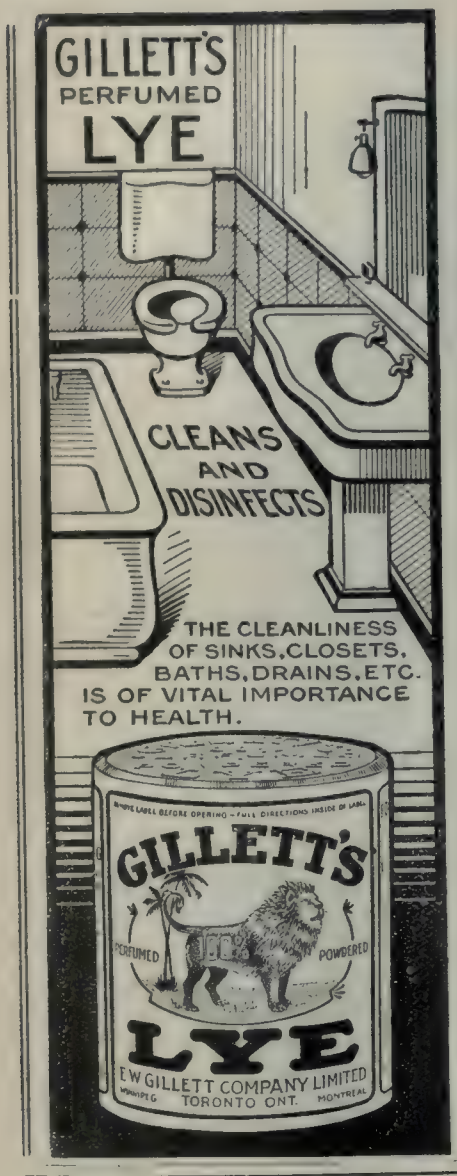


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Because we believe in a clean magazine, because we have always believed in a clean magazine, and always will, because we have refused alike unclean stories and unclean advertising, because we feel that too strong emphasis cannot be laid on the value of publishing decent stories for people who either are or want to be decent, we are reprinting the editorial in full. And wherever in it the word "Everybody's" appears, we should like our readers to supply also the words CANADA MONTHLY. We cannot indorse the editorial too strongly, or say too plainly that we are, always have been, and always will be for decency and cleanliness in all departments of CANADA MONTHLY.

### "O PIONEERS!"

WHEN Whitman sang his pagan chant to the makers of new country, he omitted to mention the newspaper man.

To-day, the keen-eyed old observer of humanity would not make that mistake. The newspaper is one of the big forces in the new towns of the west, and the newspaper owner-editor-pressman-compositor-reporter-devil is one of the most faithful and hopeful of the town boosters and builders. Ahead of the preacher, ahead of the doctor, ahead of the lawyer frequently ahead of the geographer, the newspaper man is the first of the professions to build his pine shack in the new village, import a little press, a font or so of job type, and settle down to printing the cheery, undespairing, optimistic voice of the community.

All honor to him. All honor to his battered little trunk, and his wheezy little engine, and his subscription list that is half paid in pork and flour and the occasional festive chicken. All honor to his faith in the future of his town, and his patient upbuilding of it. He is a true pioneer.

### THE COST OF WAR

THE romantic side of war has been exploited throughout the ages, and the public notion of it is glory and gallant charges, epaulets and gold lace, soldiery singing "Annie Laurie" by the camp fires, and the fanfare of bugles.

This, naturally because, as Kipling puts it, "there is more joy in England over one soldier who insubordinately steps out of a square to rescue a wounded comrade than over twenty generals slaving even to baldness over the gross details of transport and commissariat."

Taken merely as a matter of bookkeeping in human lives and millions of money, the practical expense of war is astonishing.

In the first Balkan War Bulgaria lost 80,000 out of 350,000 men with an expenditure of $240,000,000. Greece lost 10,000 out of 150,000 men with an expense of $56,000,000. Servia sent 250,000 men to war and 30,000 were killed; she spent $124,000,000. Montenegro furnished 30,000 soldiers of whom 8,000 were sacrificed, with $3,000,000 spent. Turkey lost 100,000 men out of 450,000 and the loss in money amounted to $322,000,000. In all, $745,000,000 were spent in order that 228,000 men might be killed.

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# The Woman of It

Continued from page 173.

"Faith is what has made Canada, they tell me," he said. "I'll be happy to take a lesson from you, Mr. Monro."

"Good !" said the other man. "That's a spirit worth cultivating."

At that moment Lord Merton caught sight of Valerie. "Come," he said, "we must not take up Mr. Monro's time, and Miss Monro is signalling us." They vanished, and Monro gazed after them reflectively.

Denzil Merton was rather between two attractions. He had gone to fetch his friend from the opera house, which had been crowded from floor to ceiling.

Robert had been shouted at and applauded and made much of, enthusiasm could go no further. Perhaps he was ever so little carried off his feet by it. It was not human nature, not to be excited ! He felt that he could sway these men and women, rouse their emotions, make them laugh or weep, bring back to them thoughts to which they had long been stranger, and the sense of power intoxicated him a little. He had such good eye-sight that he could watch the expression of many a beautiful face in those times, when he was not absorbed by his singing. Altogether the world was being very kind to him, so it was no wonder that Martin thought for a moment that he had rather a good opinion of himself.

And even here, in the midst of this ultra-gay throng, among these lovely and fashionable women, he felt that he had his triumph as he walked along. Women looked at him, glad to find that the hero on the stage had so heroic a look off it. In fact, one dowager expressed the public opinion when she said to her daughter-in-law, "No one man has any right to monopolize so many attractions."

The dance was just ending and the two men made their way towards Valerie. Monro watching her, thought that she knew they were coming although she stood with her back to them. He could not help waiting to see how she would greet them.

She turned at Denzil's, "Miss Monro," and held out her hand to him —then as he introduced her, she gave the slightest, the very slightest inclination of her beautiful head to Robert. It was the barest acknowledgment of the introduction, that was all.

Martin gave a little short laugh and went on watching. Robert Sinclair flushed in a hot, boyish fashion and drew himself up. But Denzil had not seen anything, he never did see anything except Valerie, when he was with her.

The girl stooped down to the little man, "You have come for your dance," she said gently to him. "You all but lost it, you should have come earlier."

"I could not, Robert was singing," said Denzil taking her card from her and putting his name down in the space she had indicated.

"Other men came early."

"They had not the privilege of waiting for him," he indicated Robert who stood there, with a perplexed look on his face.

"Well, you cannot have everything," said Valerie, and then Robert turned to her. "May I hope for a dance, Miss Monro," he asked timidly for him. He had the impression that he was being snubbed.

She shook her head, "Oh no," she said quickly, "I have no dance for you Mr. Sinclair."

The impression became a certainty. Robert flushed a deep, angry red. She had not even expressed regret. If she did not feel it, politeness might have induced her to feign it, at least, in her own house. But she was so

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beautiful, as she stood there in her slim girlishness, the light shining on her brown hair, and her vivid red mouth with its slightly lifted upper lip catching a gleam from the lamps.

"I never saw a girl so provokingly lovely," he said to himself, in the midst of his irritation. "Those limpid, crystalline eyes of hers are enough to drive anybody out of his senses. If she were only alluring, it wouldn't make much difference; but that girl has a soul."

So, alas! have other men reasoned, looking on bright eyes, that may or may not be a mirror of their owner's real self. Nature paints brilliantly the things that she wishes to make attractive for her own purposes. Whether or not the girl had a soul, it was evidently not to be shown to the opera singer in private life, and Robert could only bow and turn away. He was not out of earshot when he heard an ordinary looking young man request the pleasure and receive Valerie's programme from her gracious hands.

"So the goddess does not condescend to singers, eh?" he said a little bitterly to Denzil.

The plain face of the little man grew perplexed. "I don't understand it," he said slowly. "This is most unlike her."

"I do," said Sinclair lightly, affecting a carelessness that he did not feel. He had been made so much of since his success that he was horribly hurt by Valerie's slight. "Undoubtedly, my successor is a catch."

"It's only Alington," said Merton.

"Lord Alington? Exactly. A peer."

"Oh, that doesn't count for much these days," said Merton. "Probably he is a friend of hers."

"Perhaps. Girls are mercenary, aren't they? It's the inevitable result of society, I suppose, but this everlasting bargaining is—ugh!" He made a quick, foreign gesture of distaste.

"She is not like that," said Merton soberly. "I am sure of it. Why, Bob, she was tremendously interested in you—wanted to know all about you—asked me about you the next day after I had been to see you, and seemed fascinated by everything I told her. I can't imagine what reason she had for this; but I know she must have had some good one."

"Well, we'll see," agreed Sinclair lightly. "Come along and find me some partners, warranted to be of a good disposition. I don't think I could stand another knockout in one evening—that comes of being a spoiled child, you see."

Denzil made no reply, but introduced him judiciously, and certainly Sinclair had nothing to complain of during the ensuing half hour. The debutantes were all delighted to dance with him,

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though mothers and dowagers occasionally shot him an estimating glance. But they were all sugar-sweet to him, and his spirits revived with the return of the atmosphere he usually lived in.

"Upon my word," he said to himself, as he handed over one of the prettiest brides of the season to her next partner and saw her eyes loath to leave, "I really think that rebuff was good for me. I think too much of myself."

But Denzil Merton, sitting out his dance with his divinity, ventured upon a word of rebuke.

"You were not kind to my friend," he said to her.

Valerie played with the silk tassel that ended her long, transparent sleeve, through which the roundness of her white arm shimmered.

"Wasn't I?" she inquired, with her most innocent air.

"No." Then, "Why didn't you dance with him?"

"He came too late." She laughed. "Lochinvars must be on time in these days of taxicabs."

"But you gave Alington a dance after refusing Bob."

"Alington—is Alington." Valerie wafted her fan with the air of a woman of the world. The sweetest of ingenues enjoys feeling her power occasionally.

Merton made a sharp sound in his throat. "So that was it," he said. "I declared to Bob that it was not."

"You are not very clear," said Valerie, glancing at him under her lashes.

"He said it was a pity that all girls were bargainers, and I said you were not one of them. But it appears—" He broke off. This side of Valerie was new to him.

"Oh!" Valerie dropped her air of worldliness. "It wasn't either!" she declared femininely. "How could you? It—it was just that he came in like a sort of conquering hero, and was so perfectly sure that I had a dance all saved up for him—and—and—I'm perfectly ashamed of you, Denzil Merton!" There was something like a catch in her voice, and Denzil was instantly contrite.

"No, no, Valerie. I didn't believe it. But—you did it so flatly, you know. You hurt him more than you knew. And you said—just now—"

"I can't help what I said just now," said Valerie, injuredly. "I didn't know what you meant. But if you think that that silly Lord Alington is anything to me except a pair of feet and monocle, you are mistaken. I don't want him—and I don't want anybody else—unless I want him." The goddess was very much of a child now.

"Valerie," began Denzil, but she would have none of him. "No, don't explain," she said. "I don't think

your friend is so very much hurt, after all. He is evidently enjoying himself thoroughly now."— Sinclair had just swept across their range of vision with a delightfully pretty girl. His golden head was bent down to hers, and they were laughing together. Valerie watched them until they were hidden by the other dancers, and smothered a little sigh. "Take me back, now," she commanded.

"Say you forgive me, first. It was horribly impertinent of me to speak of it," he entreated.

"There's really nothing to forgive," she smiled. "It is good for me to be snubbed sometimes, just as it's good for him. Probably we are both of us spoiled children." She rose, and held out her hand. "Shake!" she said. "That's western talk." And Denzil took her slim hand, but instead of shaking it, he held it, and looked wistfully in her eyes.

"What a good friend you are," she said, on a lower note.

"I wish I could be a lover," he said gently. "Oh, Valerie! why do appearances count for so much? A plain little man like me ought not to be able to love so. You don't know how it hurts."

"I am a pig!" said Valerie remorsefully. "I'm sorry. Every time I play a little feminine game with you, I am as ashamed of myself as if I'd been caught stealing sheep. You take it so hard. Why in the world don't you laugh and let it go?"

Denzil shook his head. "I'm not made that way," he said. "Think of yourself imprisoned in an uninteresting little body, the best anyone could say of you that you were a well-meaning little chap—you'd take life seriously, too."

"But if they knew you as well as I do, they'd say you had a heart of gold."

"A golden head is worth a dozen of 'em," returned Denzil. Sinclair was passing them again, and Valerie's eyes followed him. He was still dancing with enthusiasm, still interested in his partner, and laughing with her. Yet somehow Denzil knew that he was conscious of them both, and that Valerie was conscious sharply of him. She broke the situation, with a woman's intuitive skill.

"You must take me back," she said. "Lord Alington will be looking for me, and I really think we've given Signor Sinclair time enough."

"Why do you call him Signor?"

"Singers are always called that, aren't they?"

"Not when they are my friends."

"He isn't a friend to me, yet. The footlights are a barrier."

"They wouldn't be, if you knew him better."

"I shall never know him better," said Valerie decisively.

"If you feel like that, I suppose you never will," said Denzil ruefullly.

"You mean he will never come again?"

"I don't quite see that he can."

"Have I been as rude as all that?" she asked, remoresfully, and then, with a pretty turn of her head, "Shall I try to make amends?"

"I don't think he would see it, now," said Denzil candidly. "You see, he has his pride, and I don't think he'd stand being patronized."

I won't patronize him. I will be humble," said Valerie soberly.

Merton laughed, in spite of himself. "You humble?" he asked. "Well,—you are always you. Try it."

"If I had been as rude to you, would you forgive me?"

"You would not be rude to me," he said, with a quick intuition that sur-

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prised her. "You are always too sorry for me."

It was a true indictment, but although she did not want him to believe it, there was no time to argue about the matter, for at this juncture Lord Alington arrived.

"My dance, I think, Miss Monro," he said calmly, and carried her away.

Denzil watched them go, and hated Lord Alington from the bottom of his gentle heart.

"They dance well," he thought. "They all dance well. They are tall and look like men and can put their arms around her waist, confound them! while I sit and look on. And she is so sorry for me that she is kind to me! My God! it's a pitiful little tragedy, isn't it?" he said to himself, trying to get his feet out of the way of a long train and knowing that its owner was anathematizing him. "I am nothing but an awkard lout."

Impatiently he made his way out of the ballroom, and joined the group of elder men at the top of the stair, where his host was dispensing whiskey and soda and joining in racy talk of politics and Canadian affairs. The music played gaily, the dancers' feet flashed over the polished floor, the candles glowed in their great Louis XIV. girandoles. There was the scent of flowers and the attractive odor of a large and well got-up crowd. Just like a ball, like anyone's ball, except that it had a snap and a swing to it—and then suddenly across the whirling dance rang the sharp cry of a woman in pain, and the acrid scent of burning cloth filled the air.

### CHAPTER VI.

The music stopped in the middle of a bar, and Lord Merton found himself looking with scared eyes into Monro's whitened face. For half a second no one moved.

"Good God! it's Valerie!" said Monro, and in a breath, Merton knew not how, he was leaping after the long figure of the Westerner, thrusting aside the groups of frightened dancers, to a clear space in the ballroom's centre, where a golden head bent above Valerie, and long strips of delicate fabric, charred and blackened, lay scattered about her on the polished floor. A fallen wax candle, still smoking in a welter of melted grease, bore witness to the tragedy.

Swiftly Monro slid an arm under the girl, and lifted her gently from Sinclair's supporting grasp. His blue eyes ran rapidly over her arms and shoulders, scanning the delicate skin. The burning fabrics had been torn away so quickly that she was not hurt. A red mark or two on her upper arm was all the damage, and Monro raised his eyes to the singer's face.


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"It was you, wasn't it?" he stated rather than inquired. "Good work. Let's get her out of here."

A dozen hands offered help, but Valerie opened her eyes, and shook herself.

"I'm all right, dad," she said. Don't carry me. I'll go on my own feet."

"That's my girl," he answered, and gently helped her away through the sympathetically anxious crowd that divided to let father and daughter pass.

*To be continued*

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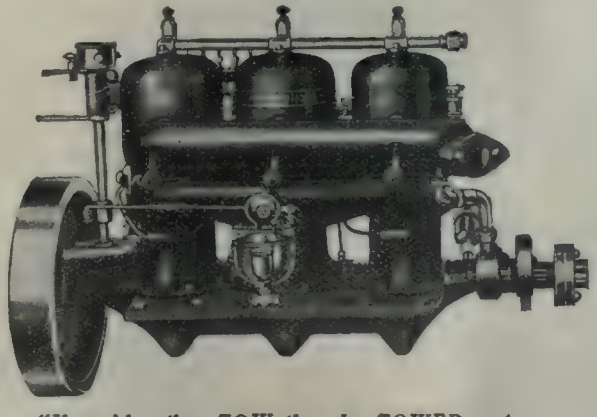

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## *Two Men—*

Continued from page 176.

"Aren't you going to say good night?"

"Good night," she echoed with a nervous little laugh. A new shyness of him filled her. Leroy—as a reality—was an unknown quantity indeed.

"That's no way to say good night," he scoffed.

"It's my way," she parried, with a touch of gay authority.

He laughed so boisterously that she glanced up at the neighbors' windows in alarm.

"Good! Now I'll show you *my* way."

"No—no!" She held him off in a girl's panic. "Please not to-night."

But he only pressed closer, prisoning her in a corner of the doorway.

"I don't suppose you ever kissed a fellow before?"

"No—I never!"

"Sure not; girls never have."

"Truly, Harry—truly, I haven't!"

His answering laugh stung her. Something callous in it at once humiliated and enraged her. Tom would have believed—she thought, instinctively—Tom would have understood.

"You're going to, now, anyway," he persisted. "My girl, don't say 'no' to me!"

She had thrilled earlier in the evening at that mastery in the vibrant voice. Now her heart was knocking against her side in sudden terror of his uncomprehending strength. She became conscious, too, of his thickening speech and whiskey-laden breath.

Swiftly she evaded him, pleading, entreating, commanding. "Don't, Harry—not now, you've been drinking! Don't dare to kiss me!"

When he understood that her resistance was genuine—no feint of the game as it was usually played—the obstinacy stirred him to anger. Pinioning her guarding hands with one of his big strong ones, he caught her chin and turned it ruthlessly to him.

That one moment filled every fiber of her with quivering disgust, the insistent lips, the heavy breath, the brutal force were utterly hateful and roused a fury that trebled her strength. Wrenching free, she struck him across the mouth. The blow astounded him; he only glared speechlessly back.

"You—go!" she cried chokingly. "Go—or I'll wake the house!"

When he had gone she shrank back into the darkness, and her hands sought and covered up the shame of her face.

To have waited—for the hero of her heart, and then to have been plundered by a masquerader, coarse, half drunken! Her dream, with all its glory and beauty, was shattered in a thousand

fragments. She had thought that when men loved, they loved in Tom's way. Now she saw that the way was Tom's. Bitterness and smarting reproach possessed her.

"Oh, Tom—Tom," she wept softly, scarcely knowing what she said.

Then a quick thought, an overpowering impulse, sent her hurrying down the street. Neugan's home, a little old-fashioned cottage, back from the walk, and on a lower level, held no light.

He could not have returned, for the snow that had been gently falling for the last two hours was undisturbed about it. Cautiously she tiptoed down the walk, and shrank into the shelter of the doorway. It was very cold; she shivered and tried to warm her stiff hands with her breath. It was late, too—sometime after one—and utter lonesomeness possessed the silent street. There was no light anywhere, save the lamp-light, at the corner, flaring in the bleak wind. Once the sound of steps drew her peering out, but it was only a neighbor, lurching unsteadily homewards. Then a great fear grasped her. Tom was no drinking man, but now, perhaps—the fear quickened as the slow moments dragged by—endless as eternities—and then, when at last she heard his steps, heavy, deliberate, but steady; heard the click of the little gate after him, and knew that he was upon her, then, in her relief from her fears, and her confusion at being there, her knees shook under her and she drew back into the farthest corner.

"Tom," she whispered.

He stared astonished.

"It's only Amy."

"Well, what are you doing here?"

It was precisely what she did not know.

"I came—you've got my key."

Mechanically he drew it out. You'll catch your death of cold. How long have you been here?"

"Oh—hours! I wanted—I wanted to say I was sorry, Tom, I've been dreadful. He isn't—he—oh, why did you let me go with him? Why didn't you make me stay with you?

The eternal feminine of it staggered the man.

He did not attempt a reply.

"Say you forgive me," she besought.

"Sure, I forgive you," he repeated unemotionally. "You needn't worry about me, Amy. Come on home—you're freezing."

She hung back. "Oh, Tom—I—I want to make it up to you. Ain't there something?"

She waited, but he shook his head uncomprehendingly. He had been hard hit—this talk of making it up only teased him.

She began to cry.


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A quick light shot into his blue eyes. His arm stiffened.

"What's he been doing to you, Amy? What's the matter? I'll knock him into bits if——"

"Oh, no—no, it's nothing," she declared, then illogically.

"It's you!"

"Me?"

"Yes. Oh, don't you see—how it is—now?"

And as Tom, incredulous of happiness, stood amazed, her slim figure swayed toward him and in the darkness he felt her flushed cheek, salt with tears, pressed softly against his.

He put a doubtful arm around her to steady her, and as he felt her yield, looked down at her tenderly.

"I'll never—never—hurt you again, Tom," she avowed tremulously as he gathered her to him with heart full to overflowing with his new found happiness.

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# *Live by the Sword*

Continued from page 185.

There had been no talk of dancing; but Mrs. Landry found somebody to play and with the very first waltz had difficulty to keep Harry and her Englishman from coming to an absurd quarrel as to which she had promised her hand. But Sidney, on the alert, managed to carry off the Englishman, and did it so well that the affair attracted slight attention. Not long after, some awkward dancer contrived to set his foot on Sidney's dress, and to rip it to such an extent that a visit to the dressing-room became necessary. She met Mrs. Landry on the way out, and that lady, more in a mood than ever to convince the world that she and Sidney were on the most intimate and affectionate terms, insisted upon going with her. She had got rid of Harry for an instant; but Sidney was still leaning on Geoffry Renshaw's arm, and he proposed accompanying them upstairs.

"I don't think you'd be of much use," said Mrs. Landry.

"Can you sew ?" laughed Sidney.

Finding that they both meant to be merciless and quiz him, he gave way, somewhat sheepishly.

"I believe I have your fan," he said to Mrs. Landry. He took it out of his coat pocket, and handed it to her. Sidney saw her look a little odd, but could not understand what there was to disturb her, or make her so eager to hurry away.

The two ladies left the drawing-room, and mounted the stairs, Sidney somewhat in advance. Mr. Landry, searching for his wife, for the express purpose of signifying his disapprobation of a good deal that had taken place during the evening, caught the flutter of a blue dress on the stair-case, and followed.

He dropped his handkerchief; as he stooped to pick it up, he saw a letter lying by it, and, supposing that had also fallen from his pocket, he picked it up, peered at it with his near-sighted eyes, and, finally untwisted the crumpled sheet, and began to glance down the page, by the light an Egyptian maiden held on the landing. Only a few words; then he looked up, white as a man who had met a ghost, fairly reeling, till he had to seize the bannisters for support in the spasm of rage and suffering that came over him.

"I will wait for you here, in the library," Mrs. Landry said. "I'm tired to death, and can just rest comfortably, while the maid repairs your damages; they're so stupid down stairs."

Sidney nodded, and hurried on, glad to be rid of her society on any terms for the untamed savage that women occasionally have to subdue, as well as men, was so rampant in her breast, that she found it very hard work to

talk decorous commonplace, with this woman, who had wounded her so deeply.

In a few moments Mrs. Landry recollected what had been slipped into her hand along with the fan; searched in her dress—the letter was gone. She started up from her chair, and had reached the door, when she met her husband, confronting her with a look, such as she had never before seen on his face, and holding out toward her the letter she had dropped. Isabel felt her blood turn to ice at sight of it, and her husband's look. For days past Renshaw's devotion and absurdity had reached a pitch, which had decided her she must get rid of him. She liked to know that men were wild about her, to have them show their devotion in every possible way; but to let any man deliberately make love to her, in open words, she would not do, and that Renshaw had tried. Remembering that, she could imagine what a crazy rhodomontade that epistle must be. Her husband's face was enough to reveal what its effect had been upon him.

Almost any woman's nerves would have deserted her; but though Isabel could hardly stand or breathe, she managed to say, collectedly,

"Is that you? I am waiting for Mrs. Payne; somebody tore her dress, and Rosa is mending it."

"I picked this up just now on the stairs," returned her husband, holding out the letter.

"Very careless of the servants to leave waste paper about," she answered, playing with her bouquet.

"You dropped it as you came up," he went on, in a slow, dreadful voice. "I have only read four lines; they are enough to show me that the married woman who is capable of receiving such a letter is not fit to be my wife."

"What do you mean?" she broke in, trying to find refuge in an appearance of anger. "Have you taken leave of your senses?"

"I wish I had," he answered bitterly. "I feel as if I had retained them a day too long. Isabel, who wrote this letter?"

"If you've read it, you ought to know; I don't," she answered, defiantly.

"I told you I had not read it; I picked it up, thinking I had dropped it. I just read enough—it was—was—"

He could not finish; he turned away his head for an instant, with a groan of intense suffering. Seeing him so moved, it occurred to Isabel, that the best chance she had was in making a clean breast of it, and throwing herself on his mercy, saying it was the first time the man had ever written her; that she would never see him again—would do anything—promise anything. But before she could speak, he had found voice again.

"I have been very lenient to your coquetries, because I thought they came merely from a love of general admiration; but you must have gone very far, when a man presumes to tell you in plain words, that he loves you—"

"She was interrupted by a voice that made them both start and turn round. There stood Sidney Payne, saying,

"I beg your pardon. Oh, Mr. Landry, you here?" She looked white and troubled; her eyes wandered uneasily about. "I—I have lost something," she continued. "I thought perhaps I had dropped it here."

"What have you lost, Mrs. Payne?" demanded Mrs. Landry, sharply; "not a letter?"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Sidney, eagerly, yet in a dreadfully composed way. "I—dropped it on the stairs."

"Is this it?" he asked, holding out the crumpled note.

"Yes; it's mine," she said, stretching out her hand to take the letter, but he held it beyond her reach.


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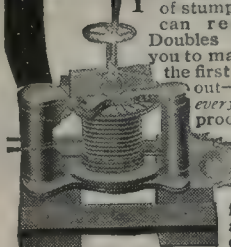

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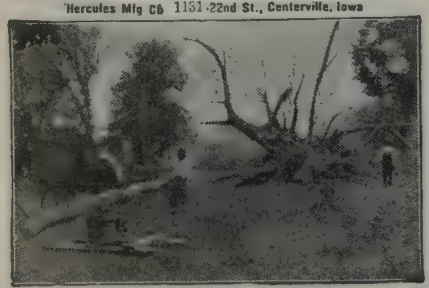



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There was a second's silence. Isabel could not speak at first; she did not understand what motive prompted the act, but she knew that Sidney was trying to save her, and for an instant felt such fierce hatred toward her, that she was almost ready to dare everything—but only for an instant.

"Why, give Mrs. Payne her letter, Charles!" she exclaimed, suddenly, and tried to take it out of his hand; but he retreated a few steps, and remained looking from one woman to the other. Isabel followed him, and whispered bitterly, "Your pretty, modest little favorite! She came up stairs with me. I knew it must be hers, but would not say so! Before you insult me by a similar accusation, remember that I am always frank and open, and not capable of stooping to secret letters, or stolen interviews."

Sidney stood perfectly still; she was very pale, but had the air of a woman who meant to bear whatever she had brought upon herself. She could not hear what Mrs. Landry said to her husband, but she knew as well as if the words had been spoken aloud. She understood the woman's character so thoroughly, that she comprehended to be thus saved from peril would only be a ground for fresh hatred.

By a fortunate accident she had not found the maid in the dressing-room; she rang, but nobody answered, so, after looking vainly about for needles and thread, she went back to the library to ask her hostess what was to be done. She heard Mr. Landry's voice; the strangeness of it caused her to pause involuntarily. Then the first words that reached her made her understand the whole affair, only she supposed that the letter the husband had found was the one Isabel had that morning received from Harry.

She must save him—claim the letter; there might be exposure, disgrace, worse than that—danger to the man she loved, if she hesitated an instant. She rushed into the room; her fright and confusion looked so like conscious guilt to Mr. Landry that he had no suspicion she was acting for any other than herself.

There was still a brief silence after Isabel's whisper, then Sidney, wild to get the fatal epistle in her hands, cried out.

"Give me my letter, Mr. Landry—I have told you that it is mine; you have no right to keep it for an instant."

Mr. Landry's face changed; the anger and absolute despair gave place to a look of mingled contempt and sorrow, but Sidney met his glance firmly.

"Give me my letter," she repeated.

"Don't you hear!" cried Isabel, trying again to snatch it from his hand.

"Wait a moment," he said, waving his wife aside. "Mrs. Payne, you admit that this letter is yours—"

"Do you want her to say it again?" interrupted Isabel, mad with anxiety to end the scene.

"Yes," he answered. "Before she claims it—before she is willing to—I want her to look at this page."

Isabel tried to interpose between them, but before she could do so, Sidney was leaning over Mr. Landry's shoulder. She recognized the writing at once, for Renshaw had several times sent her and her husband invitations to supper. Such a sense of relief and


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joy came over her that for the first time she felt weak and faint.

"Ah, you had not read it," exclaimed Mr. Landry, believing that she started back in fright.

"Do you still claim it ?"

The room went round and round with Isabel; she caught hold of the chair by which she stood to keep herself from falling. Then she heard Sidney's voice, low and distinct,

"I still claim it! Give me that letter."

Mr. Landry folded up the closely-written sheet and retaining it in his hand, turned toward his wife.

"Isabel," he said, "I beg your pardon."

The wretched woman had sunk into a chair, and covered her face with her hands. Sidney stood immovable. In a moment more he went on. "Mrs. Payne, I had grown to like and respect you. I must say now, unpleasant as it is, that all intercourse between yourself and my wife must cease. I have a still more disagreeable duty to perform—I shall give this letter to your husband; it is to him you will have to answer the question as to the writer."

Isabel fairly shrieked aloud; everything was lost.

"For God's sake," she moaned, "give up the letter !"

"Let my husband see it !" exclaimed Sidney. The way out was clear at last; she could free Harry from the toils that had been about him; and whatever his anger might be, she could trust him not to expose the thwarted flirt by look or word in that presence. "Send for my husband, Mr. Landry ! I will account to him; any delay on your part is only an added insult to the words you have already spoken."

Isabel Landry tried to shriek again, but could only crouch lower in her chair, with a faint gasp of mortal agony. Mr. Landry had gone; they heard his voice in the hall, addressing a domestic. Sidney stole softly to her enemy's side, and touched her hand. Isabel retreated.

"You have ruined me !" she gasped. "Oh, there's no pity, no womanhood in you."

"I have saved you," returned Sidney. "You don't know either my husband or myself, if you think we would try to harm you now."

Mr. Landry was back in the room; he walked up and down in silence. Isabel still sat with her face hidden, and Sidney stood trembling with the great joy that filled her heart.

There was a step in the gallery; Harry Payne entered, glanced about in astonishment, and said,

"What's the matter, Sidney ? Did you send for me ?"

"Yes," she replied, moving toward him. "Mr. Landry has found a letter of mine on the stairs; he feels it his duty to hand it to you, as he read a few words of it—"

"Not knowing what it was," interrupted Mr. Landry.

"Exactly; I never impute mean motives," said Sidney. "The letter, if you please."

Mr. Landry placed it in her hand. Harry stood stupefied. His first thought was, as Sidney's had been, that it was the letter he had written Isabel, and that his wife, aware of it by some means, meant to help him out. Sidney took the letter, turned the page, and her eye fell upon some lines that seemed to have been written expressly to serve her purpose. "I am jealous of Payne. You say you despise him for his weakness and vanity; that you only flirt with him to tease his wife—"

She gave the letter to her husband and pointed to these words. He knew the writing, too; read what she wished, folded the letter, and said quietly,

"After my wife's telling you this letter was hers, you have been guilty of a great impertinence, Mr. Landry."

"Oh, Mr. Landry was good enough to suppose it a love-letter," cried Sidney. "He has already told me that all acquaintance between myself and his wife must cease."

"How very good !" said Harry, with

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a bitter laugh, while Mr. Landry stared at them both, and came to the conclusion he was out of his senses. "Sidney," pursued her husband, pitilessly, "was Mrs. Landry equally severe in her virtuous indignation?"

"That," replied Sidney, "is a question she must answer for herself."

Isabel struggled hard to get back her composure; but the scorn and contempt in the face of the man who had so lately been the slave of her merest caprice, was more than she could bear, and she sobbed aloud, in mingled rage and humiliation.

"I can only offer my excuses," Mr. Landry said. "I believed that I was doing right. Since you know what the letter is, there's an end! I did by you as I should have wished you to do, had it been my wife."

"Sidney," said her husband, ringing the bell, "if you'll get ready, I'll order the carriage. We needn't detain either Mr. or Mrs. Landry from their guests."

"When you both have had time to think, you will at least do justice to my motives," Mr. Landry said.

"Oh, we do justice to everybody's motives don't we, Sidney?" said Harry dryly.

"Perfectly," she answered. "I assure you, Mr. Landry, I am not angry. I'm very much obliged to you, on the contrary."

"And I," he said, "am only too thankful to find that you are what I always thought you, one of the best little women I ever met. Isabel, I will go down stairs; try and persuade our friends to forgive me—you know how sorry I am."

As soon as he was out of hearing, Harry moved towards Mrs. Landry, and said,

"Let me restore this letter to its rightful owner. I may not have another opportunity, as I am only too happy to share in the verdict of dismissal which has been pronounced against my wife."

Another instant, and Isabel Landry was alone. She had just strength to dart to the fire-place, and burn the fatal letter; then, for almost the first time in her life, fainted completely away.

Sidney had won her husband once and forever; and when he made his confession, she was not slow with hers, for she felt, what everybody must, sooner or later, that there can be no possibility of peace for two married people, who have joined their lives, while there was a secret left unrevealed.

---

"Smoking again? I thought you'd cut it out."

"Well, you see, when I've convinced myself that I can cut it out whenever I want I start smoking again."

# Sorrow of Toronto

Continued from page 163.

tory sentence she should have had before she had Millie, and the little family is institutionated abroad upon the world.

"I'd like to know where Kathaleen is," said the old voice sadly, "she was that pretty !"

Nowadays Kathaleen's one-room home is tenanted by Mrs. McNamara and the less said about her the better too. She does washing by the day, though, when she can get it, taking her two children over to her late-lamented husband's mother. The late-lamented isn't dead, just tramping, and his unfortunate wife is rather glad of it. When the mother-in-law isn't accommodating, which sometimes happens, the youngsters are locked in the room. There was a fire the other day and Mrs. Wilkins "rescued" her feather bed and the Jew lady's youngsters, but the fireman had the situation in hand before she remembered the other children who might have been tucked in between sheets of flame and nobody the wiser.

The other room downstairs has three men in it, labourers and roustabouts all. In the pre-Mercer days of Kathaleen's immoral but freehanded mother, Mrs. Wilkins did many a quarter's worth of washing for the second floor, but the present female tenant is a washlady by trade.

'And the men don't seem to ever get any done, Miss, and as for scrubbing floors, they've got a carpet on now, so they never need none."

As we crept downstairs in the unexpurgated twilight where the odors held carnival, the nurse reminded me of the Jobbses whom I had visited one day last winter. The father of the eleven open-mouthed young ones in the sixteen a month house earned ten dollars a week. The mother searched the bargain counters, did the sewing, cooking and cleaning. Mary, aged thirteen, sworn fourteen, worked in a factory. Hattie, aged ten, practised on the washboard every day after school.

"But they'll pull through, I think," said she with constitutional hopefulness, "for he doesn't drink and they're none of them lazy."

When drink enters into the problem, as it does more often than not, it complicates it tremendously. Authority looks with the uncompromising eye of disapproval upon brutal father and sodden mother, and rightly, for the human animal, bereft of such slight varnish of civilization as is worn even in the Ward, does strange and terrible things. To wiser heads than those of the peering and curious children, the problem of poverty complicated by drink is hopelessly puzzling.

Rena's is a harder case. She was seventeen, and a braver little heroine never wore her shoes out looking for a house to live in that had been condemned by the Health Department and therefore, in the interval before demolition, could be rented cheaply enough to pack in the five youngsters, the tubercular mother and the father who was never himself when sober.

The mother died, thanks to the fate that occasionally puts a stop to the population, and the poor little misfit tubercular baby went with her. The load wasn't too big for Rena now, as it had been. She could carry the four brothers and dad. But Authority couldn't stand for such a menage. Dad was sent to the Jail Farm, the brothers were C. O. D.'d to various institutions and Rena, the mother-heart of her bleeding, was left free to walk upright when all she wanted was her load.

Maybe it's best. Maybe Rena couldn't have loved them back from the depths. But the nurse thinks she could.


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# The King's Highway

Continued from page 169.

except on certain days of the week.

Altogether, the total provincial expenditure in 1912-1913 amounted to about $10,000,000. Compare this with figures south of the boundary for a moment. In 1904 the state of New York provided an appropriation of $50,000; in 1909, it was providing $50,000,000. Do we need to go any farther?

Somebody may ask here, "What is a good road?" According to the good roads advocates, it is:

1. A road that is smooth and remains so, and imposes the least resistance to travel. 2. A road that is built of material which is lasting, and not affected injuriously by rain or frost. 3. A road that is good at all times. A road that is good at certain seasons and bad at others, depending on the weather, is not a good road. It may fail when most needed.

Such a road is the Pacific Highway, and such should be the Canadian Highway that the good roads enthusiasts prophesy for the Dominion. Some people have called the idea of a main road reaching from coast to coast a chimera. But it is not; neither is a new idea. Long before steam engines rumbled their way across old Ontario, the men of that day had a vision of a highway from sea to sea. At the time of confederation a transcontinental road was one of the inducements offered to the western provinces—a promise that to-day still stands unredeemed.

To-day, the sentiment in favor of good roads is stronger than it has ever been before, the recognition that good roads are a necessity, not a luxury, is general, and becoming even more so. The people demand good roads, and are sending men to their councils, their legislatures and parliaments pledged to work for them. The good roads associations are helping the movement by disseminating information, giving lectures, and sending deputations to wait upon governments when measures favorable or inimical to our highways are before the deliberative bodies. The Ontario and Manitoba Good Roads Associations are doing good work. The Canadian Highways Association is carrying on an extensive propaganda urging the construction of the national transcontinental highway.

W. J. Kerr, the president of this last association, is well known on the Coast as one of the most prominent good roads enthusiasts. He was one of the first Canadians to join with the people of the United States in constructing the Pacific Highway. Possessed of large means, he has contributed $10,000 towards the expense of the first year's work of the association, and has volunteered to shoulder the financial responsibility necessary to assure the success of the propaganda for the next few years. T. S. Baxter, mayor of Vancouver, is the treasurer, and Frank E. Mutton, of Toronto, is first vice-president. The list of members of the executive council include Mr. A. E. Todd, of Victoria, who achieved some measure of fame by pathfinding on the route of the Pacific Highways, being the first automobilist to make the through trip from Tia Juana to Vancouver: W. A. Anderson, of St. John, N. B.: George A. Simard, of Montreal; W. G. Trethewy, of Toronto; J. W. Fleming, of Brandon; George Thompson, of Indian Head; James McGeorge, of Edmonton and George Black, of Dawson, are the other members of the council. There are also a number of district representatives in each province, these gentlemen having jurisdiction over their particular locality. The


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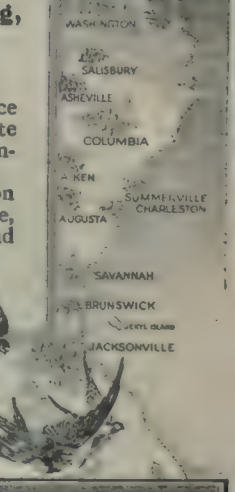


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officers of the organization frequently find scope for their usefulness in the districts where they reside, on occasions when questions affecting the improvement of local roads are being discussed.

On the lower mainland of British Columbia, for instance, there is a very bad piece of road between the cities of Vancouver and New Westminster. With a view to having this state of affairs remedied an association was organized in the winter of 1912, known as the Westminster Road Improvement Association. The officers of the Canadian Highways Association co-operated with this body and attended a large number of meetings and deputations, speaking not only in favor of this particular stretch of land, but with a view to creating an interest for good roads all over Canada. As a result of the agitation in this district a large grant was made by the provincial government for the improvement of this particular stretch of road, and work is now well under way which will before long make this inter-city artery a splendid highway.

It often happens that a member of the Canadian Highways Association wishes to bring to the attention of his local council the condition of the roads in his district. In this the assistance of the officers is often sought, and always cheerfully given.

At the association's headquarters, in New Westminster, is maintained a bureau of information and statistical department that is always at the service of any member of the association or any one else interested in good roads. No charge is made for advice or information unless considerable clerical work is necessary, when a small fee is charged, and this only to non-members.

Physical difficulties, long thought unsurmountable, hinder the building of the Canadian Highway in British Columbia. No province in the whole Dominion has so much to overcome in the scheme of this transcontinental road, but engineering skill and a wise expenditure of millions of dollars are working wonders. Mountain paths for years believed passable only by a sure-footed burro or packhorse, when thoroughly surveyed and explored, have given place to wagon roads, the steepest gradient on which does not exceed eight per cent. and on which the average is only three per cent. A way is hewn through a forest of pine, cedar and hemlock, a bridge is thrown across a deep abyss or roaring chasm, a gap is cut in the mountain's side, a steel structure spans the barrier of water. and the road is built.

Road-building in British Columbia is more than a business. It is a science. No two sections of the country require like treatment. Topographical diffi-

culties beset the pathmaster at every stage. Sometimes the trouble is to find a suitable grade; sometimes the difficulty is in the shifting substrata, sometimes in a sliding mountain, sometimes in the absence of necessary road-building material. But all of these difficulties are somehow always overcome or avoided, and before long the British Columbia section of the Canadian Highway will be advanced sufficiently so that an automobile will be able to make the trip from Vancouver to the border line of Alberta, and on into that province for a considerable distance.

The prairie provinces have their difficulties to face in this great road construction scheme. Earth roads, primitive in many places, bad nearly everywhere, are all that Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba can boast of at this stage, and the problem which the Canadian Highways Association has to face is more one of rejection than selection. For a couple of hundred miles eastward from Winnipeg, no road at present exists, and a similar difficulty is to be faced around the great lakes. But with the hearty co-operation of the provincial department of public works of Ontario these difficulties will be eventually overcome. Quebec and the maritime provinces already have good roads, but these need linking one with the other and welding into a uniform stretch.

From the western limit of Vancouver Island to the city of Halifax, the Canadian Highway is to be studded with diamond shaped signs, showing the cardinal points with a little black arrow pointing east. The first of these signs was planted, with much form and ceremony, in the picturesque village of Alberni, on May 4, 1912, by President W. J. Kerr, in the presence of twelve hundred persons, nearly all of whom had travelled from three to six hundred miles to witness this unique and interesting event.

The route of the Canadian Highway, while it is yet subject to change, has been outlined as follows:

Alberni to Nanaimo; Vancouver, Westminster, Chilliwack, Hope, Princeton, Rossland, thence to Trail, crossing the Columbia by the new bridge now in course of erection, and via Summit Creek, along the old Dewdney Trail to Creston, thence following the main trunk road into Alberta. From the British Columbia boundary the road goes almost direct to Macleod, thence on to Lethbridge and Medicine Hat, partly over the old surveyed trail, and partly on road allowances; from Medicine Hat the road is through Coleridge, Irvine and Walsh, thence on to Maple Creek, just outside the boundary line. Entering Saskatchewan the road heads almost directly for Swift Current, thence it follows closely the Canadian Pacific Railway to Waldeck, thence east across Lake Chaplain, then following the north boundary of township sixteen through Moose Jaw to Broadview, and from there following a south easterly direction, part of the way on surveyed roads paralleling the Canadian Pacific Railway, in line to Fleming, thence straight east to the Manitoba boundary, striking this province at the north east angle of section one, township thirteen, range thirty, west of the first meridian. Through Manitoba the road is through the olde settled districts of the province, traversing the cities of Brandon, Portage la Prairie and Winnipeg. East of Winnipeg there is a good road for about twenty miles, after which sparsely settled country is entered. The road along the great lakes is not yet outlined, but it is the intention to touch at Port Arthur, the Soo, Parry Sound and then head almost due east for Ottawa. From the capital city the route is towards Montreal, passing probably to the south of this city


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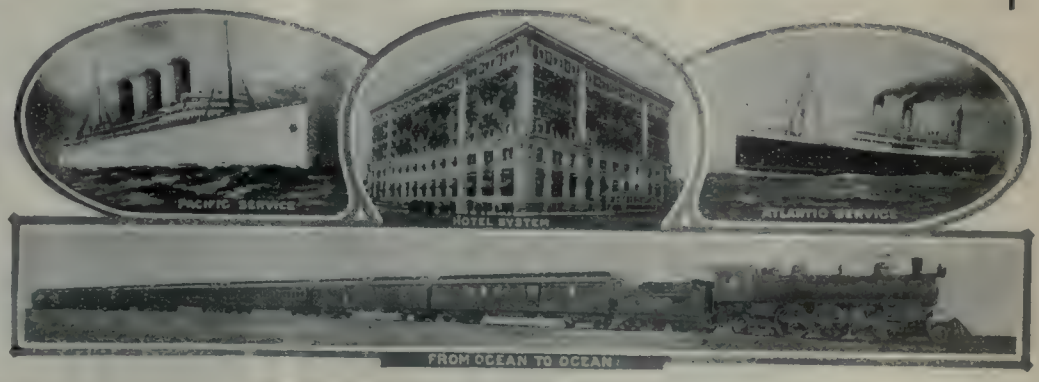


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It is intended that the financing of this road will be carried out jointly by the Dominion and by the Provincial authorities, the Dominion Government furnishing fifty-one per cent. and the Provincial forty-nine per cent. of the cost. The control of the highway will be in the hands of the federal authorities.

The provincial authorities, however, will have the actual spending of the money, but they will work under the direct supervision of the federal authorities. The engineers will oversee all work carried on and will have the power to make any necessary changes or alterations. The work would have to be done according to a definite standard, exception of course being made for places where physical conditions would render this impossible.

A review of the scenic attractions along the route of the Canadian Highway is impossible in the limited scope of this article, the many and diversified attractions of each province meriting individual treatment.

Much has already been written of the beauties of British Columbia, but there is no use in trying to tell about them on paper. The chronicler may sit down with his conscience on one hand and the shade of John Knox on the other, determined to state simply the bald, inalterable facts—and before he has written three lines his copy bears the mark of the enraptured adwriter describing a choice subdivision in Heaven. The chronicler knows. He tried it. British Columbia must be seen from the Canadian Highway to be believed. The prairies have a charm of golden grain and wide sky as singular as that of British Columbia's peaks and valleys; and the rock-ribbed

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Laurentians and fat farm-lands of Ontario that give place to the quaint French villages of old Quebec and the bleak maritime provinces are all beautiful after their kind.

When the men of vision first presented the idea of a line of railway flung from coast to coast, those who heard it laughed. There were big men and wise who prophesied that it would be a gigantic commercial failure, earning not enough to pay for the axle-grease. Even so to-day, there are many who say that a transcontinental highway is unnecessary and impracticable. Time will show the right of that. But in the meantime we will have something more to say of the faith that is in us.

## *Wake of the Titanic*

Continued from page 167.

"He's answering," she trilled.

"What does he say ?"

"What's all this dam' row about ?" she translated and bit her lip and frowned and wrinkled with amusement and confusion. A woman sometimes gets it stiff monkeying with a man's job.

"Tell him," I shrilled, "that we're Yankees, seeking protection under the Yankee flag, in a Yankee harbor. The captain will drop for that. He's a Vermonter, that I know."

She told him.

The enormous steamer, flying her gallant red-white-and-blue, shifted, put on swiftness, and, just as the Vampire nicked a shot through our masts, paraded with a pompous grace between us and the police boat of the Newfoundlanders. Side by side, while the Vampire vainly manoeuvered for vantage, we swung up the harbor and the sun tore the clouds apart to wink down upon us with a boozy eye. Rolly on the bridge was shouting orders at the pilot-house, Marcia and I hung on the bow and winked back at the sun, half-drunk ourselves with joy

"We've got through," she sobbed and laughed together, and suddenly I realized under what a strain she had been for us. All along I had known what it was to feel like a hounded criminal, but it had not occurred to me that she had felt it, too—and the added responsibility of rescuing us from the tangle we had got into. I laid a swift hand on her shoulder. "It's all your doing," I said, and there was a catch in my voice. Suddenly something thrilled in me, and I tightened my grasp on her shoulder.

"You've everything now," she murmured and turned those wonderful eyes up at me again, "everything."

"Not everything," I answered sadly, "and am not like to have. The handsome fellows, like Rolly, get the sort of thing I wish most. I suppose he's won that now." I gazed down upon her miserably.

The puckers wizened in between her brows, her face became all one puzzle; then suddenly she understood and was girlish and blushing and exceeding sweet to look upon. She twisted her face clean away and I dared not make a sound, waiting. When her eyes danced back they were bubbling with laughter.

"Why don't you speak for yourself, Rob ?" she quavered.

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# Working the Biggest Farm in Canada

Continued from page 187.

ama Canal to-day—a year ahead of time. The world has stopped and wondered at this, a government job completed far ahead of scheduled time; completed at less than the estimated cost, though several unforeseen accidents occurred in the shape of landslides which added enormously to the expense of the "ditch"; completed with a minimum loss of life and health in a country where the grim reaper had taken a fearful toll in human life when the same job was attempted years ago.

Not only has the world's biggest job been done successfully, but it has been done with an efficiency which the world never saw before on an undertaking of such magnitude. And Europe and America wanted to know the reason. It can be found in the carrying out of one idea—care and human consideration of the man who does the work, in every phase of his being—an idea as old as the race, but one which has found such a great exposition on the job at Panama that it has struck the world as a new and tremendous conception. Conditions affecting health were first made right for the workman; then he was given comfortable, hygienic housing and clean nourishing food. His intellectual, recreative and spiritual wants were cared for, and finally in the doing of his work he was given not only big pay but the much greater incentive of rapid promotion and reward for every idea, suggestion or invention which made it possible to move more dirt in less time, to handle more concrete or in general to make things move faster, cheaper or better in digging "Goethals' Ditch."

And what has all this got to do with the biggest farm in Canada, you ask? Just this. Boyd is applying this same principle to the running of his farm, and he has done so since the beginning of his management. And Boyd will tell you, as he told me, that it pays.

During the spring or seeding time Ciceter estate employs twenty-five to thirty men. And when the harvest comes you will find at work from eighty to ninety men. Does this number seem small or large? It is large considered as the number of hands on one farm, but small if you think of the harvest that is handled so efficiently. Many of these men are homesteaders. They fulfill the legal requirements of residence on their own farms near by, and make neat additions to their incomes by lending a helping hand at Ciceter during rush seasons. The average wage of the hands who remain the greater part of the year is thirty-five dollars per month. The average during harvest is $2.50 per day.

Ciceter has never had trouble in obtaining plenty of high-class help, not even at harvest time. Since all America suffers more or less from shortage of laborers in the harvest, there must be a reason for abundant help at Ciceter. There is! Boyd's establishment is known as a place where beds are clean and good, and where the inner man can have plenty of the best food the country affords. Fresh meat, fresh eggs and milk are supplied the workers at all times, besides an abundance of vegetables and everything else that goes to make up a well-filled table.

The old and barbarous—to those with less than a farm hand's appetite—New England custom of having pie and cake for breakfast still holds good at Ciceter. Never a meal there is served during harvest or any other season which does not offer at least two kinds of cake and a pie. Ciceter

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workers boast the best doughnuts on earth, and perhaps they are, for with cooks who know their business and freshly rendered lard from hogs grown on the place, they ought to be!

The cooks are frequently the wives of the homesteaders mentioned. They are not merely good cooks, but invariably they are good motherly, middle-aged housewives who care for the men as only such women can. Having women of this sort on the farm gives it a homelike and refining character that never yet existed in an exclusively man-made camp. Everything is comfortable, everything is clean, including the talk of the men, for at Ciceter there is a notable absence of profanity and objectionable speech of all kinds.

If any man is sick, he receives home treatment as well as the medical attention provided at the expense of the farm. If any man's socks need darning, these kindly women look after this. A farm worker at Ciceter is a man at home, that's all—but home is the best place man can be!

Getting back to another feature of the Panama idea, at Ciceter every man from chore boy up to master mechanic and superintendent is urged to be a man of ideas for the improvement of the farm and methods of doing the farm work. And promotion and remuneration come to the man who does use his brains at Ciceter.

If you were at Ciceter on a certain day each week, you would see something most unusual—farm work suddenly stopped, automobiles going about gathering up the farm hands and everyone making for an appointed place of meeting, a parliament of husbandmen. It may be during the gathering in of a bumper crop when every hour of work is worth money, it may be at a time when work is not so urgent, but whatever the condition of business, for this weekly exchange of ideas everything stops for two solid hours!

One privileged enough to be present at such a meeting would see Boyd presiding, drawing out by persuasion and questioning from the not too fluent speakers gathered there the ideas, plans and suggestions that mean the betterment, progress and greater profits of Ciceter Estate.

Boyd says it is a remarkable fact that the valuable ideas most frequently come from those in the lowliest positions on the farm. This is perhaps accounted for by the general efficiency of things there, for which the foremen, under Boyd, are responsible, and having attained this perfection of work as a whole, it is in the details only of carrying it out that improvements may be made. And the small man who looks after the details is of course the one who sees them, and at these sessions tells how they may be improved.

As I said, two hours of every week are given to this congress of Ciceter workers. It is popular with the men because it gives them something to look forward to—promotion! The teamster by springing an idea may become foreman; the engineer's helper may become engineer; the foremen and master mechanic may prove they are live wires; from the minutes which are carefully kept, the management has material on which to base progress;

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and not least important of all, general good feeling and understanding are promoted.

Boyd has acted as host on the Ciceter estate to many persons of distinction, members of the nobility from England and financiers of note from the United States and Canada. No one ever visits Ciceter without acquiring a broader idea of the possibilities of agriculture, without getting a deeper perception of the truth that Western Canada has already taken its place as the greatest granary of the world.

Boyd tells with pleasure of a four mile trip in a traction engine which a certain titled lady took with him around a section of land at Ciceter. With great delight she played the part of engineer, and Boyd says the machine rose to the occasion, the engine behaved beautifully and the harvesting machines behind, cutting the golden grain, worked with a will to show their best manners.

And it is no wonder that titled ladies should feel something of the romance of the working of the gigantic equipment at Ciceter. A conservative estimate of the value of the farm's machinery is $110,000. There are seven 40-horsepower gasoline traction engines which are tireless workers for twenty-four hours a day during a good part of the year. During the breaking season, April, May and June, these engines each haul eight plows when virgin soil is being torn up; and in turning over the land for summer fallow in May, June and July, each engine pulls ten plows. Again in September and October, these oxen of steel work day and night continuously on fall plowing. Where a man and horse can plow two acres a day, these engines with gang plows, in charge of an engineer and a plow man, tear up thirty-five acres of soil per day of twenty-four hours.

Harvesting a great grain crop is a sight which for beauty and interest is unequalled in the world of agriculture. And the harvest at Ciceter is the king of all these sights. Thirty-five binders may be seen at work. Each traction engine hauls eight binders, each binder in charge of a driver. The swath of each binder is eight feet, so with eight binders at work the vast sea of grain falls beside the reapers in a path sixty-four feet wide—this behind each engine. With thirty-five binders at work, think of the grain that is cut, bound and stacked in the course of a day's harvest at Ciceter!

The estate owns its own threshers, and the operating of them is hardly less interesting than that of the harvesting machines. An unusual feature of the threshing at Ciceter's the use of portable granaries. As the threshing progresses these granaries, which have a total capacity of 75,000 bushels, are moved from section to section, taking care of the grain which accumulates more rapidly than even the wagon trains of ten wagons each hauled by a tractor can dispose of.

These wagon trains are a pretty sight, and the work they do is on a big scale, like everything else on the big farm.

Ciceter has its own elevators with a total capacity of 60,000 bushels. The wagon trains work direct between the threshers and the elevators, and from time to time relieve the portable granaries of their wheat, flax or oats. At Ciceter one may see during threshing time three trains of wagons moving to the elevator at the rate of six miles an hour, each train carrying a whole carload of grain. When the train reaches the elevator the ten wagons are emptied and loaded by the elevator into the railroad car in only ten minutes' time!

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Shirriff's True Vanilla

will break, and this contingency is not unprovided for at Ciceter. Boyd has installed a modern and fully equipped blacksmith and machine shop. It has a powerful engine lathe and the equipment which one finds in any large and first-class machine and iron and steel working shop. Fully ninety per cent of the repair parts of all machinery used on the farm are manufactured on the estate—the very climax it would seem of the whole idea of modern scientific farm management. The machinist in charge of this shop is an experienced man from one of the international tractor and harvesting machinery companies.

If you have now considered the marvels of the mechanical end of modern farming to your satisfaction, let us refresh ourselves at one of the numerous natural springs on the farm—not forgetting that gasoline machinery does the pumping for us—and before saying farewell to Ciceter Estate get back to first principles and old delights in farming by taking a look at our never failing, ever indispensable friend—the horse!

Where machinery does everything, what are horses for, ornaments?—you may ask. Though it seems so sometimes at Ciceter, machinery really does not do everything in farming, and though predictions as to the future product of inventive genius are hazardous, it is fairly safe to say that it will be many a day before the horse is dispensed with on the farm. Though automobiles are used extensively at Ciceter, yet the manager and the foremen use some of the finest type saddle horses in Western Canada for getting from point to point of this sixteen square miles of farm. Then the horse is thoroughly reliable in all kinds of weather. He can go through snow and over ice and deep in mud, and do so gallantly where the most powerful engine flounders helplessly. Then for gardening and the small work about the farm the horse is as useful as he ever was and is likely to remain for years the faithful servitor of man on the farm.

A look at the stables of the Ciceter Estate convinces us that Boyd knows horse flesh. Besides the blooded saddle horses, we see thirty-two of the finest types of Clydes and Percherons for working purposes.

The results of grain farming on this estate have added to the glory of the prairie provinces as earth's greatest grain country; the mixed farming methods practiced here might well serve as models for all Western Canada; the profits made we may well believe have been great. And a point that should not be overlooked is that the scientific working of the land has increased its value intrinsically from twenty-five dollars an acre—the price of raw land in the vicinity—to forty dollars an acre.

Shaking hands with L. Benson Boyd on leaving, we realize that the fourteen years he spent in land cruising for one of the coast-to-coast railroads and in roughing it on the farms of Western Canada were years productive of big ideas and of the stamina to make them realities. The farmers are the backbone of the nation and he is a mightily live nerve in its spinal column, a captain of the world's greatest industry. And he's young still—only thirty-three.

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Smoking and Lounge Jackets are made in equal variety of the same materials and fashioned to please the most fastidious men. In sizes from 36 to 46 chest.

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## Nurse Lind's Heart

Continued from page 180.

rolled his head from side to side a moment, and relapsed into lethargy.

"There!" said Dr. Frain, turning from the unconscious man, syringe still in hand. "You aren't the only one who can give hypodermics."

The professional manner of Nurse Lind wavered, and broke. They laughed together, softly. One laugh like that is worth a dozen dances in friendship power.

"How did you make it?" he demanded, when they had caught their breath.

"Just sneaked out in a minute when all the nurses had gone. I nearly stifled in that little cupboard. I had to get out, or faint and fall out; and—can you imagine Sister Martha picking me up?"

"You're sure you are all right now?" asked the doctor anxiously.

"Oh, yes!" she answered, and somehow, for no accountable reason, she flushed again. "Perfectly. But I must go now. This is dreadfully unprofessional. I don't know what you can think of me,—but really—" she turned wistful big eyes up to him, like a child repentant for a fault—"I'm *not* in the habit of things like—like this, and I'm dreadfully sorry, Dr. Frain."

. . . . . .

Mrs. Dr. Frain has great difficulty in making her husband believe it was simply strychnine she used in her hypodermic, for he vows that his heart has never been normal since.

## Pedlar's Pack

Continued from page 191.

scious. Of late, the rodents had become bold. A maid woke one morning to find a lady rat and her young ones occupying a nice nest on the clothes which had been neatly piled on a chair beside the bed. Another employee of the house had had her lip pierced by a rat while she slept. It was found necessary to pinch him with a hot tongs before he would let go, so all told, the arrival of old John Goaly was greeted with cheers. The first night John caught sixteen, which he proudly exhibited next morning and was paid for. The next, he caught fifteen, and so on, one less each night until he found himself with four or five high-smelling gamey ones. These he threw in all together as it might be on bargain day— so to say. Thus was he paid many times over for the original rats until the job-lot betrayed him in malodorous fashion, and he was kicked out by a stable hand whose delicate sense of smell he had offended by wiping his face with a decadent rodent. Stable Mick gave away old John's secret of running a rat ranch and thereafter the squeakers waxed strong and fat until routed by ferrets and terrier. Seattle is hounding the bubonic rats. Seven of them landed recently from a ship. All vessels are now being searched, but so wise is the rat, so unerring in his judgment, so keen is his telepatic sense, that on the word of a press despatch, an army of rodents was observed not long since leaving the ship on a moonlight night, as she was about to dock at the great western town, and boarding another which was weaving her way out of port.

### CAPTAIN SHOCKING

A BUSINESS man has brought an action against an organ-grinder for wilfully causing annoyance. Prose-


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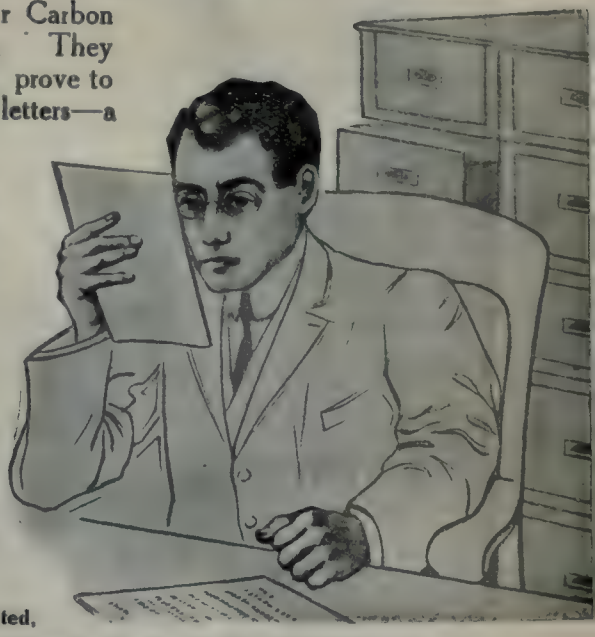

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NO DUST NO RUST

cutor found it impossible to dictate his letters to his stenographer while the Italiano was churning out "melodies" under his window.

Imagine the shyness which would pervade the whole being of a sensitive business man sitting by the side of a pretty girl dictating letters, while a rude piano under his window mockingly insinuates—

"And when I sleep, I always . . .

And his name was Bill, too!

## "Besserheart"

By Helen Clark Balmer

THIS is not the title of a recently-exhumed Egyptian mummy, but the pet name of a dear little four-year-old's favorite doll.

How well I recall the distinct visual shock when my eyes first encountered the battered features of this modern idol! For, indeed, Besserheart closely resembled a heathen war-god or a miniature totem-pole. I made her acquaintance on the occasion of a "Doll Show," which was given for charity, where her small mistress had innocently and confidently presented her for honors; and certainly Besserheart, as I remember her, was an object for charitable consideration. But the unimaginative manager of that unique exhibition hesitated about accepting so dubious a being among the becurled and beribboned beauties that were rapidly accumulating on her hands. However, a quick-witted assistant with an eye to increasing the funds, solved the difficulty by making a new class where competitors for ugliness might be entered. Thus Besserheart had the distinction of creating a demand for dilapidated and passé specimens of dollkind. Apparently every nursery was ransacked for these queer "skeletons in closets," and the result was a brave collection of "freaks" in every stage of dolorous decline, their very unloveliness giving one that sensation of cumulative surprise which makes an inward agony of laughter. But none outdid Besserheart, who was, in herself, a complete crescendo of hideousness. It required time before I could calmly study her; and what I then saw was a dirty waxen face tattooed in an impressionistic manner suggestive of small finger-nails, while a wisp of hair stood upright in a style to delight a Comanche scalp-hunter; the snubbed nose was clumsily pieced out with chewing-gum; and, in lieu of an accommodating mouth, an empty eye-socket seemed to be the opening through which such dainties as pins and buttons were thrust for slow digestion. No wonder that her solitary eye had a hard glint and, like

Jack Bunsby's, saw something this side of Greenland!

With shorter arms than the Venus de Milo; one leg gone at the knee, and the other hanging by a few threads to a body, limp from loss of sawdust and airily attired in a single garment, whose condition was "of the earth, earthy"—Besserheart was photographed upon my memory.

If she could be said to have expression, it ought to have been called "tired," for the utter lack of atmosphere caused the outlines to be deepened into a blasé homeliness. I began to pity her; and glancing across the room at a rainbow-tinted group of new dollies blandly smiling into an unknown future, other changes, not so obviously wrought by certain small fingers, came to mind; and Besserheart assumed a softer aspect while a mist of happy yesterdays wrapped her in friendly cloudiness. And then a tiny warm hand slipped into mine, even as a contented little voice chattered about the many handsome dolls with their wonderful clothes! There was never a hint of jealousy nor consciousness that her own darling was not so attractive or desirable; because, no doubt, the spotlessly clean creatures were objects not to be handled with all the loving familiarity of her old, long-suffering favorite.

How glad I was when the awarding of prizes gave a medal to Besserheart! although I almost resented the fact that she won it by reason of being, in the minds of the astute judges, "positively the ugliest doll they ever saw!"

# Conspicuous Nose Pores

**How to reduce them**

Complexions otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores. In such cases the small muscular fibres of the nose have become weakened and do not keep the pores closed as they should be. Instead these pores collect dirt, clog up, and become enlarged.

**Begin to-night to use this treatment**

Wring a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once when your nose feels sensitive.* Then finish by rubbing the nose for a few minutes *with a lump of ice.*

Woodbury's Facial Soap cleanses the pores. This treatment with it strengthens the muscular fibres of the nose pores so that they can contract properly. But do not expect to change in a week a condition resulting from years of neglect. Use this treatment *persistently.* It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores and cause them to contract until they are inconspicuous.

"Tear off the illustration" of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's and try this treatment. Try Woodbury's also for general toilet use. See what a delightful feeling it gives your skin.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after their first cake.*

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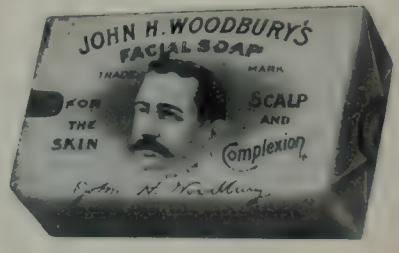
*For sale by Canadian dealers from coast to coast including Newfoundland.*

***Write to-day to the Woodbury Canadian Factory for samples.***

*For 4c we will send a sample Cake. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For 50c a copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write to-day to the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 111a Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.*





## Uncle Sam's Eagle Eye

"UNCLE SAM" is a very paternal uncle indeed. A young army officer who has seen service on the Arizona plains and on the Maine coast and in Cuba, tells two stories out of his own experience, to show the accuracy with which the War Department follows the movements of officers.

"I was with a small scouting party in Arizona," he says, "and after two weeks in the desert my squad came to the railroad near a small station. Within ten minutes a dispatch from Washington was brought to me by the station agent. It asked if I wished to be transferred to one of the two new artillery regiments then forming.

"I answered by telegraph that I should be glad to enter either of them. Then we set off again across the desert.

"It was six days later when we again struck the railroad, this time eighty miles from the point at which we had previously crossed it. But my reply from the department was awaiting me. It had been telegraphed to every station within two hundred miles.

"A more striking instance of accuracy occurred after my transfer to the East. I was traveling home on leave, and as the regulations require, I had notified the department of the day, hour and probable route of my journey. After I had been on the train for eight hours, at a small station the porter entered with a telegram, asking if any one of my name was present. On opening the dispatch, I found that it was from the adjutant-general's office, ordering me on detached duty.

"Exactness of detail could not be carried much farther. The department knew the whereabouts of an insignificant second lieutenant, even when he was traveling on leave of absence."

The usual British idea of the methods of the American army is not at all in accordance with this incident, and it is interesting to note its significance.

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This wonderfully durable varnish protects and keeps beautiful your hardwood floors and linoleum under the severest use. Mopping and scrubbing won't hurt floors finished with Liquid Granite. It gives a smooth, glossy surface, so tough and elastic that soap and water won't dim its lustre or lessen its hardness or wearing qualities.

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Other Berry Brothers finishes are Luxeberry White Enamel, unequalled for bedrooms, bathrooms, etc. Luxeberry Wood Finish, for interior wood-work; Luxeberry Spar Varnish, for wood exposed to severe outside wear.

Fifty-five years' of experience stand as the guarantee of these finishes.

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Liquid Granite gives perfect protection to wood floors; linoleum and oil cloth, besides being the best varnish to put on. It is easily applied, dries quickly and lasts for years.

It is especially good for floors where wear is excessive, such as halls, kitchens and pantries. Liquid Granite keeps your linoleum from showing that worn, faded appearance common with unvarnished floors or those finished with an inferior product.

**BERRY BROTHERS**
(INCORPORATED)
World's Largest Varnish Makers

FACTORY AT WALKERVILLE, ONT. ESTABLISHED, 1858.



**"More Sonnets of an Office Boy"** by SAMUEL E. KISER

Price, - - - 75 cents.

**Vanderhoof-Gunn Co., Ltd., Publishers**

TORONTO - - ONT.


## Sense and Nonsense

Light boxes or water torches, which will float on the water and give a great flare of light for an hour, are the latest application of the modern chemical marvel, calcium carbide. In Paris such light boxes are being sold for use as fireworks at celebrations, but in Germany they have been developed much further.

Cylinders of the calcium carbide are fired from guns like ordinary shells, so that a ship can surround itself with a circle of great flare-lights, each burning at three thousand candle power for an hour. When the cylinders strike the water they sink slowly and water seeps into the carbide. This generates gas and brings the cylinders back to the surface; and then an automatic device lights the gas.

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An old captain and his mate went into a restaurant near the docks and ordered dinner. The waiter placed a plate of curious liquid before them.

"I say, young fellow, what's this stuff?" shouted the captain.

"Soup, sir," replied the waiter.

"Soup?" shouted the old sea dog. "Soup, Bill" (turning to the mate), "just think of that! Here you and me have been sailing on soup all our lives, an' never knowed it till now!"

---

Directive heaters have now appeared for electric heating in homes as a supplement to regular heating systems on cold days, or on chilly days of the fall and spring when ordinary heating systems are not in use. The new heaters appear much like the little electric heaters that have become well known lately, but they have the added quality of largely directing heat to one spot. Accordingly, if a person wishes to warm his feet he can direct all the power of the heater to his feet. Parabolic metal mirrors are used on much the same principle as a searchlight.

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Gladstone, when a boy, was visiting in the country and the farmer was showing him around. Coming to a field that contained a large black bull, the farmer said: "There's a fine, strong bull there, Master William, and it's only two years old."

"How do you tell its age?" queried the boy.

"Why, by its horns," said the farmer.

"By its horns?" Young Gladstone looked thoughtful a moment, then his face cleared. "Ah, I see. Two horns —two years."

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Gabe—Smith seems to be a busy man.

Steve—Yes, he has hives, prickly heat, hay fever and a favorite team in five different baseball leagues."

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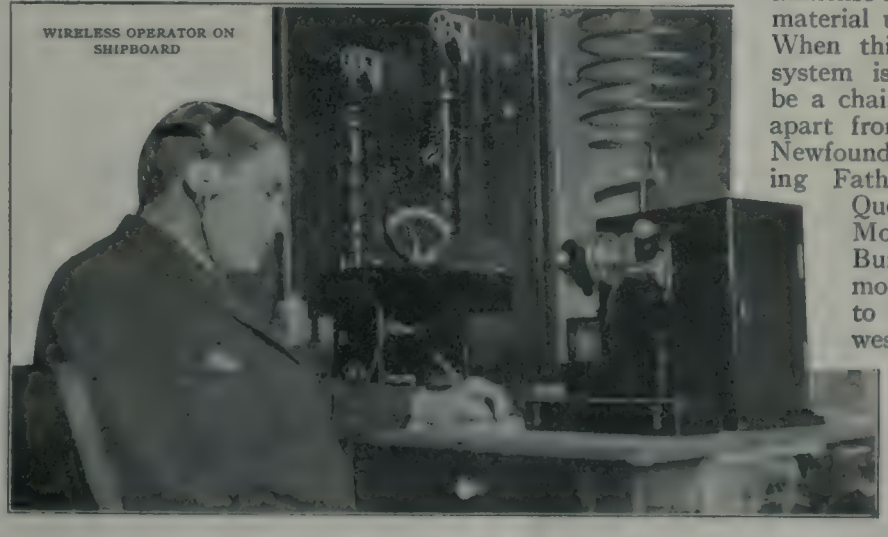
# Herding Ships by Wireless

## By Robson Black

Illustrated from Photographs

WITHIN a few months the Canadian Government will have fenced their inland lakes with the invisible strands of wireless telegraphy. The coasts of British Columbia, tricky as the ledges of the Labrador, already are sentineled with the wood and steel shafts of Marconi machines, representing the very latest thing in totem poles. From Sable Island, that tombstone of the sand banks, north to Anticosti, backwards into the Gulf or following the currents through the iceberg promenades of Belle Isle, no ship can shout for help by day or night without at least three wireless men on Canadian soil giving her a cheery answer and drawing her from the ghastly list of the "missing."



WIRELESS OPERATOR ON SHIPBOARD

Canada is a "live wire" in radio-telegraphy—has been, in fact, from the day in 1902 when Marconi asked the Government for assistance in getting Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, to chat amiably with Poldhu, England. The Government gave him $80,000. Those were the times, just eleven years ago, too, when Marconi's name was poor backing for a bank draft—and the anvil brigade of "illustrious scientists" was rehearsing nightly in the village hall.

To England belongs the honor of giving Marconi his first encouragement, his first important recognition and financial support, and of having the first wireless message sent between two points on Salisbury Plain, a distance of four miles. It was in England that Marconi took out his first patent, was given his first academic recognition, made his first cross-sea tests on the Bristol Channel and raised his first finances to put the invention to the widest possible uses. Italy, Marconi's birthplace, was enthusiastic and considerate, but it remained for Britishers to nourish the precious germ of discovery, and for Canadians to aid him at the genesis of trans-oceanic trials from Glace Bay. The relations between Signor Marconi and this country have been remarkably cordial and with mutual benefits of an important character. There are now twenty-two stations equipped and operated by the Marconi Company of Canada and nine public-owned stations on the Pacific coast, all under supervision of the Canadian Department of Naval Service. Three other high-powered private plants are operated by Canadian Explosives, Limited, between their works on Bowen Island in the Straits of Georgia and the mainland; another by Mr. John C. Eaton, the Toronto and Winnipeg merchant, between his yacht, store and residence.

The wireless station being constructed by the Canadian Government at Kingston consists of an operating house, a double dwelling (requiring over 400,000 feet of lumber), and two immense masts 185 feet high, the material used being Douglas fir. When this Government wireless system is completed there will be a chain of stations 200 miles apart from Belle Island on the Newfoundland coast, and including Father Point, Gross Isle, Quebec, Three Rivers, Montreal, Kingston, Port Burwell, Midland, Tobermory, Sault Ste. Marie, to Port Arthur, at the west of Lake Superior. The Canadian Government also has about eight wireless stations on the Pacific coast.

A government system of wireless from the Pas to Port Nelson is now in operation. A plant has been erected for the purpose of keeping the department of railways and canals in touch with what is going on at Port Nelson, to which place there is no telegraphic communication of any kind. The wireless system has a radius of 1,000 miles. All messages from Port Nelson will be relayed to the Pas over the government wireless and from there to the east by the ordinary commercial systems. This wireless station will have the most powerful sending apparatus in the Dominion as well as very tall masts, of which there are two. The "crow's nest" of the sending mast is at a height of 250 feet from the ground, while the ball of the truck is

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285 feet from the base of the mast. Operator E. Richards, on November 25th, reported a first trial of receiving instruments at the wireless station. Signals were obtained from Sayville, N. Y., Arlington, near Washington, Cape Cod, Mass., and Glace Bay, N. S.

Accurate time can be obtained any night at nine o'clock from Arlington, which station obtains it from the United States government observatory at Darlington. Also the Atlantic coast weather forecasts from the Meteorological department via Arlington. All stations on the lake shores can be heard and most of the boats on the lakes. Signals have also been heard from stations on the United States Pacific coast so that this station can hear what is going on from both sides of the continent.

This wireless system is distinct from the Imperial British Government round-the-globe chain, the contract for construction of which has just been let to the Marconi Company, with Canadian high-power stations at Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, Winnipeg, and Vancouver. The United States Government has a powerful station at Arlington, Va., which at times can communicate with the Pacific coast and the Navy Department contemplates erecting a second wireless station at North Chicago, Ill.

Wireless is master of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the dreaded Straits of Belle Isle. Two stations on the north shore of Newfoundland bridge the wildest gales to meet three of their brethren on the lower edge of Labrador, Chateau Bay, Point Amour and Whittle Rocks. Lining the narrower funnel of the great river are the stations at Clarke City, Grosse Isle, Cape Bear on Prince Edward, Heath Point on Anticosti, Fame Point, Quebec City, and half a dozen others as good measure for Nova Scotia. On the Pacific Coast of Canada nine posts between Victoria and Prince Rupert are owned and operated by the Department of Naval Service, which also undertakes to train recruits for telegraphic employment.

Less than a year ago, the Minister of Marine and Fisheries announced a piece of advanced legislation compelling practically all large steamers on the Great Lakes, which utilize Canadian ports, to install wireless and engage competent telegraphers. This step necessitated a complementary establishment of wireless land stations. Port Arthur's wireless depot was taken over from the Marconi Company and tuned up with new stations at Sault Ste. Marie, Tobermory on Georgian Bay, and Midland, each possessing a lung power to be heard 350 miles, the cost of construction averaging $15,000 apiece. Last November the wireless station on the shores of Lake Huron, above Point Edward, picked up signals from the wireless station at Darwin, near Palterator, South Australia. It was calling the wireless station at Sydney. The signals received here were quite clear and audible, although the distance they were transmitted was half way round the world. This is said to be a record distance in wireless telegraphy.

Wireless is one of those humane necessities which a careful government must lay chiefly to the debits. Except possibly at Glace Bay where the trans-atlantic messages are delivered three thousand miles to Poldhu, England, there is no station receiving enough revenue from commercial patronage to pay fifty per cent. of the cost of upkeep. Perhaps this is a temporary condition, but the annual bill for Canada's wireless system, lop-sided from the auditor's viewpoint, is quite inconsiderable when measured to the stupendous returns in service.

The SS. Prinz Oscar, a vessel of 7,000 tons with a large and valuable cargo, sailed from Montreal on Saturday, June 18, 1910, bound for Rotterdam, Bremen and Hamburg. On the following Monday, towards evening, she went ashore to the southwest of Flower ledges, Newfoundland, near the western entrance to the Straits of Belle Isle. The captain immediately authorized the wireless C. Q. D. call which was answered by the Belle Isle station and the SS. Sicilian. The Belle Isle station, in turn, told the SS. Prinz Adalbert, 140 miles away, of the accident to her sister ship and the captain of the Prinz Oscar, whose wireless range was limited, was informed that Belle Isle had been speaking with the Adalbert. Three hours later the Corinthian, passing perhaps two hundred miles off, talked with Belle Isle and then questioned the Oscar as to the need of assistance. The latter replied that she was safe for a time at least and preferred to depend on the Adalbert, knowing, of course, that a rescue by a rival ship at sea involves the payment of large sums in salvage. During that night the stranded ship was in continuous communication with three wireless offices, also with the Sicilian and the Montcalm, while conversation was exchanged at intervals between the captains of the companion vessels.

In the meantime, the news of the accident had been sent by wireless and cable to Germany, the owners replying

WIRELESS STATIONS ALONG OUR COASTS

At the top is shown Cape Race station, where the first news of the Titanic disaster was picked up; to the right is Point Rich station, which gives and receives the last messages to steamers passing through Belle Isle; and at the bottom is Tobermory Station, on Georgian Bay.

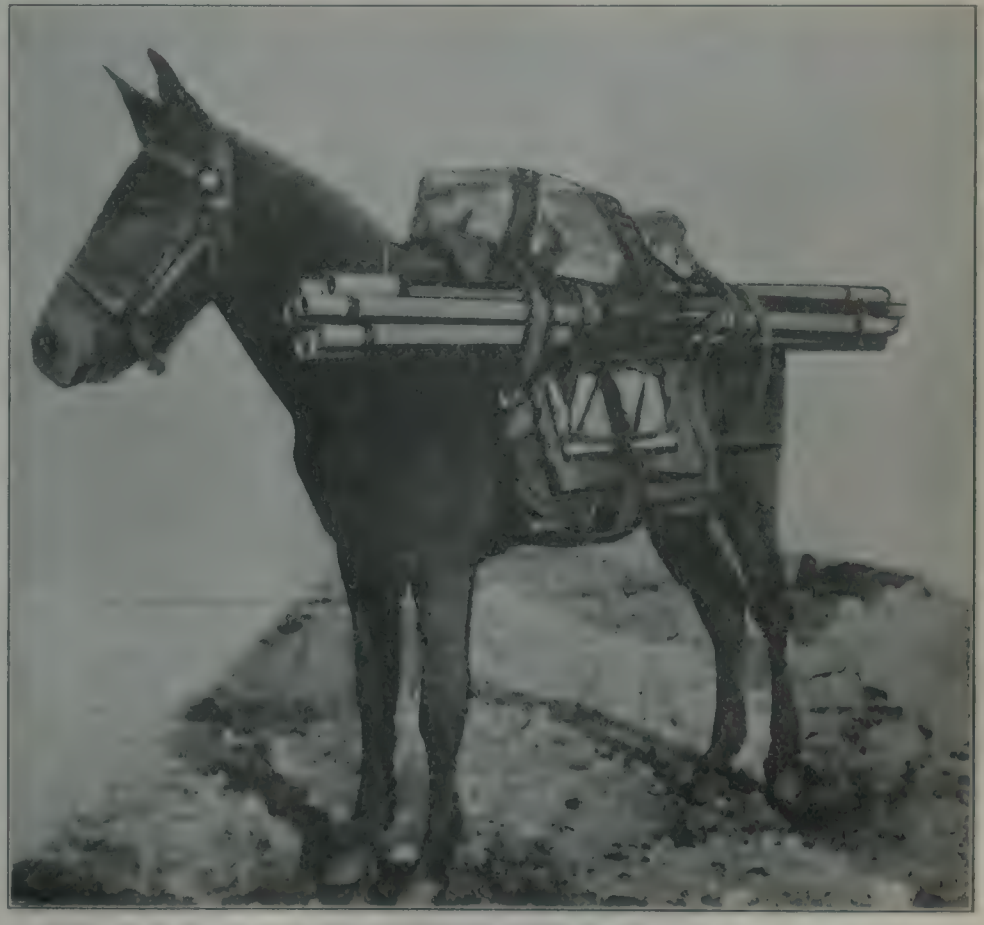
with an order for the wrecking steamer Strathcona in Quebec harbor to proceed to her assistance. The people along the Newfoundland shores had also heard of the affair and the steamer Diana steamed up from Blanc Sablon, anchoring near the Prinz Oscar on the afternoon of June twenty-first. A day later the Adalbert succeeded in floating the Oscar and towed her safely into Quebec harbor. The reader will have noted that the Oscar's captain was in immediate touch with sources of help from the moment his ship struck, that he was brought into communication with a ship of the same line and tens of thousands of dollars in salvage saved to his proprietors, and that at no moment were there less than three ships ready at a signal to steam to his assistance. Had the Oscar remained on the ledge another twenty-four hours she would have been a total wreck, involving the loss of easily half a million dollars. As the stations along Belle Isle cost approximately $3,500 a year for upkeep, it is a fair statement that the saving of one ship pays for the entire wireless service of Canada for three or four years.

Lighthouses and life-saving corps the world over, produce no revenue. The vast expense of maintenance is cheerfully borne by the world's maritime nations and no tolls asked of strange sail or friendly. When the wireless became recognized as a permanent auxiliary of the beacon and fog-horn in the protection of life and property at sea, the same unhesitating co-operation brought into existence a new map of the world, the wireless map. To-day, the Marconi Company, and it is only the largest of several, has more than fifty land stations, eleven towering along the shores of the Mediterranean through Cape Sperone and Venice, round the Peninsula to the British Isles, thence sweeping across the Atlantic to Cape Cod and Siasconset and Panama. Every ship in the British navy, super-dreadnought or destroyer, carries wireless sets and operators, and all important naval powers regard it as one of the first essentials in manoeuvering. Wireless accompanies every British regiment on the march; an entire outfit, masts, dynamo, etc., can now be condensed into the back seat of an automobile, or upon the back of the patient donkey. The French army recently practised with a motor car that shoots a folding mast sixty feet high, with copper wires ready attached for despatching messages two hundred miles away. Quite a common device for generating power on military marches is a bicycle frame with the sprocket geared to a dynamo. The Canadian Minister of Militia is a zealous student of wireless as it pertains to military effectiveness and practically all the annual military camps utilize it to a modest degree. On the Atlantic and Pacific oceans and the many other seas of the universe, the radio-telegraph has fixed itself to passenger and freight steamers by compulsion of statute and consent until few ships would hazard hull or cargo or human life to the old-fashioned isolation of the deep. Even the tramp steamers are equipping themselves with wireless, for commanders have been made aware that the modern unionized crew signs the papers of a wireless steamer where the non-wireless may have to bribe with higher wages.

By the unpitying necessities of his position the wireless operator on land is plagued with monotony. When a young man signs the articles of apprenticeship in a wireless company he is reasonably certain that the first five or ten years of his appointment will be restricted to bleak stretches of sea coast where storms and desolation demand from men a bona fide sense of duty and a golden stock of patience. He will come to know that while human affections sometimes get strained by distance, the heart of the wireless recognizes no mileage and comprehends the pond from Panama to Dublin with a splendid condescension. He will know, some day, that to be assigned to Cape Race on the southern tooth-edged perimeter of Newfoundland condemns him to a hamlet of less than fifty people, to be drenched in fog most hours of the day, blown off his feet by vicious gales, and deafened by the roar of hungry seas. He will taste none of the sweets of social life, see no surprises from Christmas to Christmas, meet few new faces. And all for a salary that would drive a good plumber to sell his other motor car.

If Fate harbors against him some quite abnormal disrespect, it may station the recruit in the Magdalen Islands, that quaint contented, stolid community where the land tillers still pay twenty-five cents an acre to an absentee landlord whose progenitor received the group as a king's trifle. Or he and his suit-case may be tumbled on to the pier at Point Rich or Point Amour, stuck on the crags of South Labrador where Grenfell wrote the testimonial of "the worst coast in the world." And he is bound to remain there, willy-nilly, looking out over the straits of Belle Isle, knowing that until a steamer drops into harbor in a month or two absolutely no physical connection with the inhabited world exists. Or his luck may bring him to one of the stations well up the Gulf,

Continued on page 281.



IN THE RECENT BALKAN WAR, DONKEYS WERE USED TO CARRY WIRELESS OUTFITS BY WHICH TROOPS COMMUNICATED WITH EACH OTHER

# One Face

## By Will E. Ingersoll

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant

AUTUMN was in his heart, and an ochre at the window; and the only incongruous thing was the jaunty iron beat of the rail-joints beneath his car, as the train, with a whistling and a croaking that the echoes answered sleepily, descended into the valley. But the whistling ceased, the wheels slowed to a graver turning, the old station moved until it was opposite his window; then (as it seemed) stopped and eyed him.

He took his grip from the seat, reached for his cane, drew himself stiffly to his feet, and edged into the line in the aisle of the car. He was crowded before and crowded behind; jostled and pushed just as he had been all his life, in the cold wide world from which he had now at last come home.

He reached the door, descended the car steps nervously, hustled by a burly fellow at his back; received a few casual glances from strange faces; passed into the waiting-room and checked his valise; then sat down to collect himself. The train, which only paused five minutes, withdrew presently its strange and alien presence; the idlers on the platform dispersed; the room in which he sat emptied. There came silence, and the distant ticking of a clock.

The room had two doors, both open, and a large window. The window, which looked westward, let down to the floor a ladder of light and dust-motes. At the end of it, brightening part of a homely, rusty stove, was a pattern, with a head and shoulders in the centre. The doors added their glow obliquely; and the man, the old man, sat in an estuary of light.

Old scents, by and by, came floating into this room—this room in which he, now unknown, had played forty years ago, known to everybody. There was the smell of kerosene and new boxes from the freight-shed, the odor of chaff from the elevator, the fragrance of sweet-grass from the dooryard. All these helped him to remember, to remember what the obtuse and new folk about him seemed never to have known. Their loitering, as through the panes he saw them pass and repass, seemed to him like the careless wandering of children over old graves.

The assistant in the telegraph office—a young man, a stranger—looked through the wicket at him.

"Was you waitin' to see anybody ?"

"I'm waiting to see Henry Oake," said the old man, quietly. He did not know why he had said it. That was his father's name.

"Never heerd tell of 'm," said the young man, turning unconcernedly to his work, "don't think he lives 'round here."

The old man on the bench looked away bitterly. His mind had been busy all day. What with the chaos of his thoughts, the roar of the train, the kaleidoscope of old scenery, he was as one who has just come out of an anaesthetic. His wits were at pause.

But they were stirring, his eyes were clearing; and as there came the chime of a hammer from the forge beyond the track, he lifted up his head; and saw, and realized, and believed, that he was in his home town. The youngsters that had played with him might have grown and gone; a lawn and verandah or two might have changed the aspect of the little wayside town; but was there anything new, anything alien, in the sound of that hammer !

Glowing, he took his cane and stepped out into the day. Black hat, white hair neatly trimmed, white collar, this smart and staid old man drew many looks from women at windows as he passed on his way. But he took note of nothing till he reached the forge.

Ah !—the blacksmith shop, at least, was the same. Rusty ploughshares lying on the banking outside; red paint faded and scaling from warped boards; little window set crookedly, with a litter of old iron bits and bolts and fragments on the sill inside, seen dimly through the frowsy panes.

Clang ! clang ! cl-lang ! Tears came to his eyes, and a lump arose in his throat, as he listened. Clang ! clang ! —and the turning of soft, hot iron, and the crisp crackle of fire eating at coal dust, and the patter and hiss of sparks falling in the cooling-tub. There was more power, more thrill, in the homely little sounds than in the step and stir of a brigade, with band and banners. He brushed hastily at his eyes with his cuff, and hurried on his way; for folk were beginning to eye his erratic progress down street curiously, and he wanted no direct question or oblique comment to break the spell that wrapped him. It was decades, it seemed ages, since he had had that stir at the heart, that tingling of his nerves, those tears on his lashes, that sob in his throat.

WITH EACH STEP HE FELT THAT HE HAD DROPPED A YEAR, AND AT THE BRIDGE HE THREW AWAY HIS CANE AND WALKED FREE-HANDED

A sixth sense guided him. The village was now well behind, hidden by an arm of an old wood. The way along which his feet moved, stepping surely, was marked by no visible path, not even a weeded trace of a path. The grass sprang up behind his heels, obliterating his foot marks as though they had never been. But he knew, and Memory knew, and the great old tree toward which he was making knew, and the grassy ruin on the bank beyond the creek knew the trend of that path.

Over the edge of the hillock above the creek, down through poplars and past willow-clumps, threading a thicket of wild-cherry trees—right to the hither edge of the stream, whose small and sunny windings he could see, dancing and dimpling in the breeze of evening, he pushed his way breathlessly and ardently.

There had been many a time when he had arrived here, upon this bank, carrying a canvas bag of schoolbooks and a dinner-pail. In those days he had flung the bag with a "flop" well up the knoll on the opposite side and crossed the stream with three splashing leaps and a hurrah. He smiled to picture himself doing that now!

No, he might not cross here, at the old point. This part of the old path he must leave untravelled, turning to the beaten trail and the bridge at his right.

But, the stream crossed, he came resolutely back along the farther bank, to take up again the hidden way, to feel his steps along the old path effaced. There were "wild oats" sticking in the ankles of his socks, there were burrs upon his trouser-legs; but he felt nothing, saw nothing, knew nothing, except that he was a centre and a core of little darting thrills. Eagerness arrested and made irregular his breath; the rush of sensations pained his heart and made him dizzy. But he kept on.

Now it faced him,—that old ruin. There were thistles mantling the decayed boards and red nails of the fragment of doorstep—but he leant, his heart beating fast, thrust aside all with his cane, and found the "J.O." on the middle board; cut there while he had sat outside one afternoon, waiting patiently for someone who had been "kept in after four" for passing him a missive which the teacher had arrested, and which had been forever unread. There were holes in the wall, and the blackboard had been long removed; but he knew where it had been and raked in the litter and found an old brush, from which the ancestors of the mice his movements scared had gnawed the strips of felt.

There were no forms in the room, no desks; but, hunting breathlessly and diligently, he found an end of one outside, leaning against the crumbling back wall. He looked it over, peering, bending, his glasses on his eyes. Ah! —he straightened quickly, half-alarmed at the great leap of his heart. Time had been merciful; the men who had wrecked the old schoolhouse for the sake of its warped lumber had been unwittingly kind. Even the myriad winds that had beaten upon that spot, the lashing rains, had been lenient—for that by which he knew this old desk, that mark the seasons and the elements had spared, was the inked double heart.

It was faint. He had to look close, glasses on and strain his eyes to see it. But it was there!

He lifted up his eyes, and looked around at the red hills, and the long shadows. Every foot of this country he knew; where every house ought to be, he knew. But, at the points where the old thatched roofs had cuddled in their groves, no plumes of smoke now wandered up against the lonely face of the sky. At some of these points, there were grass-mounds; at others, a roofless half-wall and doorway, through which he could see moving the foliage of the grove behind.

He knew well enough there was one house for which he need not look. Just three times, in those precious years he had wasted upon money-gathering, had his armor of selfishness been pierced by the quiverful of arrows with which Love had tried every joint in his harness,—just three times. Once, when his mother died, once again when his father passed away; and lastly, when the farmhouse of his birth and boyhood, which the old couple had sold to a neighbor when they moved into the village, had been burned to the ground. It had come to him then, even in his sordid preoccupation, that he was by this third stroke both parentless and homeless.

Homeless—for he had never married, never found time to go wooing, after "the business" had enmeshed him. Homeless utterly—for the old

JOHN OAKE'S EYES GLOWED FIERCELY, AND HE FLOURISHED HIS CANE IN THE FARMER'S FACE. "DON'T JOKE WITH ME," HE SAID THROUGH HIS TEETH. "DON'T YOU FOOL WITH ME!"

home was gone, the kind father and mother beneath the ground, and no new home made, no children to take the place of the old ties unloosed and drawn away.

It had hit him then, but he had forgotten. It struck him again now, when he was vulnerable, when he had bared his breast, when he had resigned himself utterly to what he deserved. His six figures in the bank tweaked his gray beard, bade him use his faculty for adding and subtracting to find how few years lay between the date of his late awakening and the ultimate threescore and ten.

He leaned upon his cane, and cried.

The sun was touching the edge of the hill where the old house had stood, as he went on miserably up the slope. He did not know why he kept on. He did not know why he wished to torture himself with the aspect of those home knolls at twilight. He could hear cowbells tinkling, dogs barking, boys shouting; he could hear the frogs in the ponds. In the midst of the familiar discord and jargon, the grass rustling under his feet as of old, he could not help but look at himself wonderingly, again and again; he could not help but marvel at the stiffness in his knees, the gray beard brushing his coat, the cane that aided his steps. But the sounds could not thrust away the heaviness at his heart; and by that he knew—by that he knew!

It was a house not wholly strange that faced him, by the end of a grove, as he came near the highest point of the hill. There was a new "lean-to" at either end; but the central part was old and crooked—so old, in fact, and standing so crazily, that it struck him as odd it did not fall.

The house was occupied. There was a young man on the doorstep, with a baby in his arms. There was also a large black dog, which launched itself from the step, and came at him barking. He paid not the slightest attention to the animal. It barked around him noisily, out of range of his cane, and finally approached with caution, sniffed at his heels, and followed growling.

The man on the steps stared at him hard; but he paid as little attention as he had to the dog. There was a question he must ask, and must ask at this house—a question he shrank in every nerve from asking, and to which he did not know whether he could bear the answer. Crossing this landscape of decay and change, of memories and ruins and old sounds, of cold new farm-buildings that faced pertly the same grand old sunset and majestic shadows of evening, he did not know whether, supporting that leaden answer in his heart, he could go back to a forlorn bed and a night of heartache and tossing in the bareness of the little hotel. But neither could he go back with it unanswered!

He approached the door slowly. The man, moving the baby from one knee to the other, spoke sharply to the dog, which slunk away. A woman, with a child clinging to her apron, came into the doorway.

Humbled and broken, he faced the group. He would have given all his thousands for a home circle like this, and would have cheerfully gone to work with his hands to keep them.

"I am John Oake," he said. The name caused no flicker of interest; but he had not expected it would. He moved his cane among the chips, to hide the shaking of his hand and wrist, drew a long breath, and said, steadying his voice manfully, but unable to avoid the break at the end of his sentence:

"Does William Harvey—he used to occupy this house—or anyone related to or connected with him, live in—in this—settlement?"

The man squeezed the baby's fist, and tickled the small chin with his forefinger, before he answered. He wanted the baby to crow, and the stranger to look, and see what a fine son he had. He delayed his answer for this purpose, even at the risk of letting his wife get ahead of him with the information—and the giving of information is one of the chiefest delights of country people. Then he spoke:

"What year was it old Bill Harvey died, Renie?"

"'Twas the winter the big blizzard came," said the woman in the doorway, ponderingly, "that'd be—let me see—that'd be about eight years ago."

"Yes, I know he's b'en dead a long while," remarked the husband, coddling a small set of toes that had worked into view, "zis little pig went t' market, zis little pig stayed home; this little pig got roast beef, this little pig got noan—Did you know Harveys' then, boss?"

"I knew them well," said the old man, hoarsely.

"Well," the farmer stood up on the step, and pointed his long arm westward, "do you see that white house, with the big granary, there? That's Jim Harvey's place. Jim's a son of old Bill. He bought the place over there about two years ago. It's light land, an' I hear Jim's losin' money. Maybe you don't know Jim,—I guess he'd be after your time some?"

"He was a baby in arms when I—when I left here," said John Oake. "Are there any of the rest of the family? but never mind. I think I'll call there. How far is it? About half a mile, it looks to me."

"Just half, from my corner to his'n," said the farmer, "you know this country pretty well, eh?"

"Yes, yes,—I was born here," said John Oake, as he buttoned his coat and turned away. He was anxious to escape from the farmer's garrulity.

"Maybe you knew old Bill's sister, then," the farmer went on, as he sat down again on the step.

The twilight kept him from seeing that, at this sentence, John Oake's face had gone suddenly colorless. Not a gradual paling, but a quick, utter erasure of all color from his cheeks. He dared not wait to hear more.

"Good-night," he managed to ejaculate, as he started down the path.

"I was just a-goin' to tell you," the farmer called after him, "that she's stayin' over to Jim's place."

John Oake halted, turned, and came back. His eyes were glowing strangely and fiercely. He raised his cane, and flourished it in the farmer's face.

"Don't joke with me," he said, through his teeth, "don't you fool with me!"

The farmer looked up at him tolerantly, with something of lazy surprise. "Why," he said, "what's the matter with you! I was just tellin' you, thinkin' you might 'a b'en acquainted with her."

"It's—it's true, then," John Oake stammered, huskily, as he lowered the cane.

"Sure, it's true," replied the farmer, "you knowed her then, eh, boss?"

"Knew her!" exclaimed John Oake, in spite of himself, "knew her! Lord bless my soul, man! Knew Gracie Harvey!"

"I'll give you a lift over," said the farmer, good naturedly, "if you'll set down till I hitch up the bronchos. Here, Renie, take Bobbie."

"No, no, no," said John Oake, hastily, "I—I couldn't think of troubling you. I would rather walk, thank you. Good-night, good-night!"

He hurried off, scuffling down the path, cutting off its loops by thrashing recklessly through the grass damp with the dewfall.

The white house was on the middlemost of the group of hills that overlooked him,—kind, old hills; glad, gray hills, with the evening star above. The damp of the night crept into his joints; but the ache of ecstasy in his heart was lord of all lesser pains, and the beating in his bosom drummed him on. He felt he dropped a year with each step forward. When he reached the bridge, back straight, arms swinging lustily, he threw away his cane. He tilted his hat, as in the bumpkin days, to the back of his head; and his white hair, blown from its neat parting, fell across the old forehead ruddied by his walk.

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THE STABLES AND PADDOCKS AT THE COLONY FARM, SHOWING THE EXCELLENT ARRANGEMENT AND GOOD QUALITY OF THE BUILDINGS. THE INSANE PATIENTS TAKE PRACTICALLY ALL THE CARE OF BOTH BUILDINGS AND STOCK

# Friends of the Insane

OF ALL LIVING CREATURES, THE MENTALLY DERANGED ARE THE MOST DESERTED AND ALONE. MAN HAS NEGLECTED THEM AND MEDICAL SCIENCE HAS NEGLECTED THEM. ONLY RECENTLY HAS IT OCCURRED TO THE WORLD TO TREAT THEM AS HUMAN BEINGS. THE RESULTS OF SUCH HUMANITY ARE CHRONICLED HEREIN

By John F. Langan, F.R.G.S.

Illustrated from Photographs

CANADA has approximately eight million people, three-fourths of whom probably have some slight mental twist in one direction or another, many of whom are noticeably erratic, and one five-hundredth of whom are insane enough to be committed to an institution. In other words, sixteen thousand Canadians walk in such darkness of the mind as to be dangerous to the community at large, or a heavy care and expense to the town originating them. The insanities resulting from drink and syphilis, inherited or otherwise, senility and dementia precox, the cause of which is unknown, have bereaved sixteen thousand families of a mother, father or some other member, in a loss infinitely sadder than death.

Translate this loss into terms of your own immediate family. Yonder is your mother, your husband, your eldest son, outwardly the same as a little while ago—the same body, the same beloved face, the same entity—but shut off from you forever in the strange twilight of the soul that forbids all human intercourse as effectively as a stone wall. What goes on in that altered brain, you cannot tell. Perhaps, deep within, the same soul wakes and suffers, unable to get through that intangible dividing wall. Perhaps it has gone abroad, voyaging in the strange land of dreams and leaving the body compassless.

Two hundred years ago, the community cast out the insane member, as one possessed of devils; or tolerated the less violent case as the village simpleton or beggar. The hermit and the wild man resulted, where death did not mercifully put an end to the wretched creatures. The simpleton dragged out his life, the sport of rough youngsters and recipient of a fitful charity, often adding to the world's crop of simpletons a brood of defective children, equally with their parents dependent upon the town. Later, dungeons and fetters were the unhappy fate of the deranged.

Civilization, observing these conditions, and perhaps growing more humane with education, created the asylum system, which was a vast improvement, but liable to abuse. Governed by an autocrat, served by ignorant and brutal attendants, overcrowded, such institutions often became veritable hells. Tuberculosis, erysipelas, pellagra ravaged the inmates of the barred, narrow, airless rooms. Without work to occupy their attention, without medical treatment of their many physical ills, poorly fed, with unlimited leisure to brood or listen to the ravings of more violent cases, mental improvement was impossible, and commitment to an asylum was equivalent to a life sentence worse than that accorded to the worst criminal. Such conditions unfortunately are still existent.

Usually it is impossible to retain the insane member of a family in the home. Skilled care is necessary. The other members of the circle, and the community at large, must be considered. What, then, are you to do with the imprisoned spirit that may, perhaps, be keenly alive to its surroundings? Cast out your mother, your husband, your laddie for whom you hoped such great things, to suffer in such a place as that; perhaps to be beaten, to choke unaided in the agonies of tuberculosis as you lie comfortably at home in your easy bed? And yet, what else can be done? Till recently, there was no answer.

Our automobile had sped out of Vancouver, turned up the beautiful valley of the Fraser river, and surged through virgin forest over a faultless road. Suddenly as the scene shifts on a stereopticon curtain, the trees ceased, and we rolled out into a thousand acre clearing, overlooking the great sweep of the valley from the shoulder of a gently sloping hill. It was the site of the Public Hospital for the Insane at Coquitlam, one of the most advanced and most successful of all the modern hospitals for the insane—the asylums that are the answer to every

pain-racked family who must see a beloved member go out of the home to the care of strangers, perhaps never to return.

The man whose genius and executive capacity is responsible for this hospital is Dr. Charles E. Doherty, M.D., C.M., and his name is one to conjure with in the coast province. Essentially a modern type, he has little of the "professional manner" about him, and less of the weighty erudition so admired in the elder day. Virile, brief, business-like, a dynamic personality keen to plan, swift to accomplish—such is one's first impression of the man. Executive he must be. No mere scholar could have created out of the British Columbia forest in three short years such an institution as his. Human he must be, too. No mere cold executive could have thought out the sympathetic, understanding atmosphere with which he has surrounded the unfortunate inmates. Scientific he must be, for he has carried out with exactitude a careful physical regimen combined with a shrewdly psychologic treatment. Curing a sick soul is no matter for castor oil alone.

With him has worked Dr. Henry Esson Young, minister of education and provincial secretary, and to him, as well as to the far-sighted government of the province is due great credit for affording Dr. Doherty the means to carry out his ideas on a scale seldom attempted by any community, no matter how wealthy. Only one building has been erected as yet. It cost something over $600,000. But when the asylum is completed—within the next two years—it will have cost nearly two million dollars. Another building exactly like the one at present erected will be constructed. Between the two will stand an administration building. At the rear will be a thoroughly modern laundry plant, and separate buildings further away to left and right will house the hopeless cases. Politics have never entered in any shape or form into the management of the hospital.

There was nothing forbidding about the handsome building that faced us. Bright, cheery, homelike, with stately white pillars at the doorway, it welcomed us. Usually on entering an asylum, one is chilled by the prevailing atmosphere of gloom. Dingy carpets, empty corridors, curtainless windows fenced with iron bars, and furniture that is alike shoddy and antiquated depress the lightest-hearted. But here, the reception room was pleasant. Comfortable, well-designed, well-made furniture, a soft-toned rug, charming prints of good paintings, and a jar of fresh flowers on the table made it like an educated family's living-room. Except for the steel lattice work surrounding the balconies, there was no hint outside that the prisoners of the province were confined in this structure; and within there was no apparent confinement at all. Every care is taken to avoid the least semblance of incarceration. Patients are received at the hospital and made to feel that they are expected guests,—in short, they are welcomed. And undoubtedly in many cases the unfortunate arrival must feel that he has come to a very palace, so comfortable is the place compared to the average moderately-circumstanced home. There are several of these reception rooms, all calculated to create an initial impression of freedom, comfort, and kindliness invaluable in treating mental cases.

We went further. Save for the very violent cases, the patients are allowed to sleep in dormitories, huge airy rooms containing fifty beds, all spotlessly clean, and furnished with plenty of beautiful linen. A large open fireplace occupies each end. One attendant watches over two of these dormitories at night, and this has always been found sufficient. Alienists speak very highly of this treatment of the patients. They learn habits of orderliness, tidiness, and a certain responsibility towards those who are worse off than themselves. In "solitary" a patient may be ordered nourishment at certain times during the night, and out of sheer contrariness and impatience may refuse it, to annoy the attendant. Or he may kick the covers off as fast as the attendant puts them back; or talk constantly. When the patients occupy a dormitory together, any refused nourishment is quietly put on a stand beside the patient's bed, and left. Presently, the sufferer will reach out, thinking himself unobserved, and get it. Occasionally somebody else will get to it first, which is an excellent object lesson on the value of accepting the nourishment promptly. The less affected cases will often cover up the restless ones, or stop their incessant babble; and, strangely enough, this is not resented by the patients. Judicious letting alone is an excellent receipt for attending insane patients successfully.

These dormitories are for use only at night. During the day, all their doors are locked. The patients are then given the use of the lounging rooms, billiard rooms, or the spacious grounds of the institution. A woman visitor was taken into one of these handsome lounging rooms recently. "What is this?" she asked, "a club?"

There are sofas and easy chairs, tables piled with books and magazines, games, in fact everything to make the inmates feel at home, or as she put it, "at the club."

The diningroom is in keeping with the other fittings. The crockery is all monogrammed like the china in a good hotel. Instead of benches, there are chairs. Softly shaded clusters of lights are hung over the tables, and the room has every appearance of cleanliness and good cheer.

It is not singular that the laundry, kitchen, bake-shop, and other attendant industries, are the best of their kind. Other modern institutions of the class of this British Columbia

THE COW-STABLE AT COLONY FARM. EVERYTHING IS SCIENTIFIC, HYGIENIC AND ORDERLY. THE INSANE ARE TAUGHT TO DO A LARGE PART OF CARING FOR THE ANIMALS

INSANE HARVEST HANDS AT WORK THRESHING AT THE COLONY FARM. ALL BUT FOUR OF THE MEN SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ARE WARDS OF THE PROVINCE

public hospital can claim everything that exists here, perhaps. But although the details of cleanliness, artistic arrangement, and comfort may seem comparatively ordinary, they are invaluable in dealing with cases of mental derangement.

A little consideration for the wishes of patients, unreasonable though they may seem, is another notable factor in caring for the insane. Shortly before our visit, a woman patient who had refused to eat for some weeks and had been fed after the manner of the hunger strikers, expressed a wish for some sweetbreads. The attendant conveyed her desire to Dr. Doherty, the head of the institution, and he promptly set about fulfilling it. Sweetbreads were not to be found in the Vancouver or New Westminster markets. But the doctor is not the kind that gives up. He sent to Seattle and got some tinned sweetbreads. The patient ate them ravenously, and before the supply was all gone consented to eat any kind of food. Before long an improvement was noticed in her condition, and two months later she was discharged as cured.

Another thing is of extreme value. The patients are placed in classes, or groups. Insane patients carry with them to a large extent, the habits of their sane existence. Those who naturally eat with forks and understand the intricacies of the finger-bowl, when insane, will continue to behave in civilized fashion at table. Those who come from uncultured homes where fingers most certainly were made—and employed—before forks, will learn no better manners in insanity. The tables in the dining-room are allotted in such a way that those patients who have some idea of the niceties of life are kept together, while those who insist on eating with their fingers are segregated. The same group idea is carried out elsewhere in the institution, those patients being put together who would be likely to mingle in happier circumstances. Insanity is in itself affliction enough, without adding to its burdens by herding teachers, truck-drivers, business men and roustabouts together, and treating them indiscriminately the same. The patients are allowed all the freedom their condition will permit, and it proves startling to visiting physicians to see how much freedom they may be allowed without abusing it.

The attendants at the asylum are picked with the greatest care and are paid considerably better wages than attendants in many wealthier institutions. This is done to secure the best possible men for a work that is inherently difficult and to any but a medical student, distasteful, and is a wise precaution. In sharp contrast to this is a case once described to me by the resident physician in one of the big state hospitals for the insane in the United States. It was peculiarly brutal and revolting. "What can we do?" he said. "The pay of the attendants here is so poor that we get nothing but toughs. They are ignorant and brutal, and it often happens that patients are injured or killed outright by the attendants. It is nothing short of murder. But the men claim they are attacked, which may be true, and that in self-defence they fought back. Sometimes two attendants take one patient and beat him so badly that he never recovers. They are afraid of the insane, and strike instinctively."

Another case recently reviewed in the papers of a big middle western city of the United States was the pathetic story of a hopelessly insane patient who had been confined 'n a strait-jacket for two nights, and on the afternoon of the succeeding day insisted on rising as fast as he was put down on the bed. Two attendants choked and beat him. Not content with this, they took him to the bathroom, where they beat him again, finally returning, dragging the patient by one leg along the floor. He died. It was only through the chance of a new attendant's witnessing the scene and reporting it to the head physician that any notice was ever taken of the matter. It came out that the attendants agreed among themselves that no one should "snitch" to the head physician about any cases of injury or violent death; and that failure to keep silence was met with summary punishment at the hands of the other attendants. It was almost impossible for the head of the institution to find out anything about what went on in the wards behind his back.

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# Cherry Purcelle, Gentleman Adventuress

## By Arthur Stringer

*Author of "The Firebrand," "The Wire-tappers," etc.*

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

I HAD been vaguely conscious, from the first, of that other presence near me. Yet I ignored it irritably as I continued to scan the water-front.

So impatient was my scrutiny of the light-spangled river, so active was my resentment against Benson for not getting the launch up from *The Naulahka*, that I did not turn to look at the stranger until he stood up on the very string-piece where I sat.

Then something about the figure brought a slow perplexity into my mind, as I sat inhaling the warm and musky harbor-odors, under a sky Italian in its serenity and a soft and silvery moon that made the shuttling ferries into shadows scaled with Roman gold. This perplexity grew into bewilderment, for as I studied the lean figure with its loose-fitting paddock-coat flapping in the wharf-end breeze I was reminded of something disturbing, of something awesome. The gaunt form so voluminously draped, the cadaverous face with the startlingly sunken cheeks, the touch of tragedy in the entire attitude, brought sharply and suddenly to my mind the thought of a shrouded and hollow-eyed symbol of Death, needing only the scythe of honored tradition to translate it into the finished picture.

He stood there for some time, without moving, studying the water that ran like seamless black velvet under the wharf-end. Then he slowly took off his coat, folded it and placed it on the string-piece, and on top of this again placed his hat. Then he laughed audibly, and I looked away, dreading that some spoken triviality might spoil a picture so appealingly mysterious. When I next peered up at him he seemed engaged in the absurd occupation of slowly turning inside out the quite empty pockets of his clothing. Then he once more looked down at the black water.

Those oily, velvet eddies, apparently, were too much for him. I saw him cover his face with his hands and sway back with a tragically helpless mutter of "I can't do it!"

A thousand tendrils of curiosity overran my disintegrating resentment at not getting aboard the yacht that night. I continued my covert watch of the incredibly thin man who was

"I CAN JUST CATCH THE KAISER WILHELM," SAID SHE. "THEY'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW"

still peering down at the slip-water. I was startled, a minute or two later, to hear him emit a throat-chuckle that was as defiant as it was disagreeable. Then with an oddly nervous gesture of repudiation he caught up his hat and coat, turned on his heel, and passed like a sleep-walker down the quietness of the deserted wharf.

I turned and followed him. The tragedy recorded on that pallid face was above all pretense. He could never be taken for a "dummy-chucker," the thing was genuine. Any man who could squeeze life so dry that he thought of tossing it away like an orange-skin was worth following. He seemed a contradiction to everything in the city that surrounded us, in that mad city where every mortal appeared so intent on living, where the forlornest wrecks clung so feverishly to life, and where life itself, on that murmurous and moonlit summer night, seemed so full of whispered promises.

I followed him back to the city, speculating, as idle minds will, on who and what he was and by what mischance he had been cast into this lowest pit of indifferency. More things than his mere apparel assured me he was not a "crust-thrower." I kept close at his heels until we came to a lighted street, startling myself with the sudden wonder if he, too, were a victim of those relentless hounds of wakefulness that turn night into a never-ending inquisition. Then all speculation suddenly ended, for I saw that he had come to a stop and was gazing perplexedly up and down the light-strewn channel. I noticed his eye waver on a passing figure or two, whom he seemed about to accost. Then, as though from that passing throng he beheld something kindred and common in my face, he touched me lightly on the arm.

I came to a stop, looking him full in the face. There seemed almost a touch of the supernatural in that encounter, as though two wondering ghosts stood gazing at each other on the loneliest edges of a No-man's Land.

He did not speak, as I was afraid he might, and send a mallet of banality crashing down on that crystal of wonderment. He merely waved one thin hand towards the facade of a mirrored and pillared caravansary wherein, I knew, it was the wont of the homeless city-dweller to purchase a three-hour lease on three feet of damask and thereby dream he was probing the innermost depth of life. His gesture, I saw, was both an invitation and a challenge.

And both the invitation and the challenge I accepted, in silence, yet by a gesture which could not be mistaken. It was in silence, too, that I followed him in through the wide doorway and seated myself opposite him at one of the rose-shaded parallelograms of white linen that lay about us in lines as thick and straight as tombstones in an abbey-floor.

I did not look at him, for a moment or two, dreading as I did the approaching return to actuality. I let my gaze wander about the riotous-colored room into which the flood-tide of the after-theatre crowds was now eddying. It held nothing either new or appealing to me. It was not the first time I had witnessed the stars of stage-land sitting in perigean torpor through their seven-coursed suppers, just as it was not the first time I had meekly endured the assaulting vulgarities of onyx pillars and pornographic art for the sake of what I had found to be the most matchless cooking in the world.

It seemed an equally old story to my new friend across the table, for as I turned away from the surrounding flurry of bare shoulders, as white and soft as a flurry of gull-wings, I saw that he had already ordered a meal that was as mysteriously sumptuous as it was startlingly expensive. He, too, was

apparently no stranger to Lobster Square.

I still saw no necessity for breaking the silence, although he had begun to drink his wine with a febrile recklessness rather amazing to me. Yet I felt that with each breath of time the bubble of mystery was growing bigger and bigger. The whole thing was something more than the dare-devil adventure of a man at the end of his tether. It was more than the extravagance of sheer hopelessness. It was something which made me turn for the second time and study his face.

It was a remarkable enough face, remarkable for its thinness, for its none too appealing pallor, and for a certain tragic furtiveness which showed its owner to be not altogether at peace with his own soul. About his figure I had already detected a certain note of distinction, of nervous briskness, which at once lifted him above the plane of the anaemic street-adventurer. There was something almost Heraclitean in the thin-lipped and satyric mouth. The skin on the sunken cheeks seemed as tight as the vellum across a snare-drum. From the corner of his eyes, which were shadowed by a smooth and pallid frontal-bone, radiated a network of minutely small wrinkles. His hands, I could see, were almost femininely white, as womanish in their fragility as they were disquieting in their never-ending restless movements. In actual years, I concluded, he might have been anywhere between twenty-five and thirty-five. He was at least younger than I had first thought him. Then I looked once more about the crowded room, for I had no wish to make my inspection seem inquisitorial. He, too, let his eyes follow mine in their orbit of exploration. Then, for the first time, he spoke.

"They'll suffer for this some day!" he suddenly declared, with the vehemence of a Socialist confronted by the voluptuosities of a second Gomorrah. "They'll suffer for it!"

"For what particular reason?" I inquired, following his gaze about that quite unapprehensive roomful of decorous revelers.

"Because one half of them," he avowed, "are harpies, and the other half are thieves!"

"Are you a New Yorker?" I mildly asked him. I had been wondering if, under the circumstances, even a voluminous paddock-coat would be reckoned as adequate payment for a repast so princely. The man had already proved to me that his pockets were empty.

"No, I'm not," he retorted. "I'm from God's country."

That doubtlessly irreproachable yet vaguely denominated territory left me so much in doubt that I had to ask for the second time the place of his origin.

"I come from British Columbia," he answered, "and if I had stayed there I wouldn't be where I am to-night."

As this was an axiom which seemed to transcend criticism I merely turned back to him and asked: "And where are you to-night?"

He lifted his glass and emptied it. Then he leaned forward across the table, staring me in the eyes as he spoke. As he sat looking at me, with a shadow of disappointment on his lean face, I again asked him to particularize his present whereabouts.

"I'm on the last inch of the last rope-end," was his answer.

"It seems to have its ameliorating conditions," I remarked, glancing about the table.

He emitted a sharp cackle of a laugh. "You'll have to leave me before I order the liqueur. This," with a hand-sweep about the cluster of dishes, "is some music I'll have to face alone. But what's that, when you're on the last inch of the last rope-end?"

"Your position," I ventured, "sounds almost like a desperate one."

"Desperate!" he echoed. "It's more than that. It's hopeless!"

"You have doubtless been visiting Wall Street or possibly buying mining-stock?" was my flippant suggestion. His manner of speech, I was beginning to feel, was not markedly Canadian.

"No," he cried with quick solemnity. "I've been *selling* it."

"But such activities, I assumed, were far removed from the avenue of remorse."

He stared at me, absently, for a moment or two. Then he moved restlessly in his chair.

"Did you ever hear of a wire-tapper?" he demanded.

"Quite often," I answered.

"Did you ever fall for one of their yarns? Did you ever walk into one of their nice, gold-plated traps and have them shake you down for everything you owned—and for things you didn't even own?"

Here was a misfortune, I had to confess, which had not yet knocked at my door.

"I came up to this town with thirty thousand dollars, and not quite a third of it my own. Twenty of it was for a marble quarry we were going to open up. They sent me here to put through the deal. It was new to me, all right. I wasn't used to a town where they have to chain the door-mats down and you daren't speak to your neighbor without a police permit. And when a prosperous-looking traveler at my hotel got talking about horses and races and the string that Keene sent out last winter, he struck something that was pretty close to me, for that's what we go in for out home—horse-breeding and stock-farming. Then he told me how the assistant superintendent of the Western Union, the man who managed their racing department, was an old friend of his. He also allowed this friend of his was ready to 'phone him some early track-returns, for what he called a big rake-off. He even took me down to the Western Union Building and introduced me to a man he called the assistant superintendent. We met him in one of the halls—he was in his shirt-sleeves, and looked like a pretty busy man. He was to hold back the returns until our bets could be laid. He explained that he himself couldn't figure in the thing, but that his sister-in-law would handle the returns over her own wire."

"That sounds very familiar," I sadly commented.

"He seemed to lose interest when he found I had only a few thousand dollars of my own. He said the killing would be a quarter of a million, and the risk for holding up the company's despatches would be too great for him to bother with small bets. But he said he'd try out the plan that afternoon. So my traveler friend took me up to a pool-room, with racing-sheets and blackboards and half a dozen telegraph-keys and twice as many telephones. It looked like the real thing to me. When the returns started to come in and we got our private tip from the Western Union office, I tried fifty dollars on a three to one shot."

"And of course you won," was my sympathetic rejoinder, as I sat listening to the old, sad tale. "You always do."

"Then I met the woman I spoke about, the woman who called herself the sister-in-law of the racing-wire manager."

"And what was she like?" I inquired.

"She looked a good deal like any of these women around here," he said with an eye-sweep over the flurry of gull-wing backs and the garden of finery that surrounded us. "She looked good enough to get my thirty thousand and put me down and out."

He laughed his mirthless and mummy-like laugh. "You see, I had sense enough to get cold feet, overnight. But when I talked it over with her next day, and I saw her calling up a few of her Wall Street friends, I kind of forgot my scruples. She got me thinking crooked again. And that's all. That's where the story ends."

His docility, as I sat thinking of that odious and flamboyant type of she-harpy, began to irritate me.

"But why should it end here?" I demanded.

"Because I put twenty thousand dollars of other people's money into a phony game and lost it."

"Well, what of it?"

"Do you suppose I could go home with that hanging over me ?"

"Supposing you can't. Is that any reason why you should lie down at this stage of the game ?"

"But I've lost," he averred. "Everything's gone !"

" 'All is not lost, ' " I quoted, " 'till honor's self is gone ! " "

"But even *that's* gone," was his listless retort. He looked up, almost angrily, at my movement of impatience. "Well, what would *you* do about it ?" he challenged.

"I'd get that money back or I'd get that gang behind bars," was the answer I flung out at him. "I'd fight them to a finish."

"But there's nothing to fight. There's nobody to get hold of. That Western Union man was only a capper, a come-on. Their poolroom's one of the dirigible kind that move on when the police appear. Then they'd claim I was as bad as they were, trying to trick an honest bookmaker out of his money. And besides, there's nothing left to show I even handed them over anything."

"Then I'd keep at it until I found something," I declared. "How about the woman ?"

"She'd be too clever to get caught. And I don't suppose she'd know me from a piece of cheese."

"Do you suppose you could in any way get me in touch with her ?" I asked.

"But she's got police protection. I tried to have her arrested myself. The officer told me to be on my way, or he'd run me in."

"Then you know where she lives ?" I quickly inquired.

He hesitated for a moment, as though my question had caught him unawares. Then he mentioned one of the smaller apartment hotels.

"And what's her name ?"

Again he hesitated before answering.

"Oh, she's got a dozen, I suppose. The only one I know is Purcelle. That's the name she answers to up there. But look here—you're not going to try to see her, are you ?"

"That I can't tell until to-morrow."

"I don't think there'll be any to-morrow, for me," he rejoined, as his earlier listless look returned to his face. He even peered up a little startled, as I rose to my feet.

"That's nonsense," was my answer. "We're going to meet here to-morrow night to talk things over."

"But why ?" he protested.

"Because it strikes me you've got a duty to perform, a very serious duty. And if I can be of any service to you it will be a very great pleasure to me. And in the meantime, I might add that am paying for this little supper."

There is no activity more explosive than that of the chronic idler. Once out on the street, accordingly, I did not let the grass grow under my feet. Two minutes at the telephone and ten more in a taxicab brought me in touch with my old friend Doyle who was "working" a mulatto shooting case as quietly as a gardener working his cabbage-patch.

"What do you know about a woman named Purcelle ?" I demanded.

He studied the pavement. Then he shook his head. The name clearly meant nothing to him.

"Give me something more to work on."

"She's a young woman who lives by her wits. She keeps up a very good front, and now and then does a variety of the wire-tapping game."

"I wonder if that wouldn't be the Casell woman Andrus used as a come-on for his Mexican mine game ? But *she* claimed Andrus had fooled her."

"And what else ?" I inquired.

Doyle stood wrapt in thought for a moment or two.

"Oh, that's about all. I've heard she's an uncommonly clever woman, the cleverest woman in the world. But what are you after ?"

"I want her record—all of it."

"That sort of woman never has a record. That's what cleverness is, my boy, maintaining your reputation at the expense of your character."

"You've given birth to an epigram," I complained, "but you haven't helped me out of my dilemma." Whereupon he asked me for a card.

"I'm going to give you a line to Sherman—Camera Eye Sherman, we used to call him down at Headquarters. He's with the Banker's Association now, but he was with our Identification Bureau so long he knows 'em all like his own family."

And on the bottom of my card I saw Doyle write: "Please tell him what you can of Cherry Purcelle."

"Of course I couldn't see him to-night ?"

Doyle looked at his watch.

"Yes, you can. You'll get him up at his apartment on Riverside. And I'll give you odds you'll find the old night-owl playing bezique with his sister-in-law !"

That, in fact, was precisely what I found the man with the camera eye doing. He sat there dealing out the cards, at one o'clock in the morning, with a face as mild and bland as a Venetian cardinal feeding his pigeons.

My host looked at the card in his fingers, looked at me, and then looked at the card again.

"She got you in trouble ?" was his laconic query.

"I have never met the lady. But a friend of mine has, I'm sorry to say. And I want to do what I can to help him out."

"How much did he lose ?"

"About thirty thousand dollars, he claims."

"What was the game ?"

"It appears to have been one of those so-called wire-tapping *coups*."

"Funny how that always gets 'em!" ruminated that verger of long-immured faces. "Well, here's what I know about Cherry Purcelle. Seven or eight years ago she was an artist's model. Then a sculptor called Delisle took her over to Paris—she was still in her teens then. But she was too brainy to stick to the studio-rat arrangement. She soon came to the end of her rope there. Then she came home—I've an idea she tried the stage and couldn't make it go. Then she was a pearl-agent in London. Then she played a variation of the 'lost-heir game' in what was called the Southam case, working under an English confidence-man called Adams. Then she got disgusted with Adams and came back to America. She had to take what she could get, and for a few weeks was a capper for a high-grade woman's bucket-shop. When Headquarters closed up the shop she went south and was in some way involved in the Parra uprising in the eastern end of Cuba."

My apathetic chronicler paused for a moment or two, studying his lacerated cigar-end.

"Then she married a Haytian half-caste Jew in the Brazilian coffee business who'd bought a Spanish title. Then she threw the title and the coffee-man over and came back to Washington, where she worked the ropes as a lobbyist for a winter or two. Then she took to going to Europe every month or so. I won't say she was a steamship gambler. I don't think she was. But she made friends—and she could play a game of bridge that'd bring your back hair up on end. Then she worked with a mining share manipulator named Andrus. She was wise enough to slip from under before he was sent up the river. And since then, they tell me, she's been doing a more or less respectable game or two with Coke Morgan, the wire-tapper. And that, I guess, is about all."

"Has she ever been arrested ? Would they have her picture, for instance, down at Headquarters ?"

The man who had grown old in the study of crime smiled a little.

"You can't arrest a woman until you get evidence against her."

"Yet you're positive she was involved in a number of crooked enterprises?"

"I never called her a crook," protested my host, with an impersonality that suddenly became as Olympian as it was exasperating. "No one ever proved to me she was a crook."

"Well, *I'm* going to prove it. And I rather imagine I'm going to have her

arrested. Why," I demanded, nettled by his satiric smile, "you don't mean to say that a woman like that's immune ?"

"No; I wouldn't say she was immune, exactly. On the other hand, I guess she's helped our people in a case or two, when it paid her."

"You mean she's really an informer, what they call a welcher ?"

"By no means. She's just clever, that's all. The only time she ever turned on her own people was when they threw her down, threw her flat. Then she did a bit of secret service work for Wilkie's office that gave her a pull."

"Am I to understand that what you call politics and pull, then, will let a woman rob a man of thirty thousand dollars and go scot free ?"

"My dear fellow, that type of woman never *robs* a man. She doesn't need to. They just blink and hand it over. Then they think of home and mother, about ten hours after."

"But—but that doesn't sound quite reasonable," I contended. The older man looked solemnly at his cigar-end before asking his next question.

"Have you seen her yet ?"

"No, I haven't," I replied as I rose to go. "But I intend to."

He moved his heavy shoulder in a quick half-circular forward thrust. It might have meant anything. But I did not linger to find out. I was too impressed with the need of prompt and personal action on my part to care much for the advice of outsiders.

But as each wakeful hour went by I found myself possessed of an ever widening curiosity to see this odd and interesting woman who, as Doyle expressed it, had retained reputation at the expense of character.

It was extremely early the next morning that I presented myself at Cherry Purcelle's apartment-hotel. I had not only slept badly; I had also dreamed of myself as a flagellant monk sent across scorching sands to beg a barbaric and green-eyed Thais to desist from tapping telegraph-wires leading into the camp of Alexander the Great.

The absurdity of that opianic nightmare seemed to project itself into my actual movements of the morning. The exacting white light of day withered the last tendril of romance from my quixotic crusade. It was only by assuring myself, not so much that I was espousing the cause of the fallen, but that I was about to meet a type of woman quite new to my experience, that I was able to face Cherry Purcelle's unbetrayingly sober door.

This door was duly answered by a maid, by a surprisingly decorous maid in white cap and apron. I was conscious of her veiled yet inquisitorial eye resting on my abashed person for the smallest fraction of a second. I almost suspected that in that eye might be detected a trace of something strangely like contempt. But, a little to my astonishment, I was admitted quite without question.

"Miss Purcelle is just back from her morning ride in the Park," this maid explained.

I entered what was plainly a dining-room, a small but well-lighted chamber. Striped awnings kept the morning sun from the opened windows, where a double row of scarlet geranium-tops stood nodding in the breeze. At one end of the table in the center of the room sat a woman, eating her breakfast.

She was younger looking, much younger looking, than I had thought she would be. Had she not sat there already inundated by the corroding acids of an earlier prejudice, I would even have admitted that she was an extremely beautiful woman.

She was in a rose-colored dressing gown which showed a satin-like smoothness of skin at the throat and arms. Her eyes, I could see, were something

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WITH AN INARTICULATE CRY SHE KNELT OVER HIM LIKE AN ANIMAL BY ITS FALLEN MATE. THEN SHE SUDDENLY REACHED OUT FOR THE REVOLVER

# Johnny, Jenny & Co., Farmers

GARDEN AT GALETTA, CARLETON COUNTY
This is one of the gardens that was begun in 1903 under the "Macdonald scheme"

## BEING SOME REASONS WHY THE FARMER'S CHILD SHOULD NOT BE TAUGHT TO BE A MONK, AN ESSAYIST, OR A DIGGER AMONG GREEK ROOTS; AND HOW ONTARIO, TURNING THIS DISCOVERY TO GOOD ACCOUNT, IS TEACHING FARMERS' CHILDREN HOW TO BE GOOD FARMERS

By W. A. Craick

Illustrated with Photographs of School Gardens

FOR years zealous but misguided educationists have succeeded in turning the farmer's son into everything else under the sun except a farmer. They have taught him enough arithmetic to make him a fairly keen business man, enough grammar to qualify him for a teacher's certificate, enough literature to inspire him with the idea that he would like to edit the village paper, enough history to start him off as a politician, and enough geography to make him discontented with the old home, but of practical, everyday instruction in agriculture not one syllable. Small wonder that the farmer's son becomes a pedagogue, a preacher, a lawyer, a doctor, or a banker,—anything but a farmer, when the whole trend of rural education has been away from the farm.

The natural recruiting ground for the farmers of the future is the farm of to-day. It is not to be expected that city bred youths are going to take up agriculture in any large numbers or that there will be a resumption of rural pursuits by that portion of the population which has already forsaken the soil. The significance of the millionaire, business or professional man's attempt at playing the amateur farmer on a big scale is doubtful and not to be regarded as a serious factor. In short there is nothing for it but by wile or guile to turn the farmer's son into a farmer and by this means maintain the rural population of the country at a satisfactory level.

The metamorphosis is already in progress. Whether the farmer's son realizes it or not, he has come under the influence of a very determined and very powerful force, which is bent on influencing the course of his future life. He may wiggle and squirm; he may even escape and make his fortune in some other calling; but his departure will be impeded, not facilitated as in years gone by. The country believes that the farmer's son is the boy best fitted to be a farmer and it means to spare no effort to put him into his father's shoes.

The lure which is being used to catch the farmers' sons is the school garden. Just as in the kindergarten a little child is unconsciously taught orderliness and application under the guise of play, so in the school garden, the boy and the girl too, is unwittingly brought to the point of working for the fun of the thing. After all there is really nothing much more fascinating than to watch and study the development of plant life or to endeavor to solve some of the mysteries of nature. If a boy can be made to feel this fascination and to become obsessed by it, there are good hopes for his growing into a scientific farmer. The task is a delicate one. The boy mind resents compulsion. It must be led gently to

A SCHOOL GARDEN IN PLANTING TIME
This garden is thirty-eight by one hundred and twenty feet, and is divided off into fifty-four individual plots, each four feet by ten. The cross paths are three feet wide, the lengthwise ones two feet

RURAL SCHOOL GARDENS AT NORHGOWER
The introduction of agriculture into schools began with the school garden plot, but it has widened and developed into a study of practically all agricultural problems

a realization of the interest of the subject.

The school garden idea is developing with astonishing rapidity especially in Ontario. It has only been in vogue two or three years in this province but in that time the number of these little school farms has multiplied a hundred fold. Two years ago there were just thirty-three of them in operation under the regulations of the education department. A year ago there were one hundred and seventeen and this year the Director of Elementary Agricultural Education announces that he will be disappointed if the reports do not show that three hundred schools have been carrying on the work. The possession of a school garden is not compulsory, so that the significance of the figures is all the greater.

It is not strange that parents have been slow in recognizing the value of school-taught theories about farming. That a "school marm" could talk sensibly about soils and crop rotation seemed impossible. Let her instruct the children in reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic and the boys would learn all they needed about farming at home, where it would be drilled into them without any nonsense. When Ontario attempted to put agriculture into the rural school curriculum some years ago and made it a compulsory subject, there was a regular flare-up, largely because the farmers objected to paying taxes to support schools that taught absurd theories about farming.

To-day the tables have been turned. The school garden scheme with its accompanying all-the-year-round lessons in nature and kindred subjects, —not compulsory but optional,—is gaining widespread support. Curious as it may seem, parents are getting quite as much if not more fun out of the school gardens than their children. Where the idea has had a chance to demonstrate its effectiveness, they have become its most zealous supporters. Its desirability in rounding out the course of the rural school and making the instruction suitable for the needs of the rural community has appealed to them at last, as is apparent from the rapidity with which the idea is gaining ground.

As a rule, however, it is the teacher who acts as the apostle of the new gospel. Partly for selfish reasons and partly from altruistic motives the modern teacher revolutionizes things when she begins her rule in the little cross-roads school-house. She is selfish in that she is aware that the government will increase her salary by thirty dollars if she undertakes the teaching of agriculture in addition to the three R's. She is altruistic because of her belief in a mission to uplift the community. Between the two she sets vigorously to work to improve things around the school.

It is not every teacher before whose eyes the thirty dollar bait is dangled by a beneficent government. The privileged ones are few and far between. They are the young ladies who have earned a certificate which advises all and sundry that they have taken a special course in elementary agriculture and horticulture at the Ontario Agricultural College and are pronounced competent to teach these subjects in public schools. Eager young ladies, with notebook and pencil in hand, can learn a great deal about plant and animal life in the space of ten weeks, which is the period set apart for this course at Guelph, and their certificates represent the acquisition of much condensed and hard-earned knowledge.

The certificated teacher arriving in a school district in which agriculture is not taught, loses no time in lobbying the trustees. A few years ago she may have experienced some difficulty in convincing them that a school garden would prove a good thing. Nowadays it is a much easier undertaking. There is an incentive offered to the board just as there is to the teacher. An initial

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# THE WOMAN OF IT

## By Alan Adair

*Author of* "THE APOSTACY OF JULIAN FULKE," "JOAN," *etc.*

*Illustrated By Katherine Southwick*

SYNOPSIS.

This novel of English society opens with a prologue showing Robert Sinclair as a boy in Rome. He angers his father, a cashiered captain, by wanting to become a singer, and is brutally beaten. Mother and son leave Rome that night, the boy regretting only his parting with his playmate, Denzil Merton.

The scene changes to London. Lord Merton is giving a box party at the opera for the family of a Canadian railway man, with whose daughter, Valerie Monro, he is deeply in love. When the new tenor who is to make his premier in the role of the Knight Lohengrin comes on, Merton recognizes him as his boyhood friend, Robert Sinclair. Valerie is strangely impressed by the tenor but chides herself for being as silly about him as the other women of the party. Merton tells her he is going to call on Sinclair the next day, which he does, and finds Sinclair eager to renew their boyish acquaintance. Merton tells him that Valerie wants to meet him, but he laughs and intimates that Lohengrin's armour has dazzled her a little. Merton disclaims this, saying, "She is not like that," and when Mrs. Monro sends the singer a card for her next ball, Merton persuades him to accept. Valerie perversely snubs him. Later in the evening a lighted candle falls on her, and Sinclair puts out the fire.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Then it was that Mrs. Monro showed the stuff of which she was made. She made a sign to the band; another to a footman who had followed in her wake; and in five minutes all traces of the episode being cleared away, everyone was dancing as merrily as if nothing had occurred.

There was one man who was not dancing; neither was he merry. Denzil Merton had slipped out of the dancing room, and betaken himself to a small drawing-room which was deserted. That he had not been watching her; that she might have been terribly burned without his being there to save her; that he had let slip his opportunity to save his love and his lady—it was unbearable. He covered his face with his hands, very much shaken, and abandoned himself to his emotion, not even hearing Sinclair come in.

"Denzil!" said he sharply, finding that the other man was oblivious to him. "Denzil! Look up, old man, and listen to me. She is all right,—not hurt at all."

"I know," he said. "Bob, you don't know what I suffered when I heard her cry of pain."

"She was more frightened than hurt," Sinclair answered. "But it was a near thing. Women don't realize what they risk when they wear flimsy things like that. I was close behind her and the fire ran down her sleeve like a live thing—it was nasty! If she hadn't worn a pretty stiff satin bodice, she would have been horribly burnt, but as it was, I had time to crush the flame out before it did more than eat up those chiffon sleeves."

Denzil glanced at his friend's hands, and saw he was holding them carefully away from him. "Are you burnt, Bob?" he demanded.

"A little. Where do you suppose I could get some oil and lint? It's awkward for me without the use of my hands."

"What a fool I am, sitting here when you are suffering. Come with me. They've telephoned for a doctor, and he will be here directly."

"Where's Sinclair?" It was Monro's voice, and hard upon it he came through the curtains, with both hands out to the singer. Merton warned him off. "Don't shake hands with him—he's burnt."

"The doctor's waiting for you," said Monro, indicating that they should follow him. "I can't possibly thank you, Mr. Sinclair. I'm not even going to try. Valerie is all I've got. But I will say this, that I never saw a neater, more level-headed piece of work. Mrs. Monro and I are everlastingly in your debt."

"It was a privilege," said the young man. "I happened to be standing just behind her when the candle fell, that was all."

"Yes," said the railway man. "So were plenty of others. But you didn't hesitate, when a minute's hesitation might have meant death or disfigurement for Valerie and the Lord knows how many more. That Louis the fourteenth rubbish shall be burnt to-morrow."

He knocked at Valerie's door, and leaving the two men outside, stepped in. She was clad in a negligee, and the doctor had just finished putting a little piece of antiseptic dressing on the very small burn that adorned her left arm. Her maid was getting out a rose-colored dress with long sleeves.

"What's that for?" asked Monro, indicating it.

"I am coming down," said Valerie. "There is nothing the matter with me, is there, doctor?"

"There doesn't seem to be," responded the medical man, "unless you'd like to suffer from a romantic shock?" He and Valerie got on famously.

"No, indeed! I shall be much better downstairs," said Valerie merrily. "And if I spoil mother's ball, you will have her on your hands for a week."

The doctor laughed, and Valerie turned to her maid. "That dress will do," she said.

"She's all right," said Monro. "You'd best come to the other patient, doctor."

Valerie switched about instantly. "Another patient?" she demanded. "Was anyone else hurt?"

"Only the young man who put the fire out," said Monro.

"Mr. Sinclair?" she said, turning very white. "Is he hurt?"

"His hands are burnt," said Monro briefly.

"Badly ?"

"I want the doctor to see them."

"And I am chattering here," reproached the girl," and there is not a thing the matter with me. Will you take Dr. Ferguson to him at once ?"

When her father and the doctor had disappeared, Valerie sat down and leant her head on her unhurt arm. She felt suddenly that the doctor was right, and she had better stay where she was for a little. She felt like fainting again. So Sinclair was hurt ? Even through the sudden shock of the accident, she had known whose arm was about her, who had crushed out the flames, and deep in her heart, she had been glad.

And he was hurt while saving her ! She must go down quickly and thank him. She had been discourteous to him, and this was her punishment and her reward.

"It's no use," she said to herself. "I can't avoid him. I have tried and failed, and I won't try any more."

Decisively, she slipped into the rose-colored dress, and looked at herself in the glass. Her beautiful color had faded, but it made her lips look more vividly red and her eyes larg r.

"I look hideous," she said. Celestine disclaimed it dutifully, and Valerie, looking in the glass again, knew she did not.

She came down, holding her head high. Denzil was waiting for her. There was a look on the little man's plain face that hurt her.

"Thank God, you are safe," he said gravely.

"I am quite all right," she smiled. "Only, I'm sorry I frightened you."

He gave a little laugh that had no merriment in it. "Frightened me ! I heard your cry, and I haven't an idea how I got to where you were. Valerie, if it had only been I standing behind you !"

"I wish it had been you," she answered, to his astonishment.

"Why ? Do you dislike him so much ?"

"No, I don't dislike him, and I want to thank him. Where is he ?"

"I suppose you don't like to be under obligation to him, after you snubbed him," said Denzil, puzzled. This changeful Valerie was a constant surprise to him.

"It is not that, either," she said, and stood still for a moment, with her head bent. "Is he much burnt ? I think I had better get it over as soon as possible. Will you go and see if the doctor is finished with him ?"

The doctor was finished with him, and Sinclair was unromantically drinking a glass of whiskey with Monro, who went out with the doctor, as Valerie came in. Denzil stopped to talk with them for a moment, and the girl paused on the threshold. Sinclair put his glass down, and rose, but he did not come forward. It took all Valerie's courage to take the few steps that separated them.

"I have come to say thank you," she said in a low voice—but it vibrated.

"There was no need, Miss Monro," he said, with cold politeness. If she had not known before how much she had hurt him, she knew it now.

"But there was need," she responded. "You behaved like a hero."

"A stage hero," he qualified.

"No," she disclaimed softly. "A real hero. If you had hesitated only a moment, I—I might not have been here to thank you."

"It was pure luck," he said. "A n one standing as close to you mig have done it."

"But it was *you* that did it, a I want to thank you."

Again he bowed his acknowledg ments, but his face did not rel ax Only he drew his mobile lips closer together.

She moved forward another step "You are very unforgiving, Mr. Sin clair."

"What had I to forgive ? You would not have thought of forgiving i I had not happened to have the good fortune of being some slight use to you."

It was quite true, and she knew it.

SHE SETTLED HERSELF COMFORTABLY ON THE ARM OF HIS CHAIR. "MOTHER WILL HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT, JONATHAN," SHE TOLD HIM

Likewise, she knew that she deserved to be humbled, for normally Valerie wa fair-minded.

"I am afraid I offended you by refusing you a dance."

"I was foolish to feel offended. You merely put me in my place."

"Please don't make it sound as if I were horrid to you."

He bowed a little ironically. "It is you who have supplied the adjective, Miss Monro. It is very good for me to be snubbed occasionally—only I am still too human to like it."

She flushed. "Mr. Sinclair," she appealed impulsively, "what can I say to you except that—I am sorry."

And then, to her horror, an unheard-of thing happened. She was shaken by the accident—at least, she so explained it to herself in reviewing the situation—but suddenly she felt her eyes fill with tears that trembled, and ran over her lashes in silver. She was crying, and he would see it!

He did see it, and was instantly repentant. "Miss Monro!" he exclaimed. "I am a brute. What does it matter if my miserable little feelings are hurt—what does anything matter, so long as it doesn't worry you. Please don't think of it again. I can't forgive myself, when you have had such a shock. Please, please forget all my silly nonsense. I don't deserve to have you look at me, far less dance with me."

Valerie struggled with her breathing arrangements. He came close to her, and bent over her anxiously. "Please don't," he begged. "Can't I do anything to tell you how sorry I am?"

Then Valerie, with a gasp and something very near a croak, chuckled in the middle of her tears. "You can lend me a handkerchief," she said. "I haven't any."

With a laugh of relief, Sinclair went down into his pockets and fished up a square of white linen, somewhat burnt at one edge, but with a considerable area of fresh whiteness. Valerie disappeared into it, up to her ears, and presently came out, looking much refreshed, and rather sheep-faced.

"Oh!" she said. "I am a pig. Denzil told me so. I'm a horrid, spoiled baby. But it's all right now, isn't it? Your poor hands!"

"It certainly is!" he said, with fervor. "I'm a pig and a spoiled baby, too—it's a singer's besetting sin, I suppose. Miss Monro, I hope you are going to be no end good for me."

"All right," agreed Valerie, "if you will also be no end good for me. Now let's start from the beginning, with a clean slate. Mr. Sinclair, allow me to present Miss Valerie Monro."

"Miss Monro, Mr. Sinclair," he bowed, punctiliously. And Monro, returning to his unfinished drink, found them courtesying to each other with the best understanding in the world, and smiled upon them cheerfully. He appreciated adequacy wherever he found it.

"Well, got the thanks over already?" he inquired. "Val, you come over here to your poor old daddy. Do you know you came pretty near leaving him an orphan to-night? Louis the Fourteenth's days are numbered in this house."

She settled herself comfortably on the arm of his chair, in her favorite position. "Mother will have something to say about that, Jonathan."

"Mother will have to say it to herself, then. No more of those gilly-flowers, or whatever you call 'em, for me. The sole young Monro in captivity mustn't be endangered. Don't you agree with me, Sinclair?"

"If she is, I stipulate that it must be only on occasions when I am there to save her," said the young man.

"I don't know anybody I'd rather have on the spot than you," said Monro. "Let me tell you, it isn't everybody who can think as quickly as that. I had a fellow in British Columbia once, when we were putting a tunnel through a place in the Kicking Horse Pass that had one of those instant-firing minds. He did a trick with a shot of dynamite that I'll never forget."

"What was that?" inquired Sinclair.

"You must save that up for another time, Jonathan," put in Valerie. "Here comes mother, and she will want us to go down. When Mr. Sinclair comes again, we'll go up to your den, and you shall tell it all to him. It's a really bully yarn," she added, turning to the singer. "You know when I was a little girl, we used to live out there on the construction-line, and I used to go everywhere with dad through the mountains. It was the best fun I ever had in my life."

Mrs. Monro rustled in, and overwhelmed Sinclair with gracious thanks. "It is perfectly splendid that you were at hand, dear Signor Sinclair," she cooed, and Valerie, although she herself had called him "Signor" earlier in the evening, winced. "We can never thank you for restoring our daughter to us. You must come again, and let us try to tell you how very much we appreciate it. Valerie, my dear, they are asking for you in the ballroom, and Martin, you must go down and attend to all your political friends. Dreadfully sorry to break up your little chat," this to Sinclair, "but you know what social duties are — isn't it absurd?"

They went down all together, Valerie dropping a little behind with the singer.

"You will come, won't you?" she said, "and be friends with us?"

"You want me to come—like Denzil?" he asked slowly.

"I don't want you to come as an appendage of Denzil's," she said. "Come, if you will, as yourself—but perhaps you would not care to? We are quite conventional, uninteresting people, and of course you are very busy."

He looked at her very steadily. "You know that I want to come," he told her. "You have known it a long time, I think."

"A long time?" she queried. Her heart was running fast.

"I mean since the first time I saw you—at Lohengrin."

She was silent for a moment. "No, I don't think I understood that, then."

"You have not come again," he said. "Do you despise the stage?"

"No; why should I?"

"You seemed to have a sort of contempt for it."

"Not for the stage," she said, slowly. "At least—I cannot tell—you are the only man who makes his living on the stage to whom I have ever spoken. My mother"—she twisted her charming mouth into a whimsical smile—"appreciates genius, and we are much led by mother, dad and I. You see she really enjoys things—and we don't."

"What things?"

"Oh—the season, and balls and diamonds and entertaining royalty and nobility and lions. She is the arbiter of our destinies, you know."

"Ah?" he said, guessing the reason for her snub.

"But if you care to come, and associate with common trash like dad and me—we shall be very glad to see you."

He had his hand beneath her elbow, steadying her down the stairs, and he gave her arm the slightest significant pressure, before they parted.

"You will save a dance for me next time?" said he.

"That is a promise," she said gaily, and they went into the ballroom together, the cynosure of all eyes.

## CHAPTER VII.

THERE is nothing more distasteful in appearance, more desolate in its remnants of past gaiety, than a ball-room after the guests have gone. The lights were all extinguished, and the cold hint of dawn peered shiveringly in through the panes upon the host and hostess in their weary relaxation.

Mrs. Monro sat limply on the slippery surface of one of the despised Louis the Fourteenth chairs, and her husband leaned against the wall, regarding her. Valerie plumped herself down on a divan.

"Well, thank goodness that's over," said she. "I have danced two gowns out this evening, lost my temper twice, and made a friend."

"You don't seem to regard nearly getting killed as important enough to add to the list," said her father quizzically.

"Dear knows, it's just like her," said Mrs. Monro a trifle fretfully. "How could you be so careless, Valerie?"

"It wasn't her fault, mother," extenuated Monro. "One of those foolish candles of yours fell out of its dewdad—I don't know what you call 'em—all right, girandole, then—and landed on her sleeve. If that young Sinclair hadn't been right behind her, it might have been serious."

"Yes, wasn't it lucky," agreed his wife. "We really ought to do something for him, don't you think, Martin? I don't suppose a check—"

Monro shook his head. "Not that kind. Some of them have hooks on their hands, instead of nails—but not him."

"Well, we might perhaps help him some other way. An engagement, now—don't these opera singers take on recitals at private houses?"

"Oh, mother!" put in Valerie. "Let's not do it that way. He was here as a guest, don't you see? Just the same as Denzil was—and if Denzil had put out the fire, we wouldn't have thought of doing anything but thanking him."

"Well, but then *he* is Lord Merton."

"It's just the same. We've all thanked him, and everything we can do is done. When he comes again—*if* he comes again, let's just treat him as we'd have treated Denzil."

"Of course," said Mrs. Monro doubtfully, "that's the way we'd do in Canada, but—but—people are so *different* here. I'll ask Miss Searle about it in the morning—she'll know just what ought to be done. Really, that young woman is positively invaluable to me.

"I think I'll go upstairs now," said Valerie, rising. "This evening has been long enough for me. You two had better follow my example."

She gave Mrs. Monro a dutiful salute on the cheek, and reached up to Monro a rather white and hollow-eyed face. He put his lean, sinewy arms around her.

"Ouch, dad!"

He laughed, not apologizing for the strength of his hug, kissed her, and gave her a playful push in the direction of the door.

"You two are just alike," said Mrs. Monro, smiling at her husband. "I suppose you'll agree with Valerie that he has been thanked enough."

SHE FLUSHED. "MR. SINCLAIR," SHE ATTEMPTED IMPULSIVELY, "WHAT CAN I SAY TO YOU, EXCEPT THAT I AM SORRY?"—

"How did you guess?" grinned her husband.

"Valerie is a little bit of a snob, you know," said she innocently. "She doesn't want to encourage Signor Sinclair, I suppose, because he is a singer."

"Would you like to have her encourage him?" asked Monro, ruthlessly breaking in on his wife's exposition of Valerie's sentiments.

She looked at him in astonishment, and found he was serious.

"Martin! You don't mean—you can't for a moment mean?—you don't think she's *interested* in him?"

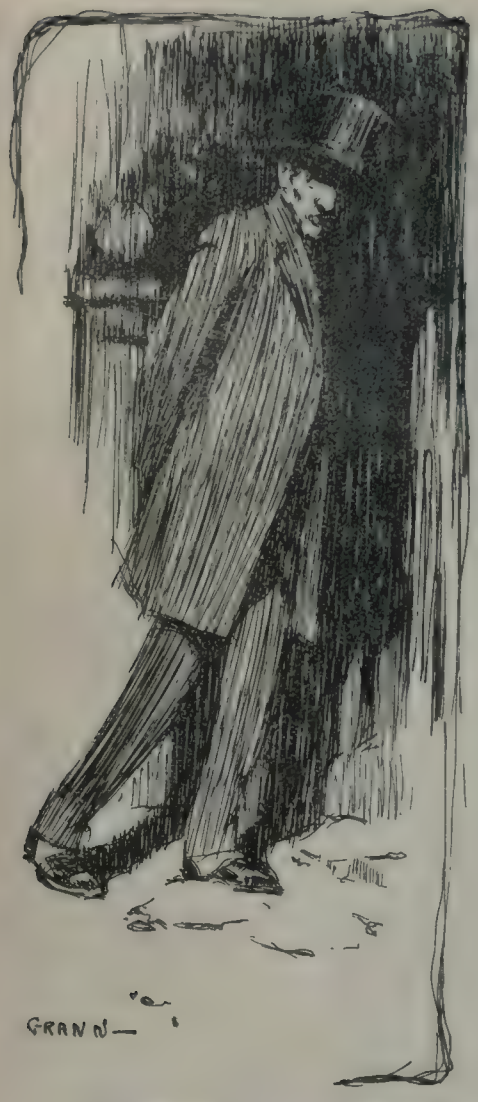
"Valerie has a pretty level head," said her father musingly, "but she finds young Sinclair rather a new variety of bird, I think, and I wanted to get your views on the subject."

"My heavens! it would break my heart if Valerie fell in love with anybody who hadn't a good position in society. She simply couldn't do it! Why, what do you think I give these parties for?"

"I suspect it's because you like them and manage them so well," said he.

"Do you really think I manage them well, Martin? You are such a satisfactory husband—you always admire

Continued on page 292.




HE WAITED WEARILY UNTIL THE LAST BOY HAD GONE HOME, AND THEN SLUNK AWAY

# "Red" Dempsey, Rebel

## BEING THE STORY OF A BOY WHO WOULD NOT TAKE A LICKING, AND WHAT THEREAFTER BEFELL

By John Patrick Mackenzie

Illustrated by A. W. Grann

WHEN he first came over from Buffalo to live with his maternal grandparents in beautiful, maple-shaded Hamilton, Robert Emmett Dempsey looked the personification of innocence. As he sat in the straight-backed pew beside the delighted old couple, his wide open blue eyes, burnished copper-colored curly hair, chubby, freckled face, green velveteen jacket and broad lace collar made a harmonious and pleasing picture.

His expression suggested rapt awe and wonder, in turn at the solemn, black-gowned minister; at the precentor with his tuning fork, who emitted marvellously from the opposite corners of his mouth an alternate bass and soprano note for the guidance of the right and left wings of the choir as a preliminary to the soul-stirring surge of the psalms of David; at the dour old elder in the pew in front, who, alone among the sadly modern congregation stood throughout the prayer and sat during the singing as had been the way of Presbyterians of a past generation.

The wonder on the boy's face was genuine, but there was not a grain of awe in his small body, and what he was wondering about was what he, a free born American, had to do with the strange customs of a barbarous country.

In secular affairs as well as in sacred, he was at the outset a stranger in a strange land. He first attended one of the many private schools which were a humiliation to the small boys who were sentenced to them and which went by the ignominious name of "girls' schools," the fair sex being greatly in the majority. His introduction there was promptly followed by a fight with a boy who, because of the most conspicuous feature of his costume called him "girl's frill." He held his own, wore frills no more and in time was accepted as a member in good standing of the discontented minority. These were all impatiently awaiting the day when they could be transferred to a real school, and so Robbie, as the girls called him, proudly took his place in the ranks of the Hamilton Grammar School at the earliest possible date on which the change could be brought about; and was thenceforward known as Red.

He soon encountered an ancient institution which he did not and could not at that time appreciate at its full value—discipline by corporal punishment. A new mathematical master had lately come from the lower public school, known as the Central School. His name was De Struycker and his fame was consistent with his name. At the Central, it was considered necessary to correct girls with mild strokes of the pointer on the palms of their hands—especially in mathematics to which they did not, as a rule, take without assistance. The girls at the Grammar School were few in number and were treated with more consideration. So, when De Struycker encountered a more than ordinarily unmathematical feminine mind in the elementary arithmetic class and raised his pointer, Red Dempsey, with true American idealization of womankind, exclaimed, "We don't lick girls here!"

The teacher could not identify the voice, but, with visible embarrassment, took the hint and lowered the pointer. Then, the general laughter and the direction of the gaze of the class showed him whom he had to thank for the suggestion, and, the disorder continuing, he felt warranted in ordering his youthful critic to come forward and stand in front of the teacher's platform, as a first step toward restoring order.

The boy, feeling somewhat important, stood in a careless attitude.

"Stand up straight," the master said.

"All right," agreed Red, but he soon relaxed the other leg.

"Did not I tell you to stand up straight?"

"You certainly did, and here goes."

That was where a truly great man would have nipped rebellion in the bud, but De Struycker was not equal to the occasion. Conscious that he was getting the upper hand, Red soon relaxed again into a nonchalant attitude.

"Here! Toe that mark!" De Struycker exclaimed.

"I don't know which mark you mean," Red answered.

He stood facing the direction in which the boards ran, and as the cracks between the ends were irregular in line, that lent plausibility to his innocent objection.

"That one," said the master, pointing.

"You'll have to show me. I can't tell which one you mean," replied the pupil, now quite in command of the situation.

The hopeless De Struycker stooped to place his finger on the mark, in an effort to show scorn and contempt for such stupidity, whereupon Red sprang forward with alacrity, and stepped on the finger. The outraged master, forgetting all dignity, lunged forward from his stooping posture with hand outstretched to collar the young ruffian, but it was a simple matter for any boy to dodge what he was expecting and poor De Struycker fell sprawling on the floor. Scrambling to his feet amid the ill suppressed snickers of the pupils,

he roared, "Go to Mr. Lachlan's room and ask him to lend me his rawhide."

As the doomed one passed, a boy said, "Don't forget to tie a knot in it," and this impressed Red as a choice witticism. So he heaved his shoulders as he went, in a much overacted simulation of intense amusement, and this did not tend to soothe his waiting executioner.

"Mr. Lachlan," said Red in his politest tone, "Mr. De Struycker sent me to ask you if you would kindly favor him with the loan of your rawhide."

"With pleasure," was the natural rejoinder to such a pleasantly expressed request. Then, realizing the nature of the loan, he added, "But what does he want it for?"

"I rather suspect he wants it to use on me," Red replied.

Mr. Dempsey had visited Hamilton when Robert's promotion to the Grammar School was decided upon and had made a point of calling on the head master, whom he had impressed most favorably. Mr. Lachlan, therefore, was somewhat taken aback. However, it was the way of all flesh and there was nothing to be done about it. So he merely said in a friendly way, "Come to me after school and tell me about it."

As the victim returned to his fate, a boy held out a lump of resin, which amused them both so greatly that their grins were contagious and set all the boys in that part of the room to laughing.

"What did you say to that boy?" De Struycker asked suspiciously.

"Nothing."

"Well, then, what did he say to you?"

"You had better ask him."

Completely baffled, the master abruptly broke off diplomatic relations and ordered the enemy to hold out his hand.

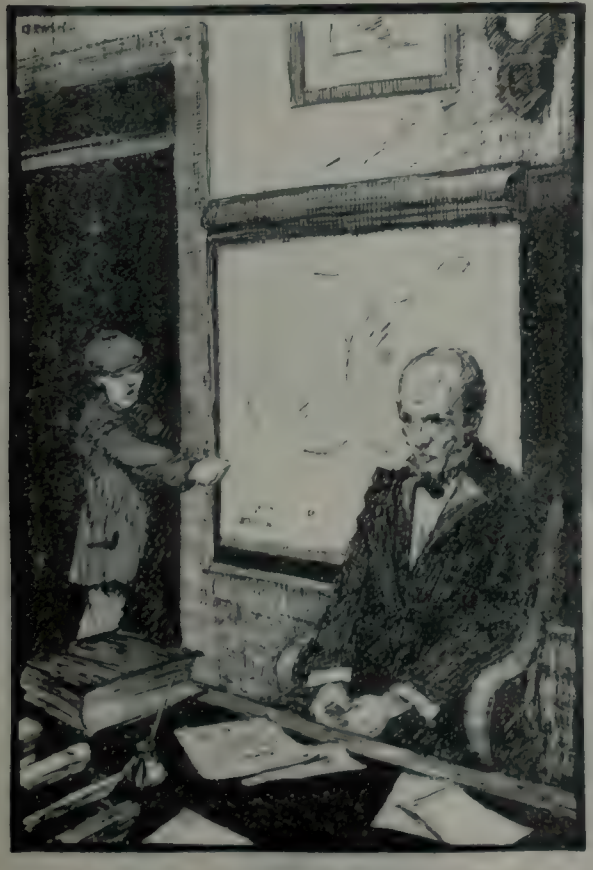
Red stood close, shifted his hand as the rawhide swished down, and it caught De Struycker on his own knee.

Next round: Red broke away from the grasp of the master, who had him by the wrist, and managed it just in time to make De Struycker bring down the rawhide on his left. It was a shameful sight to see a schoolmaster so inefficient in the use of his natural weapon.

Red then decided to force the fighting and grasped De Struycker's right arm, but, shifting the rawhide to his left, the master brought it down on the back of the boy's hand, inflicting a cut which was not serious but stung sufficiently to madden any red-haired boy.

Grabbing for the rawhide with both hands, the boy hung to it, meanwhile vigorously kicking the teacher's shins, and, amid the excitement, the girl whom Red had saved from a caning raised a bottle of red ink, and, much to her own surprise, managed to land it squarely on De Struycker's forehead. He, seeing the red stream, thought that he was badly wounded, and leaving the boy in possession of the rawhide and the field, rushed away to the lavatory where he quickly reassured himself.

IT LOOKED SO PICTURESQUE AND EASY, THAT IT WAS A REAL SHOCK TO FIND HIMSELF IN WATER UP TO HIS NECK AND CLINGING TO A LOG FOR DEAR LIFE



AS HE WENT OUT RED SHOUTED THREATENINGLY, "I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU WHEN YOU GO HOME"

As he returned with a piece of sticking plaster on his forehead, the door opened and a party of lady visitors entered. Red took in the situation and with great presence of mind stooped and smeared the backs of his hands and wrists with the red fluid from the broken bottle. Then he thrust out his arms with the backs of his hands upward. The teacher turned to escort the visitors to seats and spied him.

"What are you standing that way for?" he demanded.

"To let the blood dry," which caused the ladies to turn pale and cast horror-stricken glances at De Struycker. In justice to Red it must be said that there was a drop or two of real blood amid the liberal splash of carmine which he displayed.

"You had better go home," De Struycker muttered.

Red thought it safe to get away before any of the ladies should muster up courage to bathe his wounds, and promptly made for the door.

As he went out, he turned and warned boldly, "I'll be waiting for you when you go home."

De Struycker was utterly lacking in the qualities essential to a good general, either for pressing an attack or for covering a retreat. He took one look through the door after school was dismissed and saw Red waiting—waiting with half a dozen other young desperadoes—and he weakly retreated, thinking that they would soon get

tired and go home. When he next reconnoitred, they were still there and he realized that he had permitted his last chance for dignified exit, the Head Master, to go, and was alone with his besiegers. He tried a back window only to find that the school was picketed on all sides. The telephone had not yet been introduced and there was no way to call for help. He essayed a sudden sortie but only got the door closed again in time to save himself from a withering volley of stones. Dully he sat down and waited for night—waited wearily until, long after dark, the boys had been led home one by one by searching parents, and then he slunk away.

Robert's father, a busy railroad man, was summoned from the midst of an important trip in and brought suit against the master for assault and battery. At once he had the whole town by the ears.

The press spread Robert's fame by engaging in a spirited controversy as to the merits of his cause. The people, who were tinctured with a growing American element, were divided into two parties.

Mr. Dempsey, accustomed to the ease with which American railroads were usually able to attain their ends, had not counted on the traditions of the British bar. A worthy follower of Sergeant Buzfuz was found to defend the established institutions of the public schools and he painted a terrible picture, and supported it with witnesses, of a youthful monster too cowardly to fight with other boys, but overbearing and insulting to teachers, who had to be made an example of, or the whole structure of society would collapse. Robert's witnesses were emphatic on the point that he was always ready to fight, but that did not seem to help matters much.

The case bade fair to drag along interminably and Mr. Dempsey, too busy to spend his time in attendance on the courts, finally dropped it. However, the public school department of the provincial government continued an investigation, which finally led to the abolition of corporal punishment. But that is getting a long way ahead of this story.

Young Robert, convinced that he, like other martyrs—John Brown, for instance, or his own illustrious namesake, Robert Emmett—was destined to be a public benefactor, was displaying alarming symptoms of swelled head. Unable to return with dignity to the only boy's school in the town, a private tutor was engaged for him—a well-meaning but rather colorless young man whose pupil entertained him with bent pins, with rubber legged spiders, with dead garter snakes and live mice and all the antidotes for monotony known to boys. His grandparents never would divulge what pranks he played on them during this period, for they loved him through it all, but he was caught one day by an outsider as he was emptying the household sack of split peas into the street because he did not approve of pea soup.

This sort of thing went on for some months, the tutor bearing the brunt, and then the loving old grandparents at last gave in and summoned the father once more. They had struggled bravely against their better judgment hoping against hope that a way might be found to keep their dear boy with them, but it had become too apparent that his character was in danger. However, they pleaded successfully that he should not be taken back to the States, the father consenting the more readily as he was constantly travelling.

Finally, Dr. William Tassie's famous school in the neighboring town of Galt was decided upon, it being apparent that what the boy needed most was discipline and, from all accounts, it was to be found there in most perfect flower.

Robert entered into the spirit of the new life with gusto. He was assigned to the Middle Room in Dr. Tassie's own house, a dormitory which was in the direct line of passage from the front of the house to the back, and, being open to unexpected descent from all sides, was filled with obstreperous small boys. There he gained standing by means of a song which he said was composed in memory of his grandfather and ran thus:

Whin Michael Dempsey an' his pig set out for Abbeyleix
"'Tis mesilf that hates to part wid yez," says he, "but darlint—faix
"The rint comes due this mornin' an' the children hungry too,
"So, me gintleman, 'tis ye alone can pull this family t'rough."
Whin Dempsey sold the pig
He up and danced a jig
An' threated all the neighbors
For he felt that proud an' big.

Robert also opened a generous hamper of grub, which increased his popularity. "The nasty stuff ! How much is it a bottle ?" Mrs. Tassie exclaimed when she saw the chocolate smeared on the floor, but by that time all the varied contents of the hamper had been assimilated.

At the beginning of his second week in school, Robert had not had a symptom of homesickness and was enjoying himself immensely.

Just before morning school, while waiting for the bell to ring, he was admiring the red-sashed lumbermen as they came down the river on the logs, singing "En Roulant Ma Boule." It looked so easy and picturesque that he simply had to imitate them, but the imitation only lasted the length of two logs from shore, when he found himself in the water up to his neck and clinging to a log for dear life. Just then the school bell rang. There was nothing for it but to crawl out over the logs and run for the door.

Dr. Tassie gave his personal attention to the few classes which seemed to need his efforts most, and so had a good deal of time for general supervision. At the end of the first hour, he spied a vacant wet spot on a bench in Mr. Myles' room and was told that the class then in that room was not responsible. He traced the preceding class to the room of the mathematical master, dear, bashful Tommy Bright. Tommy had just had to cane a boy and was blushing profusely. The wet spot was there, but the class had gone. It was found absorbing German grammar from Herr von Post in sugar-coated form of nursery rhymes.

Staat, straal, sporn,
Schmertz, see, dorn,

seemed to have something in common, though just what hardly penetrated their youthful understanding.

A pupil whose original name passed into oblivion and who thereafter was called "Schmurtz" was vainly endeavouring to make his rebellious tongue compass the correct pronunciation of der Schmertz. Der Schmurtz —Dur Schmertz and finally and hopelessly Dur Schmurtz consistently rounded out his conception of the possibilities, and Herr von Post, aware of the head master's presence, desisted from further exposure of deficiency and prepared to exhibit his masterpiece.

Dr. Tassie approached unobserved by the boys, waved to the teacher to proceed, and stood in the doorway grimly listening while the lesson went on, his practised ear catching also the parts which were cautiously whispered to the reciter by his next neighbor.

Herr von Post turned to the head master with a smile of satisfaction, but Dr. Tassie, an artist in his specialty, had no time for anything so trivial as the German language when Discipline, with a big D, was the lesson.

He ordered the class to stand up, whereupon the wet spot was again disclosed. Robert was identified, his explanation received and he was ordered to the front hall.

Spinal Maginnis, whose name immortalized his masterly misuse of words had, while kneeling on a bench during morning prayers, scraped his initials on the window pane newly frosted by Mr. Mellish, the town glazier, to shut off wandering thoughts, and so had preceded Red to the place of atonement for conspicuous sins.

The Olympian presence reverberated in sonorous tones the slogan "Ah ! h'm ! h'm ! h'm ! Hold out your hand, sorr !"

It will be remembered that a little warmth always brought out a soupcon

of brogue on the tip of Dr. Tassie's tongue.

"Not so close. I do not wish to strike your poolse." The writing lesson, yet to come, was to be considered.

But the tale had best be told as Spinal told it to the backroom boys.

"Old Bill caught on that youn_ Red was giving him the same stratumgem."

"What in the world is that?" Chummy Jones, recognized official translator of Spinalisms, gasped.

"Why a very defective minerva"—

"A what!"

"Oh, you know what I mean. A trick that he worked on that teacher in Hamilton—holding his hand close and then pulling it away so that the tawse came down on the teacher's own leg."

"I see. Stratagem and effective maneuver were the words you were staggering at. I had visions of pieces of polished granite and broken statuary flying in the air."

"Well, Red might have known that he couldn't catch Old Bill that way. He turned to me and said, after he had backed away a couple of times and Red kept shoving his hand up close, "Ah! h'm! Macpherson, what would you do in such a case?"

"I wanted to get my own licking over, because I knew you fellows were having fun with Larry Moyles and I didn't want to miss it. Besides, I thought it was rough on young Red to lick him for not getting drowned, and in his wet clothes, too, and perhaps if it was put off, Old Bill might see it that way and give him some mollified punishment. You know he isn't half bad when he thinks a thing over. So I said, "I should give him some posterior punishment, sir."

"A very good suggestion indeed," Old Bill said, and with that he turned me about in front of Red and, before I knew what was up he had him hoisted on my back and me holding his hands and Old Bill holding his feet. My! but he felt nasty and damp. Two or three times he got a foot loose and kicked me good and hard. But Old Bill got a good hold on both ankles with one hand and laid it on with the other.

Spinal's audience nodded understandingly, and made symbolic gestures. They, too, had come under the redoubtable marksmanship of Dr. Tassie.

"It's not so much what he does to you, but it's what he says when he does it," remarked Showinoff. "I suppose he made a few pointed remarks to Red."

"It wasn't a pointer," disagreed Spinal. "He used the rawhide on him."

"No, he means what did Old Bill say to Red," explained Chummy, with a grin.

"Oh! Well, I think it's pretty hard to rub it on a fellow the way Old Bill does. If Red had got drowned just think how his folks would have felt. But does Old Bill see that? No sir, not for a little minute. All he thinks about is his school. What do you think he said to Red?"

"Told him to get drowned next time and rid us of him?"

"No. He said—just like this:

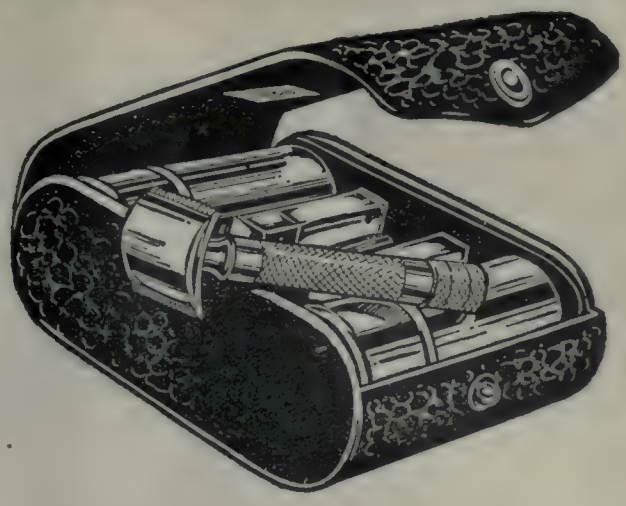
"'If—whack—you—whack—had—whack—been—whack—drowned—whack—it—whack—would—whack—have—whack—ruined—whack—my—whack—school.'"

Chummy's comment, "That must have been an eye-opener for Red," was taken by Spinal in a physical rather than in a mental sense, for he said, "You bet it was, and he's the fellow that said no teacher could make him cry."

"Disillusionized, wasn't he?"

And for once Spinal was in complete accord with his censor.

"That was it exactly. I never in all my life saw such a dissolution."

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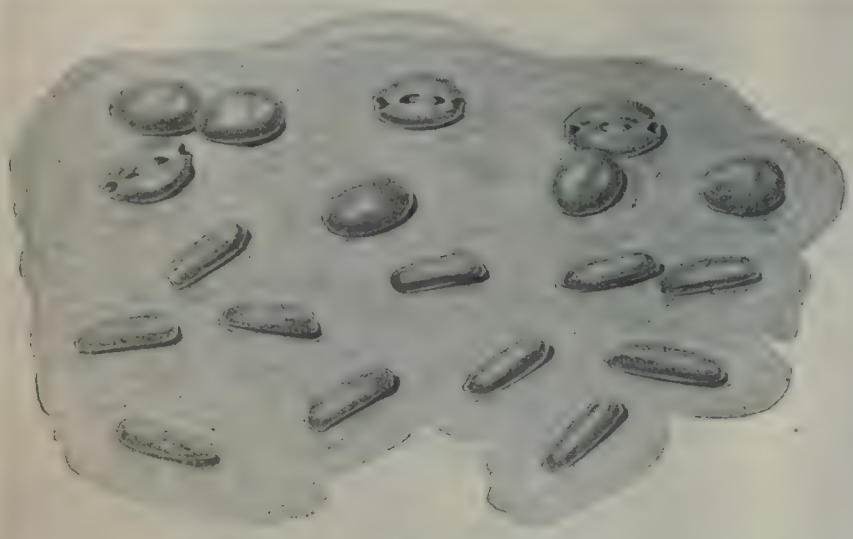

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(504)

## *Johnny, Jenny & Co.*

Continued from page 247.

grant of fifty dollars may be theirs, to be followed by an annual grant of thirty dollars, if they will spend that much money on establishing and maintaining a school garden.

The plan of giving a grant to encourage this special work instead of forcing the schools to undertake it as part of their regular course, is calculated to influence more boards in its favor. And with a wider recognition of its value, the number of schools to introduce the school garden idea will increase still more rapidly. It is a contagious movement and once it gains a hold will multiply faster and faster. At present the school gardens are found almost entirely in Western Ontario, particularly in the counties of Lincoln and Kent, but they are also appearing in Eastern Ontario.

According to departmental instructions the garden should contain individual plots at least four by ten feet in area, a piece of land one-tenth of an acre in extent being sufficient for twenty-five pupils. This should be protected against injury by the children in their games or by dogs, poultry and cattle and should be looked after during the summer holidays. In fact all the surroundings of the school as well as the garden, have to be well kept in order to entitle the trustees to the special grant. Modifications are allowed. Thus an arrangement may be made whereby the work in flower gardening may be done in flower borders suitably arranged about the school house or fences. In fact no hard or fast rules are laid down, the great idea being to systematize the work and develop a consistent and progressive series of studies from year to year.

Sometimes single-handed, sometimes assisted by the parents, the teacher gets a garden started and the practical work begins. As a rule the pupils become enthusiastic, especially if the teacher is able to handle the preliminary lessons in nature study in an entertaining way.

When the school garden plan was started in 1910, the emphasis was laid on the possession of the garden itself and the Government grant was given distinctly on the understanding that it was to encourage this branch of the work. More recently this idea has been modified and, while the garden is still necessary, the basis of special grants is now the teaching of agriculture. Instead of having isolated gardening in spring and summer, the cultivation of plots is made part and parcel of an all-the-year-round course in agricultural instruction.

A specially prepared blank form is now inserted in the school register in which the teacher, who undertakes to provide a course in elementary agriculture and horticulture, is required to enter her report. This form is detachable and at the end of the year is sent to the Director of Elementary Agricultural Education. It provides space for each month in the year with suggestions covering work for that particular month. This insures the continuity of the work.

Thus in January it is suggested that pupils might make a study of the forest-tree areas in the school district, compiling maps and a census of the trees, and might further investigate plans for conserving the local forests, reforesting waste lands or establishing an arboretum in connection with the school. Incidentally they might be taught about the value of ashes and their utility for gardens, while in the arithmetic class problems on lumber, saw-logs and wood-piles would relate one branch of study to the others.

An investigation of the breeds of farm animals in the neighborhood is recommended, while practical lessons on air and liquid pressure and the principles of the action of the common pump, barometer and lactometer are in order at this time of the year. January is also an excellent month in which to organize poultry clubs for the improvement of poultry; corn, oat, barley or potato clubs for improvement in these products; and tomato or flower clubs for the girls.

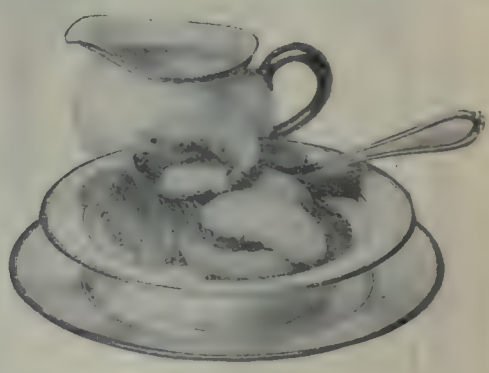
An examination of the reports for 1912 submitted to the director shows that teachers have followed out these instructions very generally and that in schools where the course is taught, the pupils are learning about these various subjects or are taking up work of a similar nature. One can readily imagine the relief in the class-room when the drudgery of grammar, arithmetic and spelling is over and the children can begin to think about subjects that enter directly into everyday life.

February finds the class making germination tests of the seeds that their fathers are going to sow in the spring and studying the structure of little plants and the effect of light, heat and moisture on their growth. Or they may bring apple or other fruit tree twigs from the orchard at home to learn about age, markings, fruit and leaf buds, etc. Studies about milk are also recommended for this month. The determination of specific gravity is taught, tests are made of the fat contents in the milk and cow testing work is carried on at home.

March comes and the class takes up the grading of seeds and seeks to estimate the amount of weed-seed impurities in the seed that is to be sown on

Continued on page 259.


# Not "Raised" With Yeast



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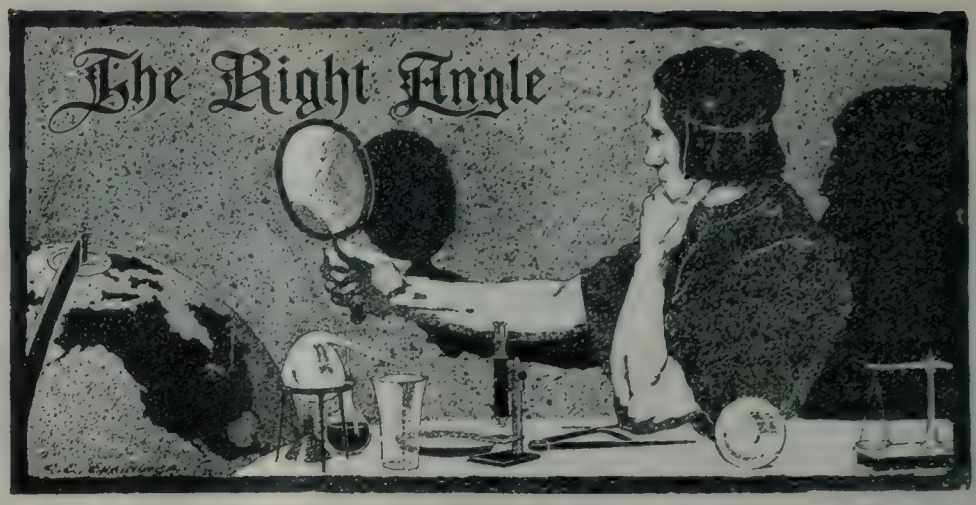


### THE CRADLE OF CANADA

ALTHOUGH Canada has never officially given the title of "Father of His Country" to any of her heroic founders, there is no one to whom it belongs of better right than General Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, who in his victory over Montcalm broke the power of French rule in Canada.

He was the son of York people, and the ancient church of St. Cuthbert's—it was built in 685 A. D., and has a catalogue of rectors dating from the year 1239 when Richard de Heton served God and his parish there—claims him as its own, and founds thereon its right to the title "The Cradle of Canada." Roman, Pict, Saxon, Dane and Norman alike have swept over its site, building or burning in turn, but the minster still stands, though sadly in need of repair. Colonel and Mrs. Wolfe dwelt in its shadow, were married here, and counted it their parish church.

A fund is being collected to restore it, and it is only fair that Canada should share in keeping this early relic of its history in existence. The Rev. R. G. Pyne, Rector of St. Cuthbert's, York, England, is custodian of the fund.

### CLEAN SEED

WE have campaigned in behalf of clean, weed-seedless seed in CANADA MONTHLY before, and this is not the time to argue its merits again. But we want to call the attention of the farmer to the Calgary Seed Laboratory, which is at the disposal of all who apply.

Most of Canada's harvest last year was reaped under ideal conditions. But not all farmers can be sure of having seed of strong vitality in their granaries for spring seeding. Every farmer who feels at all doubtful about the vitality of the seed he expects to sow should send a sample of it to the Dominion Government Seed Laboratory at Calgary for a germination test.

In former years, most of the seed samples have come in to be tested in March and April, overtaxing the capacity of the laboratory and causing delay in reporting on the samples. It is urged by the government that samples be sent in early, so that the farmer whose seed is not fit for use may replace it before the sowing season begins.

### PROVED AGAIN.

IT is getting to be axiomatic that corn is not necessary for the proper fattening of pork or beef. Glencarnock Victor II. never smelt a mouthful of corn, and yet he walked away with the Grand Championship at the International Live Stock Show—probably the hardest test of a beef animal's quality.

It is interesting to note what President Louis F. Swift, of the packing company, said about Glencarnock Victor's triumph, in his address to the stockholders recently.

Great advance has been made during the last year in showing that cattle may be profitably fed without corn. We have just had another very striking demonstration of this through the award of the Grand Champion prize to a Canadian steer raised on alfalfa, barley and oats—no corn whatever.

If anybody ought to know whereof he speaks, President Swift and J. D. McGregor, owner of the prize-winner, are competent to stand as authorities. Mr. McGregor stated at the time of the live stock show that he believed "this championship and other prizes that we are winning are proving that very superior cattle can be produced at the lowest feeding cost without corn."

The corn belt has held that the yellow grain is indispensable too long. We, for one, are glad that Canada has brought the lesson home to stock-raisers and demonstrated beyond a doubt that cattle can be fed other grains with profit. The more steers there are in Canada, the more prosperous the farmer will be.

## *Johnny, Jenny & Co.*

Continued from page 257.

the home farm. Maps of the farms are also made, showing the proposed plans of cropping, and instruction is given in crop rotation and systems of farming. And in March, too, seeds are planted in window boxes and hot beds and preparations are made for commencing work in the school garden, such as getting ready stakes, labels and tools, purchasing seeds and fertilizers and planning the experiments to be tried.

Then in April, if the weather permits, the ground is prepared, plots are laid out and seed is planted. In the class room attention is given to the subject of grafting and pruning and the problem of how to restore old orchards is studied out. An examination is made of the implements used in farm and garden work and their principles are explained. The operation of spraying outfits is elucidated and the preparation and uses of fungicides and insecticides studied.

May finds the garden work in full swing. Instruction and exercises are given in thinning, mulching and weeding, while the contents of window boxes are set out. In the class the identification of weed seedlings, the development of blossoms and formation of fruit and the proper method of planting fruit or shade trees is taken up. Studies of the habits of earthworms, bees, toads and birds are also made. Arbor Day, coming in this month, is taken advantage of to make improvements round the school grounds, work in which parents can participate.

June is the closing month of the spring term and work in the garden terminates, but arrangements must be made for the care of the plots during the holidays. If the pupils can do this themselves so much the better. Class work embraces studies of flower structures such as corn, wheat, potato and tomato, a study of the principles of good road making and investigation with remedies of the work of common injurious insects such as cutworms, codling moths and cabbage butterflies.

On resuming school in September, it is becoming customary to arrange a school fair at which a display of the products raised by the pupils both at home and in the school garden is possible. This idea is gaining in popularity and is becoming the feature of the year in many schools. Meanwhile this month a weed study excursion may be undertaken; the specimens secured on which are afterwards mounted and methods of weed eradication are described. The common housefly likewise comes in for attention, its life history and habits are investigated and ways of suppressing it discussed.

October, the month of the apple harvest, makes a competition in fruit timely and interesting. Pupils bring samples and are given instruction in judging. Methods of packing and shipping are also taken up, with causes and remedies for injured and imperfect fruit. In the garden, cuttings and plants are taken for school or home windows or for wintering over; bulbs are planted and the school garden is made ready for the cold season.

The closing months of the year admit of no outside work but in the school room nature study goes on just as well. There is the problem of wintering the farm animals, feeding them and caring for the poultry. Judging competitions are held, class debates, discussions and the reading of prize essays are in order and numerous practical experiments in physical science are possible.

One reads with satisfaction the reports of those earnest teachers, who are whole-heartedly endeavoring to interest their scholars in these varied subjects. The records of a year's work taken at random from the pile of reports submitted to the director of elementary agricultural education is an inspiration. It means the expendi-

*Read hieroglyphics down and to the right.*
(1) *As for her who desires beauty.*
(2) *She is wont to anoint her limbs with oil of palm and oil of olives.*
(3) *There cause to flourish these, ointments the skin.*
(4) *As for oil of palm and oil of olives, there is not their like for reviving, making sound and purifying the skin.*

*This is a translation of the story of palm and olive oils written in the hieroglyphics of 3,000 years ago.*

*The characters and the translation are correctly shown according to the present-day knowledge of the subject.*

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The Egyptian maid of 3,000 years ago was famous for a perfect complexion—probably due to the use of olive oil in combination with oil of palm.

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***Just the Cream of the Oats***

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These choice grains have the flavor. They make big, delicious flakes. And our process keeps the flavor intact.

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All oats produce vim. All are energy foods with which nothing else compares.

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You get no puny grains, no poorly-flavored flakes. And you never will in Quaker.

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ture of much labor by the teacher but at the same time it is an indication that the attention of the boys and girls on the farm is being directed in an entertaining way to the problems that confront the agriculturists.

As an important branch of this work, the seed distribution facilities provided by the schools' division of the agricultural and experimental union are deserving of attention. The union was originally established as a sort of bond between the Ontario agricultural college and its graduates. It arranged experiments to be carried out on the farms of the latter. Then its scope was enlarged to take in any farmers in the province who were willing to participate in the experiments. So popular has this extension work become that several thousand farmers in Ontario are now carrying on experiments each season under the direction of the Union.

The schools' division of the union aims to let the children on the farm have a share in this experimental work. This branch was started in 1909 and has been continued annually since then. The seeds are distributed through the schools and last year 250 of them all over the province took part. This means that not only schools having school gardens obtained the seeds, but other schools as well, so that the plan is calculated to spread the school-garden propaganda. Accompanying each particular packet of seed is a circular giving instructions and containing also a blank form to be filled in by the pupil with the results of his experiment.

So the rural school, from being a dingy, neglected building in a dusty, dishevelled yard, is being turned into a miniature agricultural college. The old standard subjects are not being neglected but they are being leavened with more entertaining studies about animals and plants and those natural things that belong to the life of the farm. Parents are being interested in the school work as never before and are themselves learning through their children. The children themselves are finding out that school is not such a dreary place after all and that even farm work has its fascinating side. In short the farmer's boy is being lured towards the rural life.

---

Little Emily was playing one morning with her dolls.

"Mother, I want some water in a bowl," she said; "I am going to christen my doll."

"I wouldn't do that, dear," replied the mother. "That would be trifling with a sacred subject."

"Well, then, give me some wax to waxcinate her with, mother," said the little girl. "She's old enough now to have something done to her."

# Cherry Purcelle

Continued from page 245.

between a hazel and a green, set wide apart under a Pallas Athene brow that might have been called serene, but for some spirit of rebellion vaguely refracted from the lower part of the face. The vividness of her color, which even the flaming sweep of her gown could not altogether discount, made me think of material buoyancies, of living flesh and blood and a body freshly bathed. Her gaze was direct, disconcertingly direct. It even made me question whether or not she was reading my thoughts as I noted that her hands were large and white, that her mouth, for all its brooding discontent, was not without humor, and, strangely enough, that her fingers, ears, and throat were without a touch of that jewelry which I had thought peculiar to her kind.

That she possessed some vague yet menacing gift of intimacy I could only too plainly feel, not so much from the undisturbed ease of her pose and the negligently open throat and arms as from the direct gaze of those searching and limpid eyes, which proclaimed that few of the poppied illusions of life could flower in their neighborhood. This discomforting sense of mental clarity, in fact, forced me into the consciousness not so much of being in the presence of a soft and luxurious body as of standing face to face with a spirit that in its own incongruous way was as austere as it was alert.

"You wish to see me?" she said, over her coffee-cup. My second quick glance showed me that she was eating a breakfast of iced grape-fruit and chops and scrambled eggs and buttered toast.

"Very much," I answered.

"About what?" she inquired, breaking a square of toast.

"About the unfortunate position of a young gentleman who has just parted company with thirty thousand dollars!"

She bent her head, with its loose and heavy coils of dark hair, and glanced at my card before she spoke again.

"And what could I possibly do for him?"

There was something neither soothing nor encouraging in her unruffled calmness. But I did not intend to be disarmed by any theatrical parade of tranquillity.

"You might," I suggested, "return the thirty thousand."

There was more languor than active challenge in her glance as she turned and looked at me.

"And I don't think I even know who you are," she murmured.

"But I happen to know who *you* are," was my prompt and none too gentle rejoinder.

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She pushed back her hair—it seemed very thick and heavy—and laughed a little.

"Who am I?" she asked, licking the toast-crumbs from her white finger-tips.

"I'll tell you who you are," I retorted with some heat. "You're a figure-model that a sculptor named Delisle took to Paris. You're the running-mate of Adams in the Southam heir case. You're the wife of a Haytian half-caste Jew with a Spanish title. You're the woman who worked with Andrus, the wild-cat mine-swindler, who is now doing time in Sing Sing. And just at present you're the accomplice of a gang headed by a certain Coke Morgan, a wire-tapper well known to the police."

Her face showed no anger and no resentment as I unburdened myself of this unsavory pedigree. Her studious eyes, in fact, became almost contemplative.

"And supposing that's all true?" she finally asked. "What of it?"

She sat and looked at me, as cool as

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a cucumber. I could no longer deny that as a type she interested me. Her untamed audacities were something new to my experience. She seemed still in the feral state. Her mere presence, as she sat there in the lucid morning light, exerted over me that same spell which keeps children rooted before a circus-animal's cage.

"What of it?" she quietly repeated.

"I'm afraid there's nothing of it," I admitted, "except in the one point where it impinges on my personal interests. I intend to get that thirty thousand dollars back."

The resolution of my tone seemed only to amuse her.

"But why come to me?" she asked, turning back to her breakfast. "Supposing I really was a cog in some such machinery as you speak of, how much would be left on one small cog when so many wheels had to be oiled?"

"I have no great interest in your gang and its methods. All I know is a tremendous wrong's been done, and I want to see it righted."

"From what motive?" she asked, with that barbaric immediacy of approach peculiar to her.

"From the most disinterested of motives—I mean from the standpoint of that rather uncommon thing known as common honesty."

She looked at me, long and intently, before she spoke again. I had the feeling of being taken up and turned over and inspected through a lens of implacable clarity.

"Do you know this young man who lost his money on what he took for a fixed race?"

"I have met him," I answered, a little discomfited at the recollection of how tenuous that acquaintanceship was.

"And you have known him long?"

I was compelled to confess to the contrary.

"And you understand the case, through and through?"

"I think I do," was my curt retort.

She turned on me quickly, as though about to break into an answering flash of anger. But on second thoughts she remained silent.

"If life were only as simple as you sentimental charity-workers try to make it!" she complained, studying me with a pitying look which I began most keenly to resent. She swept the room with a glance of contempt. "If all those hay-tossers who come to this town and have their money taken away from them were only as lamb-like as you people imagine they are!"

"Is this an effort towards the justification of theft?" I inquired. For the first time I saw a touch of deeper color mark her cheek. I had been conscious of a certain quality in her mental equipment, just as I could detect a higher and lower plane in her manner of speech.


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"Not at all," she retorted. "I'm not talking of theft. And we may as well keep to cases. I don't think very much is ever gained by being impolite, do you?"

I was compelled to agree with her, though I could not shake off the feeling that she had in some dim way scored against me. And this was the woman I had once feared would try to toy with my coat-buttons!

"I'm afraid," she went on with her grave abstraction of tone, "that you'll

find me very matter-of-fact. A woman can't see as much of the world as I have and then—oh, and then beat it back to the Elsie Books."

I resented the drop to the lower plane, as though she had concluded the upper one to be incomprehensible to me.

"Pardon me, madam; it's not my windmills I'm trying to be true to; it's one of my promises."

"The promise was a very foolish one," she mildly protested. "Yet for all that," she added, as in afterthought, "you're intelligent. And I like intelligence."

Still again her deep and searching eyes rested on my face. Her next words seemed more a soliloquy than a speech.

"Yet you *are* doing this just to be true to your windmills. You're doing it out of nothing more than blind and Quixotic generosity."

The fact that my allusion had not been lost on her pleased me a little more, I think, than did her stare of perplexed commiseration.

"Isn't it odd," she said, "how we go wrong about things, how we jump at conclusions and misjudge people? You think, at this very moment, that I'm the one who sees crooked, that I'm the one who's lost my perspective on things. And now I'm going to do something I hadn't the remotest intention of doing when you came into this room."

"And what is that?"

"I'm going to show you how wrong you've been, how wrong you are."

"In what?" I inquired as she again sat in silence before me.

"In everything," she finally answered, as she rose to her feet. I was at once more conscious of her physical appeal, of her inalienable bodily buoyancy, as I saw her standing there at her full height. The deep flow of color in her loosely draped gown gave her an almost pontifical stateliness. Instinctively I rose as she did. And I could see by her eyes that the courtesy was neither negligible nor distasteful to her. She was about to say something; then she stopped and looked at me for a hesitating moment or two.

One would have thought, from the solemnity of that stare, that she faced the very Rubicon of her life. But a moment later she laughed aloud, and with a soft rustling of skirts crossed the room and opened an inner door.

Through this door, for a moment or two, she completely left my sight. Then she returned, holding a cabinet photograph in her hand.

"Do you know it?" she quietly asked as she passed it over to me.

It took but a glance to show me that it was a picture of the man whose cause I was at that moment espousing, the man I had followed from the pier-end the night before. A second glance showed me that the photograph had been taken in London; it bore the stamped inscription: "Garet Childs, Regent's Park, N. W."

The woman's sustained attitude of anticipation, of expectation unfulfilled, puzzled me. I saw nothing remarkable about the picture, or her possession of it.

"This, I believe, is the man you're trying to save from the clutches of a wire-tapper named Morgan, or Coke Morgan, as you call him?"

I acknowledged that it was.

"Now look at the signature written across it," she prompted.

I did as she suggested. Inscribed there I read: "Sincerely and more, Duncan Cory Morgan."

"Have I now made the situation comparatively clear to you?" she asked, watching my face as I looked

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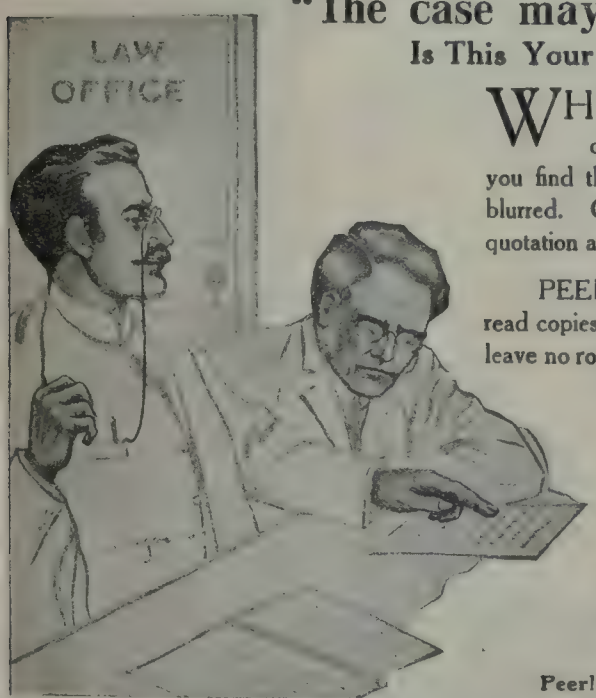


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from her to the photograph and than back at her again.

"I must confess I don't quite grasp it," I admitted, thinking at the moment how her face in the strong side-light from the windows had taken on a quite accidental touch of pathos.

"It's simply that the man you are trying to save from Coke Morgan *is Coke Morgan himself.*"

"That's impossible!" was my exclamation.

"It's not impossible," she said a little wearily, "because the whole thing's nothing more than a plant, a frame-up. And you may as well know it. It can't go on. The whole thing was a plan to trap you."

"A plan to trap me?"

"Yes, a carefully worked out plan to gather you in. And now, you see, the machinery is slipping a cog where it wasn't expected to!"

I stood there incredulous, dazed, trying to digest the shock.

"You mean that the man I met and talked to last night is actually an accomplice of yours?"

"Yes," she answered, "if you care to put it that way."

"But I can't believe it. I *won't* believe it, until you bring him here and prove it."

She sank into her chair, with a half-listless motion for me to be seated.

"Do you know why he's called Coke Morgan?" she demanded.

I did not.

"That, too, you've got to know. It's because he's a cocaine-fiend. He's killing himself with the use of drugs. He's making everything impossible. It's left him irresponsible, as dangerous as any lunatic would be at large."

She turned and looked at a tiny jewelled watch.

"He will be here himself by ten o'clock. And if he heard me saying what I am at this moment, he would kill me as calmly as he'd sit at a cafe-table and lie to you."

"But what's the good of those lies?"

"Don't you suppose he knew you were Witter Kerfoot, that among other things you owned a yacht, that you were worth making a try for? Don't you suppose he found all that out before he laid his ropes for this wire-tapping story? Can't you see the part *I* was to play, to follow his lead and show you how we could never wring his money back, but that we could face the gang with their own fire. I was to weaken and show you how we could tap the tapper's own wire, choose the race that promised the best odds, and induce you to plunge against the house on what seemed a sure thing?"

"But why are you telling me all this?" I still parried, pushing back from the flattering consciousness that we had a secret in common, that I had proved worthy an intimacy denied others.

"Because I've just decided it's the easiest way out for me."

"What made you decide that?"

"I've done a lot of thinking since you came into this room. And for a long time I've been doing a lot of thinking. I don't do things Coke Morgan's way. I took pity on him once. But I'm getting tired of trying to keep him up when he insists on dropping lower, lower and lower every day. Don't imagine, because you've got certain ideas of me and my life, that I haven't common sense, that I can't see what this other sort of thing leads to! I've seen too many of them, and how they all ended. I may have been mixed up with some strange company in my day, but I want you to know that I've kept my hands clean!"

She had risen by this time and was moving restlessly about the room.

"Do you suppose I'd ever be satisfied to be one of those painted dolls and let my brain dry up like a lemon on a pantry shelf?" I couldn't if I wanted to. I couldn't, although I can see how easy it makes everything. I tell you, a woman with a reputation like mine has got to pay, and keep on paying. She's got to pay twice over for the decencies of life. She's got to pay twice over for protection. Unless you're respectable you can't have respectable people about you. You've got to watch every one in your circle, watch them always, like a hawk. You've got to watch every step you take, and every man you meet— and sometimes you get tired of it all."

She sat down, in the midst of her febrile torrent of words, and looked at me out of clouded and questioning eyes. I knew, as I met that troubled gaze, so touched with weariness and rebellion, that she was speaking the truth. I could see truth written on her face. I tried to imagine myself in her place, I tried to see life as she had seen it during those past years, which no charity could translate into anything approaching the beautiful. And much as I might have wished it, I could utter no emptiest phrase of consolation. Our worlds seemed too hopelessly wide apart for any common viewpoint.

"What are you going to do?" I asked, humiliated by the inadequacy of the question even as I uttered it.

"I'm going to get away from it. I'm going to get away where I can breathe in peace. Oh, believe me, I can be irreproachable without even an effort. I want to be. I prefer it. I've found how much easier it makes life. It's not my past I've been afraid of. It's that one drug-soaked maniac, that poor helpless thing who knows that if I step away from him he daren't round a street-corner without being arrested."


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She stopped suddenly and the color ebbed out of her face. Then I saw her slowly rise to her feet and look undecidedly about the four corners of the room. Then she turned to me. Her eyes seemed ridiculously terrified.

"He's come!" she said, in little more than a whisper. "He's here now!"

The door opened before I could speak. But even before the mummy-faced man I had left at the cafe-table the night before could stride into the room, the woman in front of me sank back into her chair. Over her face came a change, a veil, a quickly coerced and smiling-lipped blankness that reminded me of a pastoral stage-drop shutting out some grim and moving tragedy.

The change in the bearing and attitude of the intruder was equally prompt as his startled eyes fell on me calmly seated within those four walls. He was not as quick as the woman in catching his cue. I could plainly detect the interrogative look he flashed at her, the look which demanded as plain as

Continued on page 273.

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Are indispensable in factories, stores, clubs, gymnasiums, hotels, schools and other such institutions.

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Fireproof, compact and durable, a security against petty theft, promote order and system and economize space and time.

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THE INTERNATIONAL BIBLE HOUSE
**26th and Chestnut Streets, Dept. 149 Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.**

*This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.*

*Come where the rains have glazed the snow*
*And clothed the trees with ice,*
*While the slant sun of February pours*
*Into the bowers a flood of light.*

FEBRUARY is the most unpopular month of all the year. "Filldyke" is its traditional sobriquet, and it is supposed to be so particularly perilous that it has been dubbed the "death month" of the year. People are more likely to die from various complaints in this month than any other. Altogether poor February is characterized by popular opinion as a gloomy and cheerless month, actively so, if gloom can be active—not passively sad like November.

To all of which gossip the Pedlar fillips his fingers.

There is an English lane that we remember down Surrey way where long ago we used to find February's shy charms. You know how gently Spring makes her first timid approaches. There are little murmurings and stirrings among the trees and grasses; there is the water-gossip of the rivulets, and the loud clatter of the rain beating on roof and pane. Despite it, and the mud which lies deep in the hollows, something calls one to the outside world, the quiet wonderful world of field and lane and woodland. Already the partridges are pairing—or rather taking a preliminary canter across the field of love. They are "engaged" and enjoying the delightful privileges of that ecstatic state. Another early pair is the starlings, who sit on the topmost twig of some convenient elm, as yet with no greenery on its branches, singing to each other, trying with utmost effort to drown the low cooing of the ring doves who,—

Within the yet unmantled grove
Recite their vows of faithful love.

In the thorn bush the thrush is already laying her blue eggs, for her twig and moss-woven nest is one of the first of the year, as also is that of the blackbird. And, in the woodland that lies beyond my lane, the missel thrush is singing loud and clear like our robin before the rain, and the rooks are calling and croaking and exploring the great trees. For a month or so yet we in Canada will not hear the joyous carol of the robin, nor shall we see such flowerets as I shall find for you presently in the sheltered English lane.

Look under the hedge and you will see the speedwell trying to hide her "ber-gown of misty blue." In the hedgerow the hazel bushes are putting out their little crimson-tufted buds, and, sheltered by the spreading roots of the great elm, the first faint violet is trembling in the wind. The bolder primrose seeks the shifty February sun with his yellow orb and eyes his rival, the golden coltsfoot, as any gallant flower may do a mere weed. Perhaps, if you are lucky, you may find that most exquisite and fragile of all flowers, the snowdrop, shaking her little trembling bell in the copse corner—an "icicle turned into a flower", and then, indeed, we will say "A fig for April and Master Browning with his song of Spring in England!" for Spring is here with the thrush singing in the orchard, and the primroses and snowdrops decorating the brow of sixteen-year-old Mother Earth.

### FEBRUARY IN CANADA

BUT Canada is not without February charms. Although this is frequently the coldest of our months, the signs of spring are not wanting. Those birds which have stayed out the weather, who enjoy the sharp, bracing air of our climate, are now beginning to murmur their courting songs. The Canada jay, or whisky jack, a curious bundle of dark gray feathers with

black pipings, even nests at this unseasonable time, but his nest is either very hard to find, or the woods are so impassable that few go to look for it. Certain it is that these nests and eggs are very rare though the birds about the lumber camps are numerous and as free and easy with humans as jackdaws. The owls and ravens are stirring, and as the former are after dissipating rabbits, and the latter are few and far between, their courting takes place deep in the silent swamp where the pines, hemlock and spruce give them leafy protection. Towards the middle and end of February, Redruff and Bob-White must be careful to see that the barometer is going up and that dry weather may be expected, for the soft snow in which they make their igloos might become iced, and then will come death either by starvation or from the wily fox who breaks the shell and takes the chick out to make a dainty meal. The snow birds pay us a fleeting visit, coming in large flocks, and followed by the shore lark with his small horns, like a miniature owl, black throat markings, and brownish body. The days will soon now be warm enough to "thaw in the sun—yet freeze in the shade." The little larks come first in small detachments and peck up a living along the roads, flying thence into the fields where their ally the wind has stripped the snow, leaving the earth and seed bearing weeds bare for their provender. The chickadee in the deep tangle of the hemlock swamp will soon be looking for a forsaken woodpecker's nest to pre-empt in which to raise her small brood of friendly chatterers.

The impudent bluejay, the peacock of our woods, with his blatant and arrogant cry, sometimes mistaken for the cry of the hawk, is preening himself and shouting defiance to the cold, and welcome to spring, all in one breath.

February may be the coldest as it is the shortest month in the year, but it is the dark hour which precedes the gentle dawn of spring and the rosy noon of summer.

### CANDLEMAS

WOE betide that house in which Christmas decorations are found after Candlemas Day! We once knew an old housewife who forgot one sprig of holly which was set above a picture, until after the Feast of the Candles. It wrought so much upon her mind that she died of it a month later, thus fulfilling the ancient prophesy that,

She who stores the Christmas cheer
To use again another year
When Christmas comes 'twill find her laid
Within a strait and narrow bed.

Not so the Yule log which is merely extinguished, for as Herrick says,—

Part must be kept wherewith to teend
The Christmas log next year;


# It Pays to Get Real Tested Seeds

For every cent you spend for seeds this spring you expect to reap dollars next fall.

If those fail you, you lose not only the cents you pay for them but the dollars you should get in crops. You lose the labor, time and use of land in which you plant them.

That's why it is so important to get seeds that are tested and proven.

*Carters Tested Seeds are really tested by actual growing* on the famous trial and testing grounds of James Carter & Co. at Raynes Park, London, England. They are tested for purity, germination, quality and production. At the same time other brands are tested alongside them to make certain that Carters are superior.

Carters Tested Seeds have made a big success in Canada because they have given most profitable results. They are *your best seed investment.*

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If you are interested in upkeep of Lawn, Tennis Courts or Golf Course, write for the "Practical Greenkeeper." Every Championship Golf Course in America is to-day using Carters Tested Grass Seed.

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"Used while you sleep."

for Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup; Asthma; Sore Throat; Coughs; Bronchitis; Colds; Catarrah.

A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relives the spasmodic Croup at once.

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The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

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Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

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CLEMENTS MFG. CO.
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## "More Sonnets of an Office Boy"

By SAMUEL E. KISER

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Publishers,
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# Give him BOVRIL

Bovril is a combination of the stimulating extractives with the nourishing and strengthening constituents of beef. It is a wonderfully warming winter beverage. It builds up the weak constitution and strengthens the strong one; it guards against colds, chills and influenza

Directions on every bottle.

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**For Doctors, Dentists, Lawyers, Official, Professional, Business or Home Use**

## WARRANTED FIREPROOF

**Fitted with Unpickable Combination Locks**

**Absolute Safety for Cash, Documents, Personal Jewellery, Silverware, etc.**

**Special Fittings for Letter Filing, Coin or Stamp Collections, Books, Instruments, etc.**

*Prices from $10 to $200, quoted delivered at any railway depot. State your requirements that we may send lists and prices.*

## THE HOBBS HARDWARE CO., LTD.

**LONDON - - - CANADA.**


And where 'tis safely kept, the Fiend
Can do no mischief there !

Who invented Candlemas ? Saint Bernard says that it has been handed down to us direct from the Presentation of Our Lord in the Temple, when Joseph, Simeon and Anna the Prophetess, are said to have walked in procession round the holy building at Jerusalem, carrying lighted candles to signify that the promised "Light to lighten the Gentiles" had at length appeared, but with all due respect to the good Saint, we believe that the Lupercalia processions in honour of Ceres, Pluto, and Proserpine in the growing month of February had more to do with the custom of the holy candles. We have no less an authority than an early Pope Innocent for this, for he wrote that the Holy Fathers, not being able to extirpate this heathen custom, ordained that Christians should carry candles in honour of Mary the Virgin instead of Ceres the pagan goddess of corn and of harvests.

Candlemas, however, is especially the feast of the weather. Spring is supposed to be inaugurated by the twelfth of February. If the second of the month, which is Candlemas Day, be "clear and sunny it portends hard weather; if cloudy and lowering, a mild and gentle season." The superstitious desire foul weather—this in an effort to hoodwink malign influences and induce the Fiend, who is very active and very malicious in February —to give them fine days, (he being delighted to give anyone the very opposite of his real desires).

Have we not in Canada a little superstition of our own in regard to the bear and his shadow ?

### THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES

LAST month "The Watchers of the Night" dwelt on the end of the age, naming it, according to corrected chronology, this year of grace 1914. They now come to the Signs of the Times as revealed in Holy Scripture. These questions and arguments are, if not convincing, of the deepest interest; too interesting indeed, to be lightly passed over or set aside under the heading of religious mania. They are not presented as "articles of faith," but as curious analogies of Holy Writ.

One of the leading signs is to be found in II. Timothy iii. 1-7, which should be plain enough for anyone to see who recognizes existing social conditions. Another sign is in Nahum ii. 3-4. Here we find a vivid description of the "motors" (chariots) that are rushing about the streets, especially in view of the fact that the prophets of old as a rule saw in vision what they were called upon to prophesy. The churches claim they must evangelize and win the world for Christ before

## Gets All the Dust From Everywhere

Not a particle of dust escapes to mix with the air. That's what comes of using an

**O-Cedar Polish Mop**

When washed it can be treated with O-Cedar Polish and it is again ready for use. No more back-ache or housemaid's knees if you have one of these mops.

—From your dealer or sent express paid anwhere in Canada on receipt of $1.50 and naming "Canada Monthly."

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FIRST PRIZE $3000 IN GOLD

This is just a plain business proposition to advertise Mountainview, Hamilton's new high class residential district, and is open to every person in Canada. There is no catch or fake about it, and everybody stands an equal chance of securing one of the magnificent prizes. Write to-day and start on the road to fortune.

ENCLOSE STAMP AND FULL PARTICULARS WILL BE MAILED YOU

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## STAMMERING

overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Write for free advice and literature

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He can come, but we are told that "as it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the days of the coming of the Son of Man," et seq.

Now Noah preached the Flood for 100 years, and yet only his own family believed that it was coming. So only those who are looking for the coming of Our Lord, will recognize the Signs of the Times. The average Bible student will admit that Christ will come some day, but not in our time. But if the world will be going on its accustomed way, and people will be living, why should it not be in our day?

Read again Hebrews xi. where is recounted all the Old Testament worthies who "died in faith not having received the promises, God having provided some better thing for us that they without us should not be made perfect." Is not the "better thing for us" immortality, which is the prize of the high calling in Christ, which comes only to those who have faith in the Atonement which was for the whole world, to buy back for the world what Adam lost—a perfect human life. The resurrection from the dead, will it not be back to this earth in order that the promises to the Fathers, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, et al. may be fulfilled? And were not the promises that through Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and their seed all families of the earth should be blessed and Israel should inhabit the Promised Land, and the Law should go to them from Zion and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem? Moreover, the resurrection of the dead to the earth seems to have been plainly stated by God to Ezekiel in his vision of dry bones, that wondrous story in Chapter xxxvii. But of this more, perhaps, anon.

### OTHER SIGNS

WHEN one talks nowadays of the near approach of the Lord's coming to reign over the earth, we are confronted by Bible readers with Math. xxiv. 36, and warned that "of that day and hour no man knoweth." This was absolutely true when spoken, but it was not said that at no time would it be known; II. Peter, iii. 3-4 says there will be scoffers in the last day saying "where is the promise of His coming?"—and Paul, in his Epistle to the Hebrews, x. 25 exhorts the faithful as to their conduct "when ye see the day approaching"—thus clearly indicating that some would know beforehand when to look for it. Daniel xii. 1-4 prophesies the time of trouble preceding the Coming, and in verse 4 is told to seal up the prophecy "until the time of the end." This is repeated in verse 9, while in 10, we are told that "none of the wicked shall understand, but the wise shall understand." This again clearly pointing out that some would be enlightened at the time of the end.

We are celebrating in England, Canada and the United States 100 years of peace among the English speaking races. The Peace tribunal is opened at the Hague—yet what do we see? England increasing her navy to keep ahead of all nations, and Canada clamouring for a contribution to help that end

Continued on page 272.


## Add to your reputation as a cook—

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE is granulated, dissolves immediately, molds quickly, makes four (4) pints of jelly and is guaranteed. The housewife who uses

**KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE**

soon gains an enviable reputation for her table. She uses it for

**Desserts Jellies Puddings**
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**Mayonnaise Salad Dressing**
**Candies**

*Serve this New Ivory Jelly*

Soften one envelope of Knox Sparkling Gelatine in ½ cup of cold milk five minutes; scald 3 cups of milk and dissolve in it ¾ cup sugar and softened gelatine; strain, and when cool add a teaspoonful of vanilla and turn into a mold. Serve with currant or other jelly, with cream and sugar, or a boiled custard. When desired, candied fruits or nuts may be added. The dish may be flavored to suit the taste.

**Our Illustrated Book of Recipes FREE** for your grocer's name. **PINT SAMPLE for two-cent stamp and grocer's name.**

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*Branch Factory—Montreal, Canada.*

# HUDSON Six-40

# Now a Light-Weight Six

## Lighter than equal-powered cars—Lower operative cost—With a streamline body of the most distinguished type—And sold for $2,250—Opening the way for legions to own Sixes.

NOW comes the best news that was ever announced by Hudson engineers.

A high-grade Six, with all the latest equipment, brought down to $2,250.

A six-passenger Six which weighs 2,980 pounds—400 pounds less than the Hudson "37," which was a five-passenger Four.

A six which is larger, both in power and capacity, than the Hudson "37." Yet the operative cost is one-fourth less.

For $2,250 you can now obtain a Six which costs less to operate, which weighs less, and which undersells cars of any type of the same size, class and power. Think what it means to obtain a Six that offers the advantages which are exclusive with Sixes, and at a price below that at which comparable cars are sold.

In all our comparisons, no equal-powered car has shown anywhere near so low a fuel consumption.

And, with all this, a beautiful car—a streamline body—the very latest equipment. Up to six months ago, no car at any price, offered so many attractions.

---

In this new Six-40, with its matchless economy, Howard E. Coffin has solved the last question on Sixes.

There were only three points which deterred men from Sixes—weight, price and operative cost.

Here, now, is a weight which marks a new record for cars of this size and power. Here is a price below comparable cars of any type. And here is operative cost which fairly compares with even four-cylinder "Forties."

This brings to the Six, with all its unquestioned superiorities, the only three advantages it lacked.

---

This car will extend the reign of Sixes over an enormous new section of Motordom.

In the hige-priced field Sixes long have held sway. Last year—with the advent of the Hudson Six-54—Sixes captured the field.

Now comes a Six for men who wish to pay $2,500 or under for a quality car. Men who want light weight, modest size and power. Men who want low upkeep and low operative cost. And who wish to minimize depreciation.

Every year tens of thousands of men buy cars of this class. And Sixes heretofore have been barred to them.

## HUDSON Six-40—$2,250

**(F. O. B. Detroit, Duty Paid)**

Wheelbase, 123 inches.
Seats from 4 to 7 passengers.
Weight, 2,980 lbs.
Cylinders, 3½-in. bore, 5 in. stroke.
Tires 34 in. x 4 in. Demountable rims with extra rim. Will equip with wire wheels, with extra wheel, for $75 extra.
Left-side drive.
Delco patented system of electric lighting and starting.
Gasoline tank in cowl dash, all instruments and gauges within reach of driver.
Extra tires carried on running-board, ahead of the front door.
Entrance to front seat from either side.
"One-Man" top of genuine Pantasote. A girl can easily raise and lower the top without stepping out of the car.
Quick-adjustable side curtains, enveloped in the top. Passengers can adjust them in a moment from their seats.
Two disappearing tonneau seats—attached—which fold into back of the front seat.
11-in. electric parabolic headlights with special dimming attachment.
Electric tail light, dash light and portable inspection light.
Integral windshield, rain-vision and ventilating.
Speedometer sunk in cowl apron, driven by noiseless concealed gears within the wheel spindle.
Electric horn. License carriers. Tire or wheel holders.
Hand-buffed leather upholstering.
Trunk Rack
All tools complete.
Price, $2,250 F. O. B. Detroit, Duty Paid.

# HUDSON Six-40

# *A Quality Six at $2250*

No longer need Sixes be considered too costly. We consider this Hudson Six-40 surpasses in richness of finish and mechanical detail any car of similar size or price.

THIS Hudson Six-40 is the latest achievement of Howard E. Coffin and his able engineers. It marks a new era in Sixes. And in just the same way as Mr. Coffin, years ago, marked a new era in Fours.

It was he who built the first high-grade Four to sell under $3,000. That was when buyers of modest-priced cars had to be content with two cylinders.

Later he built the first high-grade Four to sell under $2,000. That car marked the end of two cylinders.

Four years after he built the Hudson Six-54 —the first quality Six to sell under $3,500. And now he offers the first Hudson-grade Six to be sold under $2,500.

So this is the climax of many steps toward lower price and lower upkeep cost. And toward bringing the best in type and class within the reach of many.

## How He Did It

There have, up to now, been some drawbacks in Sixes. In some ways they were costly. So this luxury of motion was confined to men who could afford it.

Mr. Coffin, in part, has followed the latest European practice. He employs the small bore and long stroke. There are several reasons why this results in great economy of power.

He has accomplished lightness without sacrificing strength, so the power has less weight to carry. He has ended vibration at any speed, and vibration means wasted power.

The smooth-running Six has always cut down upkeep. It has lessened depreciation. Its continuous power has minimized the tire cost.

Now comes a saving in weight and a saving in fuel, to give to the Six an unquestioned economy.

Even in Europe, where fuel economy is the paramount question, this new-type Six is this year acclaimed as the coming type of car. Its record in the last Grand Prix race, with a fuel limit, brought this change about.

## New Ideals in Beauty

To all this we have added a beautiful car, with the same streamline body as came out this season in the Hudson Six-54. And these cars, we think, must be regarded as the handsomest in America.

Like all the best European makers, we have done away with that awkward, inartistic angle at the dash.

The Six-40 is better finished and better equipped than any previous Hudson, save our new Six-54. Every detail, small and large, accords with the costly-car standards.

Note the specifications. the entirely-new features. The "One-Man" top, the quick-adjustable side curtains. The disappearing tonneau seats. All hinges are concealed.

Note the weight distribution. The gasoline tank is in the dash. Extra tires are carried ahead of the front door, yet the door swings wide.

All these things typify accepted world-standards, carried out to their final perfection.

## Also the New HUDSON Six-54

We have also brought out for this season a new Hudson Six-54. A seven-passenger car with 135-inch wheelbase—with tires 36 x 4½.

In body design, equipment, etc., the car is quite similar to this Six-40. It is for men who want a big, powerful car!

Last year the Hudson Six-54 was the most popular Six on the market. It proved that the utmost in a Six could be sold at a modest price.

This year there are many improvements, including this streamline body. Yet the price is reduced to $2,950 duty paid f. o. b. Detroit.

Thus we now meet, in a masterly way, every idea in a Six. The Hudson Six-40 for the man who wants lightness, economy and modest size and power. The Hudson Six-54 for the man who wants more of size and room and power. And both offer you a new ideal of a distinguished car. We consider them, by long odds, the handsomest cars of the year.

Then the car is right in size and weight and power. It marks the fruition of a long-time trend toward moderation, ease of control and economy.

## Go Ride In It

Perhaps there are some who, despite these economies, are not yet converted to Sixes.

We ask that such people go ride in this car. Our local dealer will take you.

Note the smoothness of continuous power and overlapping strokes. Note the flexibility, the quick acceleration. Note the total lack of vibration. Note how slowly you can go, how quickly pick up, and what grades you can climb without changing from high gear.

Then think that this car costs less, weighs less, uses less fuel, and costs less for upkeep than many a car which lacks these advantages

One ride will convert you. No man or woman can ride in this car without wanting to own a Six.

Then you will realize what Mr. Coffin has done in making the Six economical.

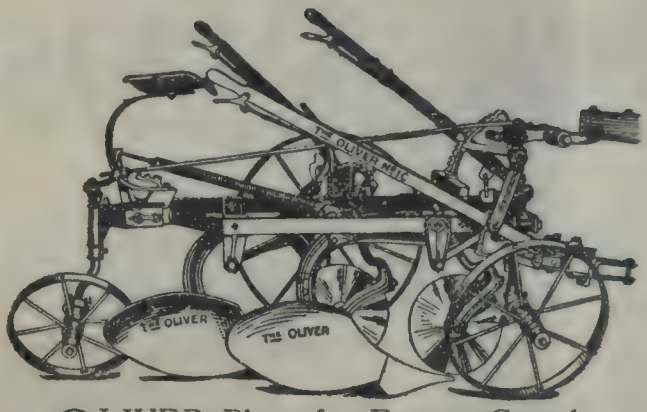
**Hudson dealers everywhere now have this Six-40 on show. Ask us for Howard E. Coffin's book, reviewing all the 1914 motor car improvements.**

**The Cabriolet —a New-Type Roadster on the Six-40 Chassis. A sheltered car for winter or summer—completely enclosed. Better than a coupe, because the top can be quickly put down, thus becoming an open roadster. Price, $2,575.**

**A Standard Roadster of the most attractive type, $2,250**

## *HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY,* 7788 JEFFERSON AVENUE, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

# Oliver Plows




OLIVER Plows for Eastern Canada stand in a class by themselves as satisfaction givers.

The Oliver plow line includes walking plows, three-wheel sulkies, walking gangs, hill-side plows, high and low lift gangs, and riding cultivators. There are plows in the line which are specially adapted for most Eastern Canadian conditions. Among these are the Oliver 1-C sulky and 1-C gang. In both these plows most of the weight of the plow is carried on the two furrow wheels which, of course, ride on a smooth surface all the time. There is a spring on the land wheel, which in connection with the two bails on which the plow is hung, insures an even depth of plowing.

You can see any plow in the Oliver line at the place of business of the I H C local agent. If you will tell him what kind of plowing you want to do, he can show you an Oliver plow that will do your work best. See him for catalogues and full information, or write the nearest branch house.

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**Send this advertisement with 25 cents to Blue Ribbon Limited, Winnipeg, for the Blue Ribbon Cook Book. Write name and address plainly.**


# *The Pedlar's Pack*

Continued from page 269.

in case she may need protection for her own coasts. The United States preparing to put ten times her regular standing army into Mexico—to bring peace? And what of the prophecy that when "they shall cry peace and safety, sudden destruction shall come upon them."

Nor are the signs of the times lacking in regard to women. He who runs may read them in Isaiah iii: 16-26 which describes how they shall be conducting themselves in the last days and what will be taken away from them. The hobble-skirt forces them to "go mincing on their way," the bared throats show the "stretched-forth neck," and it is a rare thing to see a girl in any walk of life when on the street, without chains and bracelets and rings and earrings—either rich and costly or cheap and tawdry. But, lest we weary you, we shall put the rest of our scrip and note-books back into our Pack to serve as wares for another day.

### BRAINS OR BEAUTY

SUPPOSE a fairy came to you with the query—"Will you have brains or beauty: Both you may not have?" What would your answer be? Evelyn Nesbit Thaw says that beauty gives a woman greater power than brains, and that sooner than be born plain, she would rather not be born at all. This young woman apparently has few regrets—saving for that which brought about her calamity. "I enjoyed every moment of my life," she tells us, "all the parties, the chorus life, the admiration, the pretty dresses, the rich wines and suppers." Above all she enjoyed her beauty. Did the good fairy ask Evelyn to make a choice between intelligence and good looks we know what sort of a choice she would make.

Unquestionably beauty in woman is her greatest power. To be merely man is nothing; to be a woman is something. To be a pretty woman is to be a social factor; to be a beautiful woman is to be a veritable force; to add commanding intellect to great beauty is to be Aspasia, Theodora, Cleopatra—women who have played with the societies in which their lot was cast as a child marshals a regiment of tin soldiers. It is but rarely that Nature gives to a woman both of two such enormous forces as brains and beauty. She has been much more generous in these respects to certain of her masculine favorites. We will come back to that sometime.

### ONLY SKIN DEEP—BUT—

THE old adage—which plain women are fond of repeating—has it that

Continued on page 290.

## *Cherry Purcell*

Continued from page 265.

words: "What is this man doing here?"

"This, said the woman at the table, in her most dulcet and equable tones, "is the altruistic gentleman who objects to your losing thirty thousand dollars in a race which I had no earthly way of controlling."

Here, I saw, was histrionism without a flaw. Her fellow-actor, I could see, was taking more time to adjust himself to his role. He was less finished in his assumption of accusatory indignation. But he did his best to rise to the occasion.

"I've got to get that money back," he cried, leveling a shaking finger at her. "And I'm going to do it without dragging my friends into it!"

She walked over to the windows and closed them before she spoke.

'What's the use of going over all that?" she continued, and I had the impression of sitting before a row of foot-lights and watching an acted drama. "You took your risk and lost. I didn't get it. It's not my fault. You know as well as I do that McGowan and Noyes will never open up unless you're in a position to make them. It's a case of dog eat dog, of fighting fire with fire. And I've just been telling it all to your friend, Mr. Kerfoot, who seems to think he's going to have some one arrested if we don't suddenly do the right thing."

"I want my money!" cried the man named Morgan. I could see, even as he delivered his lines, that his mind was floundering and groping about for solid ground.

"And Mr. Kerfoot," continued the tranquil-voiced woman at the table, "says he has a yacht named *The Naulahka* which, we can go aboard and have a conference. I've 'phoned for a telegraph operator called Downey to be there, so we can decide on a plan for tapping McGowan's wire."

"And what good does that do me?" demanded the mummy-faced youth.

"Why, that gives Mr. Kerfoot his chance to bet as much as he likes, to get as much back from McGowan as he wants to, without any risk of losing."

"But who handles the money?" demanded the wary Morgan.

"That's quite immaterial. *You* can, if you're his friend, or he can handle it himself. The important thing is to get your plan settled and your wire tapped. And if Mr. Kerfoot will be so good as to telephone for the launch I'll dress and be ready in ten minutes.

She leaned forward and swung an equipoise 'phone-bracket round to my elbow.

But I did not lift the receiver from its hook. For at that moment the door


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Winnipeg, August 22, 1913, Gas Power Age Trophy, 500 Mile Endurance Run, Winning Car equipped with Dunlop Tires. Two of the four had previously gone 12,000 miles and one of the other two had previously gone 9,000 miles. As a Winnipeg paper very truthfully said: "Can you beat that for a driver's confidence in a tire?"

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abruptly opened. The maid in the white cap and apron stood trembling on its threshold.

"That's a lie!" she was crying, in her shrill and sudden abandon, and the twin badges of servitude made doubly incongruous her attitude of fierce revolt. "It's a lie, Tony! She's welched on you!"

She took three quick steps into the room.

"She's only playing you against this guy. I've heard every word of it. She never 'phoned for an operator. That's a lie. She's throwing you down, for good. She's told him who you are and what your game is!"

I looked at the other woman. She was now on her feet.

"Don't let her fool you this time, Tony," was the passionate cry from the quivering breast under the incongruous white apron-straps. "Look at how she's treated you! Look at your picture there, that she cinched her talk with! She never did *half* what I did for you! And now you're letting her throw you flat! You're standing there and letting——"

The woman stopped, and put her hands over her ears. For she saw, even as I did the hollow-eyed, mummy-faced youth reach a shaking hand back to his hip.

"You liar!" he said, as his hand swung up with the revolver shaking in it. "You lying welcher!" he cried, in a thin and throaty voice that was little more than a cackle.

He took one step toward the woman in the rose-colored dressing-gown. She was, I could see, much the taller of the two. And she was standing, now, with her back flat against the wall. She made no attempt to escape. She was still staring at him out of wide and bewildered eyes when he fired.

I saw the spit of the plaster and the little shower of mortar that rained on her bare shoulder from the bullet-hole in the wall.

Then I did a very ordinary and common-place thing. I stooped quickly forward to the end of the table and caught up the nickeled coffee-pot by its ebony handle. The lunatic with the smoking revolver saw my sudden movement, for as I swung the mental instrument upward he turned on me and fired for the second time.

I could feel the sting of the powder smoke on my up-thrust wrist. I knew then that it was useless to try to reach him. I simply brought my arm forward and let the metal pot fly from my hand. I let it fly forward, targeting on his white and distorted face.

Where or how it struck I could not tell. All I knew was that he went down under a scattering geyser of black coffee. He did not fire again. He did not even move. But as he fell the woman in the cap and apron dropped on her knees beside him. She knelt there with an inarticulate cry like that of an animal over its fallen mate, a ludicrous, mouse-like sound that was almost a squeak. Then she suddenly edged about and reached out for the fallen revolver.

I saw her, through the smoke, but she had the gun in her hand before I could stop her. She fought over it like a wild-cat. The peril of that combat

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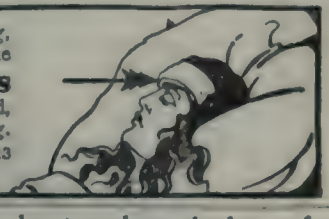

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made me desperate. Her arm was quite thin, and not overly strong. I first twisted it so the gun-barrel pointed outward. The pain, as I continued to twist, must have been intense. But I knew it was no time for half-measures. Just how intense that pain was came home to me a moment later, when the woman fell forward on her face in a dead faint.

The other woman had calmly thrown open the windows. She watched me, almost apathetically, as I got to my feet and stooped in alarm over the unconscious man in his ridiculous welter of black coffee. Then she stepped closer to me.

"Have you killed him?" she asked, with more a touch of child-like wonder than any actual fear.

"No; he's only stunned."

"But how?"

"It caught him here on the forehead. He'll be around in a minute or two."

"Put him here on my bed," she called from an open door. And as I carried him in and dropped him in a sodden heap on the white coverlet, I saw the woman unsheathe her writhing body of its rose-colored wrapping. From that flurry of warmth her twisting body emerged almost sepulchrally white. Then she came to a pause, bare-shouldered and thoughtful before me.

"Wait!" she said as she crossed the room. "I must telephone McCausland."

"Who's McCausland?" I asked as she stepped out into the dining-room.

"He's a man I know at Headquarters," was her impersonal-noted reply.

For the second time, as she stepped hurriedly back into the room with me, I was conscious of the satin-like smoothness of her skin, the baby-like whiteness of her rounded bare arms. Then, unabashed by my presence, she flung open a closet door and tossed a cascade of perfumed apparel out beside the bed where I stood.

"What are you going to do?" I demanded, as I saw her white-clad figure writhe itself into a street dress. There was something primordial and adamitic in the very calmness with which she swept through the flimsy reservations of sex. She was as unconscious of my predicament as a cave woman might have been. And the next moment she was crushing lingerie and narrow-toed shoes and toilet articles and undecipherable garments of folded silk into an English club-bag. Then she turned to glance at her watch on the dresser.

"I'm going!" she said at last, as she caught up a second handbag of alligator skin, and crammed into it jewel boxes of dark plush and cases of different col-

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ored kid, and still more clothing and lingerie. "I'm going to catch the *Kaiser Wilhelm*."

"For where ?"

"For Europe !"

Her quick and dextrous hands had pinned on a hat and veil as I stood in wonder watching her.

"Call a taxi, please," she said, as she struggled into her coat. "And a boy for my bags."

I was still at the receiver when she came into the room, and looked down for a moment at the woman moaning and whimpering on the coffee-stained floor. Then she began resolutely and calmly drawing on her gloves.

"Couldn't we do something for them ?" I said as I stepped back into the bedroom for her handbag.

"What ?" she demanded, as she leaned over the bed where Morgan's reviving body twitched and moved.

"There must be something."

"There's nothing. Oh, believe me, you can't help him. I can't help him. He's got his own way to go. And it's a terribly short way !"

She flung open a drawer and crammed a further article or two down in her still open bag.

Then she opened the outer door for the boy who had come for the bags. Then she looked at her watch again.

"You must not come back," she said to me. "They may be here any time."

"Who may ?" I asked.

"The police," she answered as she closed the door. She did not speak again until we were at the side of the taxicab.

"To the Hamburg-American wharf, she said.

Nor did she speak all the while we purred and hummed and dodged our way across the city. She did not move until we jolted aboard the ferry-boat, and the clanging of the landing-float's pawl-and-ratchet told us we were no longer on that shrill and narrow island where the fever of life burns to the edge of its three laving rivers. It was then and only then that I noticed the convulsive shaking of her shoulders.

"What is it ?" I asked, helplessly, oppressed by the worlds that seemed to stand between us.

"It's nothing," she said, with her teeth against her lip. But the next minute she was crying as forlornly and openly as a child.

"What is it ?" I repeated, as in adequately as before, knowing the uselessness of any debilitating touch of sympathy.

"It's so hard," she said, struggling to control her voice. "It's so hard to begin over."

"But they say you're the cleverest woman in the world !" was the only consolation I could offer her.


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# What and Why Is the Internal Bath?

## By C. Gilbert Percival, M.D.

Though many articles have been written and much has been said recently about the Internal Bath, the fact remains that a great amount of ignorance and misunderstanding of this new system of Physical Hygiene still exists.

And, inasmuch as it seems that Internal Bathing is even more essential to perfect health than External Bathing, I believe that everyone should know its origin, its purpose and its action beyond the possibliity of a misunderstanding.

Its great popularity started at about the same time as did what are probably the most encouraging signs of recent times—I refer to the appeal for Optimism, Cheerfulness, Efficiency and those attributes which go with them, and which, if steadily practised, will make our race not only the despair of nations competitive to us in business, but establish us as a shining example to the rest of the world in our mode of living.

These new daily "Gospels," as it were, had as their inspiration the ever-present, unconquerable Canadian Ambition, for it has been proven to the satisfaction of all real students of business that the most successful man is he who is sure of himself, who is optimistic, cheerful and impresses the world with the fact that he is supremely confident always—for the world of business has every confidence in the man who has confidence in himself.

If our outlook is optimistic, and our confidence strong, it naturally follows that we inject enthusiasm, "ginger," and clear judgment into our work, and have a tremendous advantage over those who are at times more or less depressed, blue and nervously fearful that their judgment may be wrong—who lack the confidence that comes with the right condition of mind, and which counts so much for success.

Now the practice of Optimism and Confidence has made great strides in improving and advancing the general efficiency of the Canadian, and if the mental attitude necessary to its accomplishment were easy to secure, complete success would be ours.

Unfortunately, however, our physical bodies have an influence on our mental attitude, and in this particular instance, because of a physical condition which is universal, these much-to-be-desired aids to success are impossible to consistently enjoy.

In other words, our trouble, to a great degree, is physical first and mental afterwards—this physical trouble is simple and very easily corrected. Yet it seriously affects our strength and energy, and if it is allowed to exist too long becomes chronic and then dangerous.

Nature is constantly demanding one thing of us, which, under our present mode of living and eating, it is impossible for us to give—that is, a constant care of our diet, and enough consistent physical work or exercise to eliminate all waste from the system.

If our work is confining, as it is in almost every instance, our systems cannot throw off the waste except according to our activity, and a clogging process immediately sets in.

This waste accumulates in the colon (lower intestine), and is more serious in its effect than you would think, because it is intensely poisonous, and the blood circulating through the colon absorbs these poisons, circulating them through the system and lowering our vitality generally.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that this waste, if permitted to remain a little too long, gives the destructive germs, which are always present in the blood, a chance to gain the upper hand, and we are not alone inefficient, but really ill—seriously, sometimes, if there is a local weakness.

This accumulated waste has long been recognized as a menace, and Physicians, Physiculturists, Dietitians, Osteopaths and others have been constantly laboring to perfect a method of removing it, and with partial and temporary success.

It remained, however, for a new, rational and perfectly natural process to finally and satisfactorily solve the problem of how to thoroughly eliminate this waste from the colon without strain or unnatural forcing—to keep it sweet and clean and healthy and keep us correspondingly bright and strong—clearing the blood of the poisons which made it and us sluggish and dull spirited, and making our entire organism work and act as Nature intended it should.

That process is Internal Bathing with warm water—and it now, by the way, has the endorsement of the most enlightened Physicians, Physical Culturists, Osteopaths, and others, who have tried it and seen its results.

Heretofore it has been our habit, when we have found by disagreeable, and sometimes alarming symptoms, that this waste was getting much the better of us, to repair to the drug shop and obtain relief through drugging.

This is partly effectual, but there are several vital reasons why it should not be our practice as compared with Internal Bathing.

Drugs force Nature instead of assisting her—Internal Bathing assists Nature and is just as simple and natural as washing one's hands.

Drugs, being taken through the stomach, sap the vitality of other functions before they reach the colon, which is not called for—Internal Bathing washes out the colon and reaches nothing else.

To keep the colon constantly clean drugs must be persisted in, and to be effective, the doses must be increased. Internal Bathing is a consistent treatment, and need never be altered in any way to be continuously effective.

No less an authority than Professor Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

It is rather remarkable to find, at what would seem so comparatively late a day, so great an improvement on the old methods of Internal Bathing as this new process, for in a crude way it has, of course, been practiced for years.

It is probably no more surprising however, than the tendency on the part of the Medical Profession to depart further and further from the custom of using drugs, and accomplish the same and better results by more natural means: causing less strain on the system and leaving no evil after-effects.

Doubtless you, as well as other Canadian men and women, are interested in knowing all that may be learned about keeping up to "concert pitch," and always feeling bright and confident.

This improved system of Internal Bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to cover in detail in the public press, but there is a Physician who has made this his life's study and work, who has written an interesting book on the subject called "Why Man of To-day Is Only 50% Efficient." This he will send on request to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 319, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this in the Canada Monthly.

It is surprising how little is known by the average person on this subject, which has so great an influence on the general health and spirits.

My personal experience and my observations make me very enthusiastic on Internal Bathing, for I have seen its results in sickness as in health and I firmly believe that everybody owes it to himself, if only for the information available, to read this little book by an authority on the subject.

# *Herding Ships by Wireless*

Continued from page 235.

places where I have gripped hands with operators who smiled upon "some person to talk with" as they would to a ministering angel.

Of course, the post of wireless service, that, from a distance stirs the imaginative fibre of youth is Sable Island, a lonesome, unaccounted-for chunk of matted sand far out in the Atlantic, nearly three hundred miles southeast of Nova Scotia. The records at Lloyds account for no less than two hundred wrecks due to Sable Island during the past seventy-five years. In the best of weather the curious color of the sand banks renders them almost indistinguishable from water, an accident of nature that has lured the wisest mariners to destruction. Moreover the sweep of the currents, smoothing out old sand bars and erecting fresh ones where deep water existed, practically defies any accurate charting. It was by the installation of wireless in 1904, and, previous to that, the lighthouse and life-saving corps dating as far back as 1873, that the awful toll of life and property has been stayed. Well may the superstitious sailor attribute a personal devil to the island, for in taking the lives of others it is taking its own. Under the lash of Atlantic waves and winds, twenty of its forty miles have gone into the sea since 1863. Three times the Government engineers have removed the lighthouse to a safe position and now they are planting thousands of trees and shrubs to stop the dangerous erosion of the soil; if that is unsuccessful there likely will be no Sable Island in 1960, but a mammoth light-ship swinging at anchor over its ruins. Recently a report was made to the Federal Government that the width of the Island had dropped in fifty years from two and a half to less than one mile and the height from 200 feet to below eighty feet. The population is only forty-six, made up of those compelled to dwell there by the duties of life-saving and wireless communication.

When the notorious Dr. Crippen, who murdered and buried his actress-wife in London, escaped from a cordon of detectives with his stenographer, Ethel Le Neve, every outgoing ship, particularly from Antwerp, was carefully watched. Suspicion finally centred upon two disguised passengers on the C. P. R. liner, "Montrose" bound for Montreal. The present writer had the job of covering the story for the London Times and a Canadian paper and installed himself with a regiment of other newspaper men from all quarters of the globe at a pilots' boarding-house at Father Point. A dreary wait of three days, and there broke upon the world the first great criminal story in which wireless played the roles of detective, betrayer and policeman. It was wireless all through. The captain of the Montrose, suspecting whom he had for passengers, flashed a message to Scotland Yard when half a day out from his European port. The detective bureau despatched Inspector Drew on the Laurentian, a faster ship than the Montrose, bidding him identify and arrest Crippen and Le Neve. The Laurentian spoke the Montrose in mid-ocean, Drew and the captain exchanging messages. At Father Point, the inspector came ashore—as he thought "incognito", but he might as well have carried a banner. From the wireless masts of the St. Lawrence port, conversation flashed daily between Drew and the Montrose as to the details of Crippen and Le Neve and the necessity of holding them ignorant of impending capture. Indeed the murderer and his foolish

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CHICAGO MILWAUKEE DULUTH SUPERIOR

young paramour never knew one iota of what was for days common talk throughout the world, until Inspector Drew stepped from a pilot boat to the deck, threw back his disguise and said quietly: "Dr. Crippen, you are under arrest."

Of course, a tug-load of reporters followed the Inspector aboard, shinning up the sides, their teeth firmly imbedded in camera straps, while the wide-mouthed tars grinned at the manifest absence of sea-legs. The tender sheered off. The Montrose resumed her course, and fifty newspaper men found themselves penned up aboard a moving liner with a magnificent story for which a thousand newspapers were beating their breasts in helpless anxiety. They gathered about the smoking room, the representatives of all the chief newspapers in the English-speaking world, and agreed that whereas one Marconi operator aboard had but one pair of hands and one instrument, no reporter should place on the wire for his papers more than one hundred words until all reporters had been similarly served. And while a steamship manoeuvred through the inky blackness of a Saturday night with the lights of Quebec slowly dissolving from a blur to horizontal lines and segments, the invisible pen of wireless dashed off the melodrama of Crippen's capture. It was a true flesh-and-blood thriller, one of the best of its kind that ever happened.

Of all the inventions of the twentieth century, wireless has perhaps excited most wonder, a wonder that seems to sustain itself even as we become accustomed to its commercialization and read daily of the rescues at sea. The telephone, a scientific finding quite as remarkable, has staled by long use; so has that curious companion, the incandescent light. Yet, as some one has remarked, "there is nothing more mysterious in wireless telegraphy than the response of the eye to sunlight. The sun sets up waves in the ether, millions of miles away from the eye which is sensitive to light vibrations. A wireless transmitter sets up waves of a similar sort in the ether and these waves are recorded by an instrument designed to be sensitive to them." It was for that reason that Lord Kelvin described a wireless telegraphic receiver as "an electric eye."

Nearly all "sudden discoveries" in science, projecting the name and glory of an individual, are the composite feats of several predecessors, whose laborious steps fell short of the pedestal. So with wireless telegraphy. In 1864, Clark Maxwell worked out a theory on paper that an electric spark or "disruptive discharge" would set up oscillations in the ether. Twenty-three years later, Prof. Hertz put the Maxwell theories to the test and demonstrated their correctness. By an electric spark he managed to radiate etheric waves which he succeeded in reflecting, refracting and polarizing like those of light. The discovery of Hertz was the foundation pier of wireless telegraphy. Eight years after Prof. Hertz' announcement, Guglielmo Marconi, then twenty-one years of age, began to experiment in his father's home in Pontecchio, Italy, sending these etheric waves from room to room. Then he tried longer distances in the garden. His instruments "kicked" again and again at his absurd confidence. Modifications and some radically new devices had to be worked out before that garden-length was overcome. It was twelve years from that time that Marconi was able to flash his first trans-oceanic message from Glace Bay three thousand miles to Ireland, and every year of it witnessed tireless experimenting, invention, disappointment, and a remarkably generous portion of snobbery


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from scientific journals. But the garden tests at Pontecchio remain as the first actual demonstration of a practical wireless machine.

In 1896 Signor Marconi came to England, took out a patent and brought his apparatus to the notice of Sir William Preece, then engineer to the General Post Office. Sir William, after witnessing many demonstrations and having himself failed in wireless attempts, brought the Italian engineer to the attention of the Government and the public. The following year the first marine message was delivered across the Bristol Channel, a distance of nearly nine miles. From that day to the present it remained a matter of time and money, marvellous patience and ingenuity, and Signor Marconi's good health, to refine the receiving mechanisms, increase the power, and eliminate uncertainties so that wireless can be worked as well by night as day, in fogs, storms, and clear weather, nor are mountains or other lofty obstructions a barrier insurmountable. It does seem a providential stroke that wireless should have proved its greatest efficacy over stretches of sea, the very sphere in which ordinary wire telegraphy was helplessly handicapped. In this way, wireless has become chiefly a mode of communication by water leaving the wooden pole and copper line to their old-time sovereignty across the land.

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## *One Face*

Continued from page 238.

Within the house on the hill was quietness; about the yard the cleared and clean aspect of work done for the day.

By a western window, one face looked out and away, in dim waiting. In the paling light, the hair showed silvery; and over the temples, a few fine wrinkles traced their way. A pair of spectacles, folded, lay on the sill of the window.

The face was patient, smooth, serene, softly-colored. Not old with the yellow aging of cities, but ripened,—ripened in soft airs, on cool hills, amid breezy foliage: mellowed and matured with the breath of the harvest and of the spring.

Gentleness and maternity—the mothers of the world are made before their nativity—were imprinted upon the quiet face and in the wifely fold of the hands upon the apron.

The children were at play beyond the thicket; the nephew and his wife had gone down to the village. Peace reigned in the house, and all the doors were wide, letting in the breathings and the little whisperings of evening.

There came a step at the outer door,

a pause, an entry, the sound of a branch drawn along the wall. Three steps—she knew them, and flushed like a girl, and leaned and looked. John Oake came into the doorway.

Green twig in his hand, grass-stem in the corner of his mouth—he had always needed these aids to composure—this schoolboy of hers, who was all the same but the gray hair and white "choker," stood in the square of the door, and looked at her,—looked at her hungrily, and trembled in all his limbs.

She dropped her eyes, turning her hands in her lap. John Oake took off his hat, fumbled it, came across to her chair, and dropped upon one knee.

"Gracie-girl," he said, extending his hand shakily, and with an awkward motion covering hers, "thank God,—oh, thank God!"

## *Friends of Insane*

Continued from page 241.

Nothing of this sort is possible at the British Columbia hospital. The open and unrestricted method of caring for the patients makes it out of the question to abuse any patient without detection; and the contentment that shows on the faces of the insane is earnest of the kind treatment they receive. The attendants are not known as "guards," and the atmosphere of brute "authority" is singularly lacking. Rather than that of guard and prisoner, the relation between the attendant and patient is that of elder and younger brother, or guardian and ward. The patients are appreciative of their freedom. For instance, not a cloth on any of the billiard-tables has been cut.

The main building of the hospital overlooks the wellkept fields and the buildings of Colony Farm, which is the real show place of the institution. We cannot do better than to quote from Dr. Doherty's reports concerning it. In 1910, he says:

"At Colony Farm great energy was displayed in the work of clearing and underdraining. Connected with the Coquitlam institution are some thousand acres of land, and in the management and laying out of this great area we have in mind, both for the present and the future, the accomplishment of three great results:

1. The pleasure and health of the insane population of British Columbia.
2. The providing of employment to a large class of patients who will be benefited by regular work in the open air.
3. The great economy to be effected in utilizing the help provided in producing the requirements of the institution in fruit, flowers, vegetables, farm and dairy products.

Already the lowland of the farm has been completely cleared and underdrained, while with the exception of some fifteen acres it has already received its first ploughing or breaking, and there can be no doubt that within two years this will be one of the very best farms in the province. The new dairy and

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haybarns have been completed and will be occupied very shortly after the new year."

This shows the beginning of the doctor's great idea. Out-of-doors work for insane patients was still experimental. In the Argentine, a city of insane was under way, sixty miles from a railroad, constructing itself in an arable country, growing its own crops, feeding itself, caring for itself, with a minimum of sane attendants. Other experiments were being tried in Belgium and the United States. The following year, Dr. Doherty reported progress as follows:

"The results obtained at Colony Farm during the last year have been most encouraging, the crops raised exceeding even our most sanguine expectations. Some 230 tons of hay, 130 tons of potatoes, 125 tons of oats, and over 100 tons of mixed roots comprised our crop, to say nothing of green feed obtained for dairy cattle and young horses. The farm buildings have been completed, and the group, as now composed, is conceded to be the best in Western Canada. With the permission of the department, in order to obtain an unquestionable opinion as to the exact quality and standing of our stock, some fifteen head of stallions and brood mares and some twenty head of dairy cattle were shown in competition at the Dominion fair held at Regina early in July. For results, I refer you to the different Canadian and American stock and farm journals, all of which agree that British Columbia, represented by Colony Farm, furnished the surprise of the year, winning over twenty prizes, including five championships and three grand championships."

The work continued, and in 1912 he reported again as follows:

"Work at Colony Farm has gone ahead well during the year. In all, we have in temporary quarters at the farm 193 patients. The crops raised during the season again exceeded our most sanguine expectations. The dairy herd, composed entirely of registered Holsteins, has kept the institution well supplied with milk, as well as partially supplying us with butter. The first annual dispersion sale of young stock was held on November twelfth, and was in every way a complete success, the young animals sold bringing prices which demonstrated beyond all doubt that the British Columbia farmers appreciate good animals when they see them and are prepared to pay good prices, especially for superior male animals.

"During the year, our farm has been visited by representatives from many Dominion, provincial and state institutions, as well as by experts from the leading agricultural journals. These have, without exception, expressed surprise and admiration for the system in vogue, and in this regard I would quote verbatim an opinion expressed by the 'Farmer's Advocate,' in their issue of December, 1912:

"'*In recent years, Canadian governments have learned to do so much for agriculture that some departments of agriculture scarcely know what to do first and yet stand within reasonable amounts in the matter of expenditure. For demonstration in thorough farming methods of approved up-to-dateness, as well as the encouragement of rearing high-class stock, few institutions can equal the British Columbia government farm at Coquitlam, under the supervision of Dr. C. E. Doherty, superintendent of the provincial asylum. The particulars given by Dr. Doherty and the heads of departments have a ring of a brand-new fairy tale. But the listener needs only to use his eyes and get proof that all that is told is true.*

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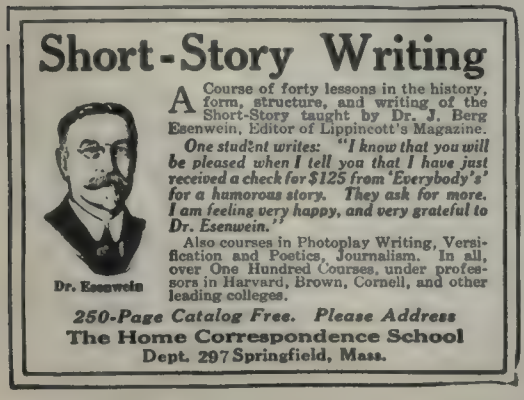



*Colony Farm. Nothing is wanting. Electric lights are available everywhere by the mere turning of a button. Water is supplied where needed, and hydrants are placed in suitable locations for use in case of fire. Yards are asphalted, a bed of four inches of concrete having a two-inch surface of the asphalt. Street sweepers keep the yards clean and a sprinkler keeps down dust. Two years ago there were no stables or yards. Now they are complete as money and brains can make them. Ventilation has received good attention and nothing is lacking by way of convenience.'"*

Dr. Doherty states that during the summer of 1912 animals from Colony Farm were shown at the leading exhibitions in the east, and at the Dominion fair at Ottawa the stock won thirteen championships out of a possible fourteen, while at Toronto the farm captured the much coveted gold medal for male animals.

"In connection with Colony Farm," adds Dr. Doherty, "I particularly wish to call your attention to the matter of revenue for the year just closed (1912). In all, you will notice that the past season has netted us over forty thousand dollars, a splendid interest on money invested, but a rate which will gradually increase as the land, which was brought under cultivation only two years ago, becomes older and more capable."

The sections from Dr. Doherty's report which we have taken occasion to quote are sections dealing with the enterprise from the standpoint of a business farmer, rather than from that of a physician. However, in a project like this, the material success of the balance sheet and the trophy room is sign of its scientific success as well. The percentage of cures is high, although the institution has been in existence only a very short time; and the very fact that insane patients can be taught to work in the fields and to raise such animals as their prize-winning stock, is in itself remarkable in the history of insanity. Patients who have been unmanageable, melancholic, and inert are brought out into the fields where less afflicted inmates are at work. Sometimes they will stand at the field's edge for half an hour, apparently unconscious of their surroundings. After a time they begin to take a little interest, to look about them. Everyone else is busy, and they get the infection of work. The fresh air and sunshine brighten them up. After awhile they will take up a hoe or spade, and join the workers. From that time on, they begin to improve. Work with the animals is also beneficial. They get an interest in life again, and something of a grip. They take a pride in their work, and become capable of carrying responsibility. It is tremendously interesting to watch the timourous recovery of a soul.

Dr. Doherty had the advantage of being given a new broom to work with, instead of an old one to use as best he could. Upon virgin land he made his brand-new institution, as he would.

Insanity has no history in British Columbia. As far as the records show, insanity has existed in the province only since 1850. He was at liberty to carry out his own ideas as he saw fit, and that under a generous government which did not hamper him with restrictions and red tape or beset him with politicians itching for a rakeoff on furnishing food, coal, clothing, and the various items necessarily purchased for the hospital. A paper read by him at the sixty-eighth annual meeting of the American Medico-

Psychological Association at Atlantic City describes his ideas on the treatment of the insane, and we quote as follows:

"The earliest record of an insane person in British Columbia dates back to 1850. During the rush to the Cariboo goldfields in the years 1858-9, many newcomers broke down under the strain of the hardships endured, and had to be cared for by the authorities. The nearest asylum at this time was in the state of California, and consequently all the cases which were at all violent or turbulent and unable to make this long journey, were sent to the 'lock-up' at Victoria for safe keeping.

"When female patients began to appear, however, it was evident that the gaol, which was not large, could not accommodate all. In 1872 the old Royal Hospital at Victoria was remodelled and converted into an asylum under the management of the provincial secretary's department, as it still remains to-day. At the end of the year 1876, the building was full to overflowing, and as it was deemed advisable not to extend the institution on that site, the then existing government decided to remove to New Westminster and locate upon a government reserve. The institution, at first accommodated only thirty-eight patients, but grew rapidly until 1908, when we were treating 509 patients of both sexes. (This number has nearly doubled since then.)

"In connection with our new hospital, which, when completed, will cost from $1,600,000 to $2,000,000, there were three points which I insisted upon securing. These were provisions in construction:

"1. For the isolation and fresh air treatment of all cases of acute insanity or acute mania.

"2. Provision for the handling of at least ninety per cent. of our chronic insane in congregate dormitories.

"3. Provision of proper buildings for manual arts and crafts training as well as for amusements.

"We all know that acute insanity, aside probably from that which accompanies general paralysis, tends strongly toward recovery, and the indications for treatment are therefore to assist instead of retarding nature in her efforts at restoration. The buildings where acute cases are treated are equipped in such a way that each acute case of the active variety can be treated as individually as if he were the only patient in the hospital. At the same time, every provision is made for an abundant supply of fresh air and the maximum of sunlight. I cannot but believe that fresh-air treatment of acute insanity is a cardinal point to be observed. While most of these cases are so noisy and so unmanageable that it is impracticable to keep them out of doors, the artificial ventilation, if properly carried out, I believe to be an excellent substitute, if not equally efficacious."


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All Edison Discs are of the cabinet (hornless) type, made of rare woods along graceful lines. Hear this new Edison. Compare it with any others you have heard. It is a decided advancement in musical reproduction.

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Mahogony cabinet, gold-plated metal parts. Fitted with automatic record feed, powerful spring motor with worm gear, diamond-point reproducer and automatic stop.

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A generation ago, consumption was regarded as a visitation of God. Young ladies of the Victorian age went genteelly "into a decline" when they loved and were not loved again, and a hectic flush on the cheeks, a cough, and a wasted frame were regarded as being entirely proper under the circumstances.

To-day, no such nonsense exists about tuberculosis. We know that it results from foul air, lack of exercise and an infection that the system is not in condition to resist. No longer does it run through a family to the third and fourth generation. We know that, taken in its early stages, it is curable; and even sometimes in its advanced ones. Likewise, diphtheria and smallpox no longer are scourges of the race—science has laid their power for evil forever.

Insanity is now on the threshold of exactly such a change. The research work of Dr. Emil Abderhalden, of Halle, Germany, has produced striking results. A year ago his first book on the subject of insanity was issued; and in a scant twelve months his conclusions have been confirmed by twenty independent investigators. By the Abderhalden reaction, it is possible to diagnose clearly the three main groups of insane—first, the manic depressive group, which are most hopeful of recovery; second, the general paresis group, which are least recoverable; and third, the dementia precox group, which are practically hopeless. This last group furnish more than one-half the population of insane asylums, and under manual training and out-of-door exercise furnish the larger part of the working force in such a colony as the Coquitlam one.

It is on account of this present working of the field of insanity that the

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That liquid, that plaster—based on old ideas—won't terminate a corn.

Don't try it. Your druggist has a new way—the scientific **Blue-jay.** It is so efficient, so easy, so painless that it now removes a million corns a month.

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question of laboratory work in an asylum is so vitally important. Dr. Doherty realizes this to the full, and has prepared for it. This department does not merely diagnose the arriving cases, but carries on independent research. It is invaluable to a hospital, increasing the institution's efficiency a hundred per cent., giving the scientific spirit to its work, and creating a esprit de corps in the staff. With the development of research work in connection with asylums, there promises to be a development in the treatment of insanity equal to that which Koch caused in tuberculosis, or the Wassermann reaction produced in the study of syphilis.

What this means in Canada, cannot yet be reckoned. But the Coquitlam hospital has made a bold beginning, and from it already a vast amount of good has come. Let it prophesy its own future.

## *The Pedlar's Pack*

Continued from page 272.

beauty is only skin-deep. But what would not you or ourself give for it, esteemed Madam? I never see a beautiful woman, or even a pretty woman, that I do not long to be like her. She who sways by beauty alone knows that her rule is brief as an April shower, but how delightful while it lasts! Beauty makes woman happier than brains if only because it makes man her slave. Beauty will always have more followers than brains. It wins man. Of brains in woman he has usually been afraid. It may be that the Woman's Movement will change all that, but, take it from a Pedlar who has traversed a world, who knows the weaknesses and follies, the wisdom and wickedness of human nature, as long as man inhabits the earth, he will worship beauty, and woman wi seek it in many ways, if Nature has unkindly witheld a full measure of it.

Of course intellect is immortal, while beauty fades as the rose. But think of what a charming summer the rose has of it, and say if you can, that immortal intellect seated behind an ugly face, will ever enjoy one hour as delightful as the rose's summer? Venus or Minerva, which would you be? Loving Love, we will cast our vote for Venus. Perhaps some future reincarnation wi see us again a woman but beautiful. Perhaps Nature, having in this incarnation wrought her joke upon us, will in penitence, give us both brains and beauty. Then indeed we will be formidable. Like royal red-headed Helen of Troy, or that great woman-politician, Cleopatra, we shall rule the destinies of many. Let us hope.

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**Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of**

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During the Napoleonic era two women stood out from all the others, one—Madame Recamier, the most beautiful, the other Madame de Stael, the most brilliant French woman of the time. Once when Talleyrand, that amazingly clever knave—was seated between the two ladies at dinner, the conversation fell upon the theme of which a man would save if drowning—his wife or his mistress. Madame de Stael asked Talleyrand—"If Madame Recamier and myself were in this sad position, Monsieur, which of us would you succour?" That prince of diplomats replied calm-

ly: "Madame, you know how to swim." It may be that without mental ability mere physical loveliness will not carry a woman far, but without some measure of beauty, brains is liable to leave a woman at the starting post, and frankly, our choice would be for the life of the rose. For, who knows? Love might gather up her scattered petals and wear them near his heart—and there would always be memories of divine nights, of soft serenades, of whispered words, of long, deep, passionate kisses. The onion is a serviceable fruit of the earth. It seasons deliciously, and is necessary to the success of many epicurean dishes. Sage is a delightful savory—but we pray those gods who hold on their knees our future destinies to give us the life of the rose with all its beauty and perfume, for be assured the nightingale will come to serenade her—Gallienne-wise:—

O Rose of the World, a nightingale,
A Bird of the World am I,
I have loved all the world and sung all the world—
But I come to your side to die.

### A CLEVER CANADIAN BOOK

AMONG the very many successful novels which have appeared within the last decade, by no means the least popular has been the novel dealing with some phase of history, English or foreign. Modern fiction caters liberally for every taste. It is, in fact, no easy matter to choose from our intellectual menu. We have analytic fiction, didactic fiction, immoral fiction, novels of theology and sociology, of manners and the lack of them, of cheap epigrams and tawdry vice, and pot novels which need constant sticks under them to keep them boiling, but for a clean-cut, interesting, vivid story it is hard to beat the novel of adventurous history, of deeds of "derring do," and dash, and bravery.

Such a novel is C. J. C. Snider's "In the Wake of the Eighteen-Twelvers", a vivid story of the wars of 1812-13. Here we have a work which does more than merely tell a tale. In it the author leads us to contrast the present with the past, and draw our own inferences as to the magnitude of the forces which produce civilization. It is in the incidental sketches that we find all the value and more than half the interest of the historical novel. Apart from the fact that such a work is profitable to us for instruction, we get the full worth of our money in the matter of story and incident. Every chapter of this book is a story in itself. We have the tale of the Burlington Races where Yeo fooled Chauncey by getting his little fleet of six "British warships" into harbour; the tale of the Niagara Sweepstakes "when nineteen ships played hide and seek upon an inland sea"; the escape of the "Slippery Six," a sequel to the Burlington Races. The "Slippery Six" having eluded Commodore Chauncey by slipping into Burlington Bay, stole out, when the foe left the field free, and made for Kingston to refit. The puzzle to Chauncey was "How did they do it?" This way:—

When the gale lulled, the hacked and hewed winners in the Burlington Races found themselves in greater peril than they had been, even in the passage of the bar. They were safe in a landlocked harbour, but the water at the entrance had begun to ebb until it threatened to leave them imprisoned forever, like lily pads in a pond. "Better wreck than rot!" thundered Sir James Yeo. "Pilot, you brought us in here for golden guineas, take us out now for the love of the flag!"

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the pilot. "But you must wait till the moon is full."

"Don't try to tell me, man," Sir James answered, "there are tides on these lakes."

"Don't try to tell me, sir," answered the pilot composedly, "that there ain't."

His companions looked for an immediate call for the "cat", but the man went on.

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is the recognized standard in thousands of homes.

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146

Shirriff's True Vanilla

Imagine how much more delicious cakes taste when flavored with real vanilla extract. You can make certain of using real extract of finest Vanilla beans by buying Shirriff's True Vanilla.
24

"There are tides on the lakes, Sir James, but they ebb and flow by years, not by the twelve hours. One year the water's three feet higher all over than another. Why, no one knows. But apart from that, an easterly gale raises the water at this end of the lake, and a westerly lowers it, and raises it at Kingston. The water at the entrance is on the ebb, now, because the lake's finding its level after the easterly that helped us in over the bar. The moon'll be full the night after next, and we'll get another shift of easterly wind. Then you can kedge out, sir, and sail away as soon as it cants around to the nor'west, as it's sure to do here in the fall of the year."

The pilot's advice was taken. The battered squadron hauled far within the wooded banks of the bay. Here shot-plugs were hastily driven into the scarred sides, and fresh spars cut for the shorn flag-ship. At the full of the moon the pilot's word was fulfilled. A light breeze blew foggy and dank. The water in the bay rose. The smaller vessels of the squadron were towed out over the bar. Next the kedges of the two large ships were planted in the deep water of the lake, and with hundreds of men to help to heave the capstans round, the great hulls ground their way out over the bar, furrowing the entrance with their keels.

Then came the welcome breath of the nor'-wester, and with guns in place again, yards aloft and topsails sheeted home, the "Slippery Six," battered but not beaten, went boldly on the track of the Commodore who fled while he thought he pursued.

Mr. Snider is a journalist, being News Editor on the Toronto Telegram. This, his first book, is dedicated to his wife who is one of our noted newspaper women. The author comes of sound U. E. L. stock, and has written many sketches of life on the great lakes. The work is delightfully illustrated by Mr. Snider, who is artist, poet, and author, all in one. Of the book we may lawfully declare, quoting from Mr. Kipling's verses to the defunct three-decker—

"She's taking tired people to the Islands of the Blest."

## *The Woman of It*

Continued from page 251.

what I do. And to-night, which might have ended in disaster—" She broke off, and Monro looked at her curiously, but he did not misunderstand her. Nothing of any consequence had happened to Valerie, and so the ball was the chief affair in her mind.

"Well, it turned out a big success, Molly. I never saw one of your affairs go with a better swing. Come on, dear, it's time we old folk were getting our beauty sleep." He assisted her to rise, yawning and showing a row of pretty white teeth, and she leaned on him playfully.

"I am tired," she confessed. "It's dreadfully hard work amusing English people. Do you remember the dances we used to have in British Columbia ?"

"I should say I did," he declared. "'Member the posters on the trees—'Dance to-night. Everybody white invited.' I can do a quadrille yet." And they danced a few steps along the polished floor before they settled down to a walk in the direction of the stairs.

"After all, Molly," he said, "Valerie will never be happy with this hedged and conventional life. Sometimes I think we would all be more contented if we went back to the Rockies."

"Oh, well," she said doubtfully, "perhaps we can go back next summer, after the season. But you know there's nobody out there for Valerie, and she must settle down some time. With

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The only way to enjoy zero weather is to wear pure wool underwear.

*Jaeger Underwear* is made of pure wool.

It conserves the heat of teh body and is woven so as to allow proper circulation of air.

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her face and her money, she will make a brilliant match here; and she has the brains to be a real social leader. She'll see the necessity of it after awhile. Girls are always full of dreams and notions at her age. I was myself."

He smiled, remembering the girl he had loved years before in the broad spaces of Western Canada, and patted her arm as he bade her good-night. But he shook his head as he went to his room. After all, Valerie was Valerie, and her father's daughter.

. . . . . .

Valerie herself was lying awake in her dainty bed, watching the dawn grow faintly pink at the window. Her hands were clenched, and her pretty mouth straightened out to a line.

"You are a pretty fool," she told herself sternly. "You gave yourself dead away to-night, and he saw it. Just because he has a handsome face, and a voice that reaches your heart, and a high way of carrying his head, you're in love with him—in love with an actor about whom every schoolgirl in England will be raving in a few weeks. And he hardly knows you exist . . . No, that isn't true. He remembered you. Probably I looked adoring. Oh, Valerie, you're such a fool. Anybody would think you'd have learned a little something in a season. What am I going to do ?"

But day brought her no counsel. The birds began to twitter and chirp in the ivy about her window, and early milk-wagons to rattle abroad, but she was still wide-eyed and sleepless.

"I can't do anything," she said to herself. "I must leave things alone. I tried—I did try. I was rude to him, when I would have loved dancing with him—how beautifully he waltzes ! That it should have been *he* when that silly candle fell ! Yet I'd rather have had him do it than anybody else. I would !" she said defiantly to her wiser self. "I would, I would, I would !" And then slowly she drifted off into sleep.

But, as Monro had thought, she was her father's daughter, and the next afternoon found her ready, with impassive face, to meet the world serenely. There were the usual legion of callers, the accumulation of notes, invitations, and what-not. It was the height of the season, and London was very gay.

Mrs. Monro was busier than ever. She had made a tentative reference to the singer, but Valerie had been indifferent and so casual about him that Mrs. Monro's not very great fears were allayed. Martin, she decided, had added two and two to make six, and Valerie was too sensible a girl to waste time on a mere professional.

It was at luncheon some two weeks later, that she put aside her ice—she was carefully dieting to the fashionable outline—and inquired,

"You are coming with me this afternoon, dear ?"

"Certainly, if you want me," agreed Valerie. "What is it this afternoon ?"

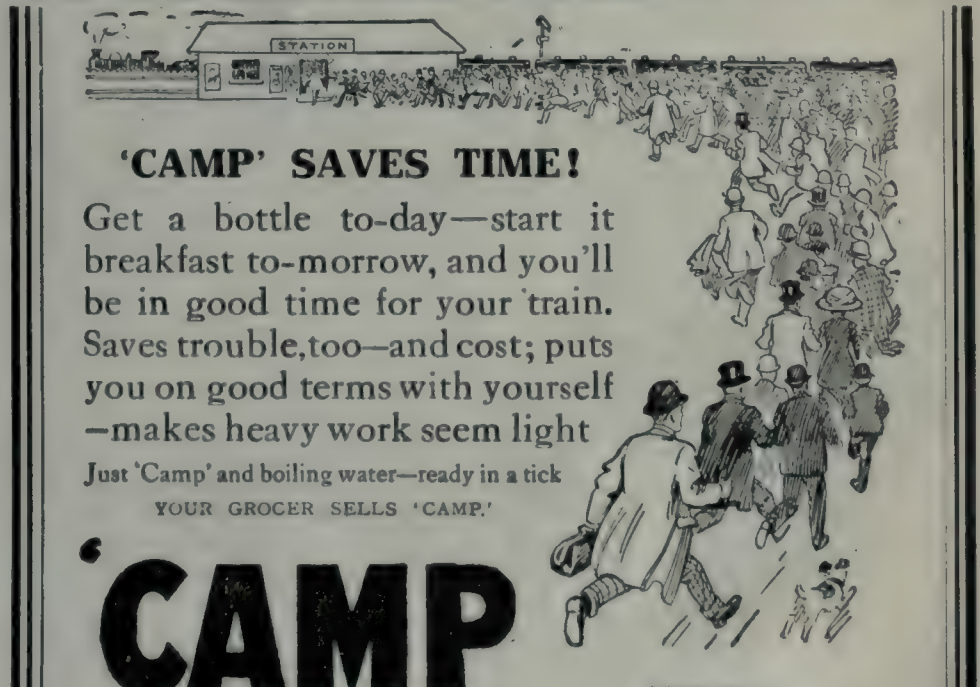
"The concert at North House—you know—for the Watchmakers' Orphans —I'm sure you heard me speak about the Duchess of Northshire's musicale?"

"No," said Valerie, and then because she thought she would not let her mother mention Sinclair's name first, she added, "And have you secured Signor Sinclair, mother ?"

"Of course," said Mrs. Monro easily. "I secured him as soon as I found out that he was Denzil's friend. I must say he is very good about singing for charity—but then he must be coining money. His throat must be worth thousands a year to him. Really, you know, I find that he is very well acquainted among our set. The Duchess is quite delighted with him."

"Oh ?" said Valerie politely. "Do you know, I think I shall wear my taupe afternoon suit, and take a turn in the park afterward."

"Oh, my dear !" Mrs. Monro was horrified. "That would never do. You must wear a frock—why not that



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**The Great And Ever—Increasing Popularity**

of **Wilson's Invalids' Port** (à la Quina du Pérou) is directly due to the up-to-date research and careful methods adopted throughout the various processes of manufacture. Only the juice of the choicest grapes grown in Portugal is ever used in its preparation, with this is combined extract of **Peruvian Cinchona Bark,** selected and analysed by expert Chemists who certify that it contains the necessary full percentage of alkaloids.

Extreme care is taken to preserve the original distinctive "body and flavor" of the wine and purity of the ingredients.

**Absolutely No Alcohol or Other Chemicals Are Added**

Sir James A. Grant, M.D., K.C.M.G.—says in part,—

"There are so many nostrums in the market for the ills that flesh is heir to,—care and prudence are very essential in all such recommendations, and such is the object I have in view when ordering **your particular brand."**

241M

J. A. Grant

**WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT**
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**The Secret of Beauty**

is a clear velvety skin and a youthful complexion. If you value your good looks and desire a perfect complexion, you must use Beetham's La-rola. It possesses unequalled qualities for imparting a youthful appearance to the skin and complexion of its users. La-rola is delicate and fragrant, quite greaseless, and is very pleasant to use. Get a bottle to-day, and thus ensure a pleasing and attractive complexion.

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Obtainable from all Stores and Chemists
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**PULL BIG STUMPS QUICK AND EASY** $1280 FROM 40 ACRES THE FIRST YEAR STUMPS ARE OUT.

Pulls an acre a day. It doubles land values. Enables you to grow crops instead of paying taxes on land that yields nothing.

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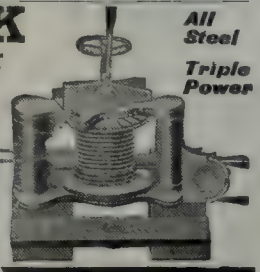

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From Michigan


black and jade-green gown that came home this morning? It's very fashionable, and you ought to make a good impression. The Duchess is fearfully smart."

"Oh?" said Valerie again. "Well, then I won't wear the suit. But I don't think I'd better wear the black, either. I'm not quite sure about the way it fits under the arms. I may take it back. My grey and silver will do—I've worn it only twice."

She looked in the glass at herself as she was arranging her hair, and pulling out a fetching little curl just above her left ear. She frowned soberly, leaning on her rounded elbows to do it with proper effect.

"Don't you be a silly idiot, Valerie," she told the reflection in the glass. "You know perfectly well it won't get you anywhere."

The concert was like most concerts in a private house. The beautiful long music-room was crowded by a company who had come because it was "the thing," and not from any love for or knowledge of music. Sinclair was the latest lion, and with a famous prima donna and a wild-haired Russian pianist to back him, was expected to roar gloriously. It was undoubtedly a good concert—this due in great measure to that capable organizer, Mrs. Monro, who scarcely knew the "Unfinished Symphony" from "Hearts and Flowers," but had the gift of making people produce their best when she wanted it. The Duchess had left almost everything to her, feeling that the contribution of her own title and the prestige of North House was quite enough.

So Mrs. Monro went early, and rustled in with an air of elegant importance. She made sure that all items of the programme were ready, that everything was in proper form, and carefully saw to the lighting for the performers and the placing of the chairs. Valerie watched her with approval.

"She never forgets a detail," she reflected. "She engineers things perfectly. I wonder—if the chief thing she thinks she has to engineer went wrong, I suppose she never would get over it."

Denzil made his way to her, among the gathering groups. There was anxiety on his plain, winning little face.

"I was so afraid you wouldn't come," he said. "Are you quite better?"

Something in his manner made her realize again what he had suffered. She smiled at him affectionately.

"Why, I wasn't hurt at all," she soothed. "Just a little mark about as big as a bean—it was all healed up in a couple of days. You were hurt a great deal more than I."

He shuddered, and made an uneasy gesture. "It was horrible! I'll never

forget hearing your cry." Then he looked at her doubtfully. "It doesn't bore you that I was so perturbed, does it ?"

"Oh !" said Valerie. "Indeed not. It is sweet of you to care."

"Care ?" he repeated, and laughed a little.

"How is Mr. Sinclair ?" she asked, changing the subject. "It made her somehow uncomfortable when Denzil abased himself in this fashion. She was the sort that prefers a dog who growls under punishment to a dog who lies down and waves apologetic legs in the air.

"He is better," said Denzil, his face lighting up at mention of his friend. "His hands were a little troublesome at first, but he wore gloves over his bandages, and got through his performances. It is still a little painful for him to shake hands."

"He has been singing, then ?"

"Oh yes. And he has been to Lord's and Burlingame's with me. He enjoys all kinds of sport, you know. There is still a great deal of the boy about him."

"Indeed ? He seemed singularly self-possessed to me."

"Yes, he is that, too—it is really wonderful how many things he can be."

"You are very fond of him, aren't you ?"

"It's a bad habit of mine—I am fond of my friends."

"Well, talk to me about him—tell me something about the time when you were boys in Rome together."

"I shall bore you," he said," and besides there is nothing much to tell. Except that I found out from him why he disappeared so suddenly from my horizon. The last day he came to play with me, he and his mother left Rome because his father had ill-treated him. I remember that he walked lame that day, though I had forgotten it until he told me."

"Oh ! how cruel !" Valerie's brows contracted—it seemed horribly impossible that anyone should ill-treat a child.

"He was a cruel chap—I always detested him. And yet he was always awfully nice to me. But I felt that it was a superficial kindness—that it was merely because I was Lady Merton's son, and that if I were of no use to him he would kick me out of his way like a dog."

Merton paused for a moment, remembering the heavy, dissipated face and the loose figure in the steamer-chair.

"Well, that day his mother made up her mind she would have no more of it, and went with the boy. I don't know what became of the father."

"Poor little chap ! said Valerie. "What a dreadful childhood to remember."


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*Try this treatment for whitening the skin tonight.*

If there is any condition of your skin which you want to improve, read the five treatments printed below. Here are simple, natural methods to correct the most common skin troubles—methods based on John H. Woodbury's years of experience in treating thousands of obstinate skin cases. Begin today to get their benefits.

**1st—For very tender skins.** Wash with Woodbury's Facial Soap in the usual way, rinsing the lather off after a very short time.

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**3rd—For hard, dry skins.** Just before you retire, rub Woodbury's lather into the skin and then, while it is still damp, cover it with a rubber tissue, or other waterproof material.

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**5th—For users of cold creams.** Apply a thick lather of Woodbury's and *massage* it into the skin, finally rubbing it off with a dry towel.

Begin tonight the treatment above best suited to your skin. Use it persistently and regularly and your skin will gradually take on that finer texture and velvety smoothness that you have always coveted for it.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after their first cake*.

Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's and try *your* treatment above, tonight.

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*For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast including Newfoundland*

**Write today to the Woodbury Canadian factory for samples**

*For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and hair and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 111-I Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.*


"Bob is always tender with children—he is always picking up some ragged youngster and looking after him. Probably that is why he is singing here to-day—because it's for children."

"Oh ! That's how mother managed to secure him then—not because he was your friend."

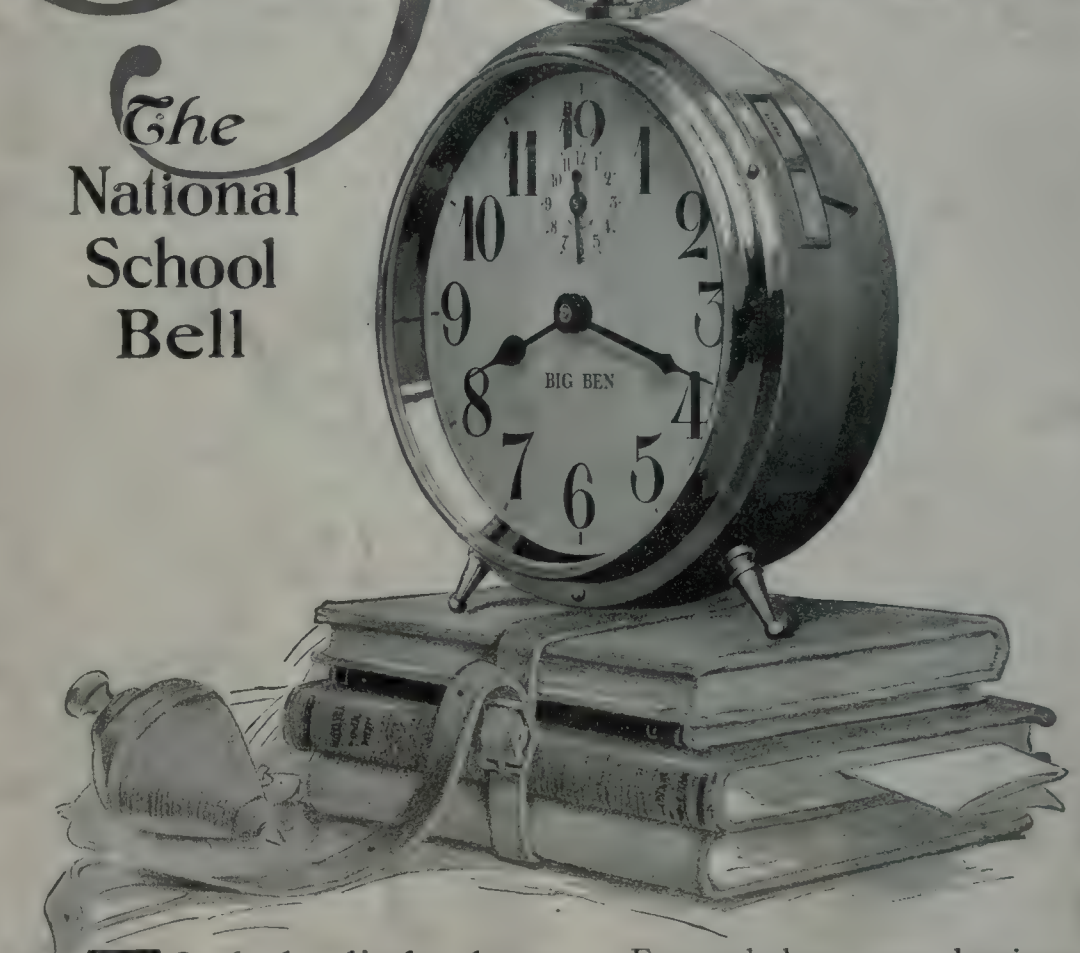
"Perhaps a little of both. He will do anything for his friends—he is almost quixotic about it."

Their conversation was cut short by the appearance of a quartet—the three stars could not be expected to shine at the beginning of the concert—and in a subdued and murmurous silence they listened to an excellent rendition. Valerie looked at her programme. Sinclair was on three times—first by himself, then in duet with the prima donna, and again alone. Before him came the Russian pianist. She listened dutifully, and dutifully applauded, but really every fibre of her was waiting for Robert. The little story of his childhood somehow brought him very close to her.

*To be continued.*

# Big Ben

## The National School Bell




TO help little boys and girls outwit the Sand Man and get to school before the bell:

For a happy little crew calling "Mother, we beat you!" For brushed hair, tied ties, white hands, pink ears inside and behind.

For ready hats, coats, leggings, rubbers, mittens, pencils, papers, books, clean handkerchiefs, a big kiss all around and the front door shut with time to spare:

*Big Ben*—seven inches tall, all shiny and bright, with big easy-winding keys, a big, frank, open face, and a big jolly deep-toned voice.—He'll wake them every day at any time you say.

Rings two ways—five minutes straight or every other half minute during ten minutes. $2.50 anywhere in the States, $3.00 anywhere in Canada. *Made in La Salle, Illinois, by Westclox.*

VOL. XV.
NO. 5

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
MARCH

# Concerning Greta Greer

## Part I.

### IN WHICH AN UNUSUAL WOMAN DISTURBS THE PEACE OF THE SHIP'S DOCTOR

By Madge Macbeth

Illustrated by Elisabeth Telling

IT was not the unusual name that attracted him. Dr. Dare was quite sure of that. It was something infinitely more subtle and elusive—something which baffled and defied explanation—something which simply was.

Greta Greer! It had drawn his notice at once, as he had idly run his eyes along the ship's list at his plate. In ordinary type it appeared, well down among the G's, and yet it had the effect of being in capitals, or perhaps in raised letters, such as one sees in the quaint books for the blind. His eyes roved about the ship's dining-room, in search of the owner of that curious name. Somehow he felt certain that a psychic attraction would draw his eyes to hers.

Greta Greer! He started, realizing that he had spoken the words aloud, and glanced covertly at the man on his right. But this individual was intent on the menu, heart and soul, and doubtless would continue his absorbed perusal, even though the magic name were shrieked discordantly into his hairy and bulbous ear. The glittering lady on Dare's left seemed equally oblivious. Registering a vow to keep his thoughts to himself in future, he resumed his survey of the women in the room, estimating and wondering if any of them could be Greta Greer.

But the feminine passengers seemed totally unattractive. Even the women at the captain's table, where one might expect to find a *rara avis*, were all commonplace and disappointing like the rest. He applied himself to his dinner, and had finished his fish when the captain rose ceremoniously in salutation to a belated diner, and turned her chair—beside his own.

THERE FLASHED ON DR. DARE'S MENTAL VISION AN IMAGE OF THE THIEF, FURTIVELY HANDLING THE STOLEN JEWELS

The doctor was conscious of a stir throughout the saloon, of a cessation from speaking and from eating. The epicure at his right held a heavily-laden fork poised in air; the scintillating lady on his left sat stiffly erect and arranged the glittering shoulder straps of her royal purple gown with the conscious look of one who wished to be noticed yet appear quite ignorant of it; the two men opposite, Judson and Hobson by name, of the amorous type who like to number their yearly flirtations in figures of three or more, gaped unaffected astonishment; and from behind Dare glided a tall woman in clinging green, leaving a suggestion of incense in her wake.

The captain murmured the conventional words of introduction, the people at his table bowed in turn as the woman included them all in a politely indifferent inclination of her head, and turned her attention to the menu.

All at once conversation was resumed. There was a buzzing and a chattering as though some spell had been lifted. Each person seemed glad that his neighbor had been affected similarly to himself, and there was a good deal of forced laughter. Dare drew a short, sharp breath—this was Greta Greer!

. . . . . .

Ellis Dare was travelling for his health, although he would have scorned and refuted that statement as a reason for his departure from arduous work. Strictly speaking, the term was incorrect, for if a perfect physique, a steady eye, and clear, clean skin betoken health, he had first claim to it. In fact, he had never lost the look of the

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young Greek god which used to be the subject of so many gibes in his college days, but mentally, he was unstrung, and he had, in the idea of changing his associations, shipped as doctor on a big liner plying between Montreal and Liverpool.

The science of medicine which pertained to the administration of drugs never had, and never could, appeal to him. The lozenge and pellet habit filled him with impatience; he even escaped the microbe fad and germ fever! Likewise, disease in its accepted form—the measles or the whooping cough—was an uninteresting study to him; but medical science as applied to the psychological phases of the human mind took so great a hold upon him, and led him into such mazes of research and experiment, that a rest became imperative.

Constant probing into hallucinations, occult science, and criminology of motive, rather than performance, caused his own imagination to play him strange tricks, and he lost that keenness of insight which was necessary for a critical and impartial judgment of the cases brought to him. He arrived at the stage where everything depended upon the point of view. The world of reality was less real than that of imagination, of fancy; he began to find it difficult to distinguish the line which divided those creatures of blighted faculty, who are carefully removed from contact with the world, from those who roam at large, and are called sane.

He found himself listening attentively, even deferentially, to a woman who fancied herself one of the Graeiae and implored him as Perseus to return her eye and tooth that she might live. Her absolute conviction, her exhaustive knowledge of the mythical age in which she supposed herself to exist, and above all, her candor, free from every affectation, ruse, and the palpable artificialities with which women of her class surrounded themselves, interested and charmed Dare. Perversely and fretfully he heard the hectic complaints of a woman of fashion and nerves. He listened with total lack of sympathy and understanding to the murmurings, imperfectly veiled, against her husband, her friends, her servants. He scoffed at her openly when, with limpid, tear-laden eyes, she told him of the longings which beset a woman with a heart, and one who is reduced to a Japanese sleeve dog as an outlet for her pent emotions.

"What would dear Dr. Dare recommend?"

"Forgetfulness of self," he answered shortly, "and a good, long term of earnest work among people who see life at its neap and its flood tides!"

In the doctor's opinion the position of these two women should have been reversed—one was harmless in her belief, in her life; when humored slightly she was simply happy, shedding an atmosphere of contentment around her, wholly appealing in her sweet womanliness. The other—no amount of humoring could lift the pall of discontent with which she enveloped herself and those about her. She sought tirelessly a phantom happiness. Daily, she committed crimes against herself and her household in thought, word and deed, and yet she was at large and was called sane!

But the man went a step further than this—he exonerated many of those whom the world calls criminals, by reason of the *motive* for their crimes, and he branded men of his acquaintance as transgressors against moral and religious laws for tolerating weaknesses in themselves, even though such failings were not punishable by execution in the eye of the law.

He studied Nero, Napoleon, Robespierre, Lorenzo di Medici and the powerful Catherine, finding much to interest him in their sinister acts of cruelty, from which he did not shrink, all because of the great underlying and controlling motives; and he did not share the optimistic view of some who tell us that the world is falling upward.

Crimes of to-day which went unpunished, were, to him, more utterly revolting and gruesome than those of two hundred years past, which now fill the average reader with unspeakable horror; criminals to-day who walk through life with a brand burned into their souls are in very many instances worthy of a reinstalling in society, and are bitterly sinned against in being scorned and shunned by their fellow men. Dare grew to have a gigantic respect for the man or woman who set a task and accomplished it, regardless of what its fulfilment involved, and realizing that this attitude was too much at variance with accepted standards to gain anything but ridicule and contempt, and that it only tended to warp his judgment in the cases brought to him, he decided to rest for a year and try to see life through more ordinary glasses. No crime, however gruesome, was revolting to the doctor once he found a motive for it, and instead of calling criminals insane, as the law and private individuals often urged him to do, he usually found them quite rational beings whose actions were consistent with a very sober and earnest reasoning. More or less consciously he always told himself,

"There, but for the grace of God, goes Ellis Dare!"

"DO *you* KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT?" SHE ASKED HOARSELY

## CHAPTER II.

As the last passengers arose from their tables, the captain whispered something to Greta Greer, and she, answering indifferently, turned her face full to Dr. Dare, standing aside to allow the gleaming Mrs. Threckmeyer to pass. This person had kept up a desultory conversation with Dare over her cheese and coffee, having an object in view, and he had tolerated her banalities for the reason that he recognized and shared her object—

that of obtaining a better look at Miss Greer.

Inwardly, Mrs. Threckmeyer wondered with a woman's pique why so cold and indifferent a person as Miss Greer should interest the alive and sympathetic young physician beside her, and Dare wondered why a woman of Miss Greer's highly patrician type should hold anything of interest to her diametric opposite, Mrs. Threckmeyer.

The girl was wonderful to look at; she was as tall as Ellis Dare, himself—quite above the average—and perfectly inconsistent in her make-up. She was too thin about her neck and throat, her arms were slender to leanness, and her hands were so unusually long, that when idle they had the appearance of curling up so as to require less room. But her bust was full, her back broad and straight, and she had no hips. She had blue black hair, straight and heavy, which she wore in classic coils close to her small head, her eyelashes were beautifully curled, her brows were so slight and fine they seemed to cast no shadow upon her eyes, which were a cat-like, uncanny green, and to make the effect more startling, the pupil appeared to cut the iris of her eyes in half by drawing itself into a thin, perpendicular line. Her skin was a dead white, against which the scarlet of her lips stood out strongly. She had a mole just under the curve of her chin. Long jade ear-rings hung pendent from he little ears and she wore no other jewels

Her manner in turning to Dare wa just short of well-bred insolence as he stepped forward in answer to the captain's signal. He felt as though he had been summed up, in that one comprehensive glance. Whether or not he had been found wanting, it was impossible to ascertain at the moment. The captain introduced him.

Greta Greer did not shake hands, but her bow was not as frigid as her previous attitude might have presaged.

"And there's me, Captain Myles, don't forget me!"

The three standing at the captain's table were almost startled at the unexpectedness of the interruption; they had forgotten Mrs. Threckmeyer.

"Pleased to meet you," the lady gushed, making it impossible for her fat and shiny little hand to be ignored. "Very pleased, I am sure. I says to myself as soon as you walked into the room—there's a girl after my own heart! She knows a good piece of jade when she sees it. Do you like malachite too?"

"Very much," answered Greta Greer, in what seemed like a rather husky though not unpleasant voice, for one with so long a throat. She was practically cornered with a man on either side of her and the voluble Mrs. Threckmeyer in front.

INSTEAD OF LAUGHING AT THE DOCTOR'S HALF SERIOUS TIRADE, THE GIRL DREW A LONG BREATH AND TURNED FULL TOWARD DARE, HER PECULIAR GREEN EYES GLOWING

"I am sure you do! Green suits you, don't it? Now, I have about the finest collection of malachite in Canada, though I don't often wear it. It's Sol's fault—my husband, you know. He loves bright things, and he says diamonds are more my style! Do you know Solomon Threckmeyer? No? Ain't that funny? I must tell him that here I have met three people who don't know him! He says he can't go into a hotel from coast to coast without hearing his name shouted out the minute he steps up to register! Would you like to see my jade, Miss Greer?"

"Very much," answered the girl with the same tone in her voice one notices when a woman perfunctorily and untruthfully declares that she is "very fond of children, very!" "But I think I should like a turn on deck now, thank you, Dr. Dare," and with an ungracious sweep, she passed close to Mrs. Sol Threckmeyer and out of the door-way, the doctor following immediately.

The walk had a peculiar effect upon Dare and gave him food for thought in his cabin later.

With the rampant passion for dissecting everything and looking for the abnormal he commenced the moment they were free from Mrs. Threckmeyer and her oppressive burden of jewels to ask himself what manner of woman was this Greta Greer, that she should hold him immediately in such a thrall. She was not the sort of person one could know casually, nor was she born

Continued on page 360.

# Mine, Miner, Minus!

## HOW WILLIAM AND I FACED THE FURIES AND UPHELD OUR AUTHORITY AS A MAN AND A VICE-PRESIDENT

By Emily F. Murphy

*Author of "Getting Experience at Woodbine," "Open Trails," etc.*

Illustrated from Photographs

WHERE YOUR WINTER'S COAL COMES FROM—A MINER AT WORK IN THE SEAM

*Till dazzled by the drowsy glare,*
*I shut my eyes to heat and light*
*And saw, in sudden night,*
*Crouched in the dripping dark,*
*With steaming shoulders stark*
*The man who hews the coal to feed my fire.*
*Wilfred Wilson Gibson.*

SOLON once told Croesus that whoever had the iron would possess all the gold, but here Solon was taking coal for granted. Iron mines are of comparatively little value unless coal mines are within easy access. I think of this as I view the underground "workings" of a coal mine to-day and of how our royal land of Canada has both minerals in immeasurable quantities. In this Province of Alberta alone there is so much coal to burn that its fire would glow for a million years. Looking at this sheer face of coal twenty feet in height, I must perforce recall Oliver Wendell Holmes' remark that he was not at all nervous about a certain comet which threatened to destroy the earth for there was so much coal in the world he couldn't bring himself to believe it had been made for nothing.

In time past, it was said hereabout that coal mining did not pay; that the profit of the industry lay in its "higher mathematics," by which was meant the formation of companies and the disposal of bonds and stocks. The primary work of the "Coal Barons," it was further declared, consisted in laying up treasures on earth for themselves, leaving the share-holders to find reward in heaven. The "suckers" who purchased stock were said to have gone through the comparative degrees of "mine, miner, minus." They were "the bitten."

From the uppermost appearance of things, these remarks would seem to be warranted, particularly as the true westerner has always something to sell and has even been known to lie about it. But a closer and more careful study of affairs shows that in this grim game the mine owners received neither the honors nor the tricks, that is unless you are disposed to count the chicane as one. Often in their futile efforts to bolster up the exchequer of the company, the barons have sacrificed their private fortunes so that their titles may with entire propriety be spelled "barrens." It was one of these men who feelingly remarked, "When a man's affairs in this province go rocky, you may safely reckon on coal being the rock."

But now that the seven lean years of coal are over and the fat ones are well begun; now that coal as a revenue producer is only second to Mother Wheat, we can with calmer and more unbiased judgment consider the causes which have hitherto been responsible for its "outrageous fortune."

Perhaps the commonest cause of failure has been the lack of adequate capital. The president's chair in a coal company is no place for empty pockets. To operate his mine successfully he requires money in a large way. He must—so to say—have money at any price. The initial outlay is large; the carrying expenses heavy; the unexpected demands many. Hitherto, this capital has not been readily forthcoming. Investors have preferred to buy town lots rather than industrial stocks. In older and more settled communities the opposite condition prevails. On the other hand, coal on the cars is cash. The mine operator takes his bill-of-lading to the bank and draws up to two-thirds of its face value. This enables him to meet his fortnightly pay-bill and general mining expenses for two or three years, until sufficient "rooms" have been made in the workings of the mine. He cannot expect it to do more; but, in the meanwhile, there is development work to be done and development work is expensive. The "entries" or hallways off which the rooms open are costly to drive and they must be beamed with great timbers held in place by tree trunks. Initial surveys have to be made and expert superintendence paid for. It is for such work the president requires ready money and free money. He cannot possibly make his working expenses cover those of development, in that the same managing staff is required to handle a small output as a large one. The same is applicable to the engines and hoisting machinery.

The second cause which has hitherto hindered successful operations has been lack of railway facilities and lack of a steady market. Emerson has defined commerce as taking things from where they are plentiful to where they are needed. Coal is plentiful; and that it is needed in the Canadian West we need hardly remark; but that it could not be carried needs explanation. For several years our railways were lamentably short of equipment so that the mines had frequently to close down for days, or even weeks, their bunkers being entirely inadequate for storage purposes. This meant a severe loss to the mines in that their men and machinery stood idle and that lucrative contracts had to be cancelled. Probably no industry has suffered so keenly from car shortage as that of coal mining. The only people who have received windfalls from this regrettable state of affairs were the dishonest yardmasters who, unknown to the railway officials, did a secret but withal

brisk business with the rival coal companies that bid for cars. It took a goodly slice off the profits of each car of coal to grease the large palm of the yardmaster. And who in this pushful, practical age has ever heard of a car's spotter in the railway yards buying a ton of coal ?

The plethora of his coal bin is more to the credit of his wits than his morals. My mind is fully established in this thing; as a grafter he is the perfected article.

It may, however, be said in excuse for the car shortage that the demand for coal cars synchronized with that of wheat, the rush for both being in the autumn and early winter. At first, the pinoeer coal dealers in the villages and towns throughout the west had neither the buildings wherein to store fuel nor the money to permit of their purchasing it, so that orders were seldom given until cold weather had actually set in. While this condition of affairs still leaves something to be desired, the dealers have had several salutary lessons and are, as a generality, becoming much more forehanded. The population of the west has also increased so vastly during these latter years, that the demand on the dealers, and accordingly on the mines, has gradually become steadier till at last, the industry rests upon the well-settled foundation of a regular demand, a regular supply, and a dependable railway service. In other words, it fulfils the three conditions laid down in Emerson's definition of commerce.

A COAL MINE IS NOTHING MUCH TO LOOK AT FROM THE OUTSIDE

A third difficulty which confronted mine operators, was the securing of experienced miners. The supply was distinctly inadequate, so that "green hands" had to be engaged—homesteaders who wanted to earn money during the winter, newly arrived immigrants who took the first job which came to hand; and farm laborers who came west to take off the harvest and decided to stay in the country. These men, while they came under the union scale of wages, were unable to do little else for the first winter than spoil their shots of dynamite, cave in the roofs, and blow out the timbers. The mine operator, however, rarely became disheartened so long as the green man didn't blow off his own head, for in this case the operator would be called upon by the courts to pay staggering damages to the miner's heirs under the compulsion of an extraordinary statute known as the Laborer's Compensation Act.

But now, in these days of grace, owing to the investment of British and foreign capital, the unskilled man has been superseded by electric drillers and cutters—in a word, modern methods are being used in our mines with the result that we have fewer accidents and losses. This application of machinery to the industry has also brought about a maximum of output with a minimum of expenditure. The development work can be done with more speed and less expense, so that the old disabilities under which western operators had to labor will soon be cancelled out of memory.

While the application of machinery to mining must indubitably minimize the probability of strikes, the operators must be prepared to reckon with these until the arrival of a time when "throwing down their tools" will cease to be the chief occupation of miners. It is hard to account for this irresponsible vagary, unless it be that they receive twice as much pay as other workmen. Or it may be that they make a fetish of the union, in which respect they resemble certain stupid people in the southern seas who have a worm as their god and are wont to sacrifice oxen to it .

THE MAIN ENTRY OF A COAL MINE AND THE CAR THAT TAKES THE COAL TO ITS DESTINATION

Now, miners on strike are persons of no very marked refinement, neither are they given to logic. What Tennyson says of the Light Brigade is most applicable here—"Theirs not to reason why."

When you meet real strikers nothing counts. You may do everything which instinct, invention or despair can suggest, except descending to vulgar invective, yet without the slightest tangible result. No matter how smoothly their employer may speak to them, they are suspicious of him or her. The intervention must always come from a third party. These men are the latter-day exponents of the old rule laid down by Dean Swift for the better direction of servants, "Quarrel with each other as much as you please, only always bear in mind that you have a common enemy, which is your Master and Lady."

To find yourself facing a square of irate strikers is to feel yourself very thin, very colorless, and amazingly inexperienced. It is to wonder at the rudeness of their speech, the largeness of their mouths, and to speculate in a Christian way as to just what screw is loose in their mental make up.

I know this to be the way of it, for once we had a strike in a mine which I, with a strutting but misguided assurance, imagined to be the property of our family. Owing to a former superintendent having entered into an agreement with the union, I learned we were holding the mine co-operatively and that I could not dismiss the men either individually or collectively.

The trouble happened in this wise:—The president being absent for several months, it fell to me, as vice-president, to hold the reins. By reason of the facts that the seam of coal was pinching thin; that the miners were receiving one-third more than any others in the locality, and that we were producing on a falling market, we found we were losing nearly one hundred dollars a day. The superintendent invited the miners to discuss the matter without prejudice. They did not disallow the correctness of his contention, but refused to consider a reduction of their wages. They were content to stand by their side of the agreement and would see to it that the company did the same. And here I showed a lack of discretion in allowing this matter to be discussed, for while failing to deduce that it was highly preposterous to kill the goose who laid the golden egg, they still had the penetration to see that in closing down the mine "because of lack of orders," my primary object was to nullify the agreements. Nothing could express their unmeasured contempt of the vice-president and they left me under no misapprehension as to their opinion of me. They accused me of "playing" them and, being guilty of the offence, I was naturally offended at the accusation. Still, I declined to be led into further discussion, or to recriminate in kind, so that ultimately I came to feel strong as one does who is intentionally weak before his enemy. There was nothing for it. The miners had to walk out, all except the engineers who pumped the water from the sump. Now, the night engineer had a face so wicked that he might all his life have been stoking furnaces in the underworld, and he it was who permitted the men to enter the shaft and put a stick in the valve of the pulsometer so that the mine became flooded and several entries caved in.

I was quite as angry as my temperament allowed and it would have given me much satisfaction to have killed them for, after all, this is a most effective method of getting rid of your enemies. It was, nevertheless no small satisfaction when the superintendent, a tight-built muscular Englishman, gave the engineer a touch or two that reminded the onlooker of a piston-rod in action. If might and right are not the same thing, they ought to be.

Two weeks later, the works were re-opened with other workmen on a new wage scale. On arriving at the mine the following day, I found our former employees were picketing it. They had a crow to pluck with me, I could see that. The very air was portentous. Those workmen were like the horses of Phoebus Apollo in that their breasts were full of fire and they breathed it forth from their nostrils and mouths. But while the men were abusive and loud-voiced, they were never insulting, for even Satan finds it hard to forge a weapon against a smile and an unwavering courtesy. And, after all, what can strikers do with a vice-president who is a woman? It seemed like taking an unfair advantage of them. It was only when we met the miners' wives that I learned my exceeding limitations; that the power fell out of my elbow and the stiffening out of my collar-bone.

When I say "we" I mean William and myself. Now, William was my driver, and he had spent fourteen years in the British cavalry. He had served in Egypt and South Africa; he had fought his way through a screaming death at Ondurman and—yes, I will say it—William was a "nob" and handsome as a circus horse. His deference as he lifted me down off the high seat; his manifest concern for my comfort; and his superb arrogance as he bade the women "Give over there!" was too much for even these raging furies to reckon with. His coolness under a withering fire of invective restored me to normal and enabled me to "stand pat."

To shorten the story, we had had to engage three successive gangs before we won out. By that time the strikers had become divided, some having accepted work in other mines, while the remainder became discouraged and gradually gave up the picket.

I have dwelt at some length on this matter of strikes because, as yet, no actual operator has expressed his view point or his feelings under the ordeal, whereas the strikers have made the street corners vibrant concerning the villainies of their employers whom they designate as "Capital." In dismissing this phase of mining, I would say a strike is to be avoided at almost any cost for, apart from its factor as a somewhat strenuous builder of character, it is a victory which costs the operator too dearly both in the expenditure of nerves and of money.

Before being led into the discussion of finances and strikes, I had started to tell you about an Albertan mine and its "workings." The theme is worth picking up again. Before you go down, it is well to have a look around the machinery-room where the engines pump up the water and pump down the air. You will also be interested in the great spool or "drum" which unwinds the long steel cables by which the cage is lowered or hoisted in the shaft. One man stands beside it and controls it with a lever. The man behind the lever needs to be equally as steady and effective a worker as "the man behind the gun", for it is by this cage the men enter and leave the mine although they may, if so disposed, ascend or descend by the escapement or ladder-shaft beside it. It is the strictest duty of the foreman to examine this drum, these cables, and the cage every day and to record his findings in a book which he is required to keep in compliance with the laws regulating coal mines. This man must also carefully test for gas. The maintenance of the air-circuit is a matter of much concern to the operators, for on it depends not only the health and security of the men but the safety of the mine itself. Carbon monoxide, which is white damp, is more dreaded by the miners than any other gas because it is difficult to detect, having no odor, taste, or color. The Bureau of Mines in the United States have recently discovered that canary birds are extremely susceptible to it and, after being exposed for three minutes to air containing one-sixth of one per cent. of the gas, show marked distress. In eight minutes, they fall off their perches. As a result, many American miners are now using canaries to watch out for gas while they are at work.

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# To Professional Services.

By Robert J.C.Stead

Decorations by H.Geo.Brandt.

THE heat of the day was over, and long shadows fell across the unkempt street as the reddening sun descended. Mosuke Lubontz walked wearily along the thoroughfare, guiltless of sidewalk or boulevard, his heavy boots dragging clumsily through the hardened mud of the roadway. His head, sun-burned to a bronze yellow, swayed horse-like with every plod of his tired limbs; one big hand carried a dinner pail and the other swung listlessly at his side, what time it was not on the defensive against the accompanying cloud of mosquitoes.

Lubontz crossed the street toward an unpainted shack which faced the roadway. The debris left by the contractor was still littered about the place; the yellow clay thrown from the dug-out cellar had been burned by the sun to a brick-like hardness. Paper blinds, once white but now streaked in uncertain yellow, barred the vision at the windows, and through the unscreened door a multitude of flies buzzed lazily back and forth.

At the door the man's face brightened a little, and there was a tenderness in his step as he crossed the threshold. He turned toward the corner of the room, peering for a moment in the comparative darkness; then felt his way half shyly to the bedside where lay his Annette and their babe of a fortnight. . . . The woman turned toward him a face pale and worn, but with a startling flush in the cheeks and forehead. One hand was engaged with her tiny burden, but the other stole softly from the covers and found its way into the great palm of her husband.

"Child, your hand is hot," and there was a softness in his voice not suggested by his appearance. "Tell me, Annette, you have been less well this day ?"

She did not look at him, nor answer his question. Her large eyes stared at the ceiling. How large they were, and how unwinking, thought Mosuke. In his brief day of romance he had known his wife's eyes were beautiful, but he had never seen them so large and unwinking. He leaned over them, and at length they turned, very large and slow, into his.

"It is so," he said, slowly. "You are less well. Again I will go for the doctor."

Gently she disengaged her hand from his, and from her pillow drew forth an envelope, left that day by the postman. Mosuke removed the enclosure, and wrestled for some minutes with the unfriendly English. At first it was unintelligible to him, but gradually he grasped its meaning, and he sank into a chair by the side of the bed. It was a bill from Dr. Ralph, for professional services, and the amount was thirty dollars !

It was a long while before Lubontz spoke. He worked hard for his scanty living, and since the baby had come he had worked harder than ever. Until a few months ago Annette had helped by doing washing and scrubbing, and they had been able to get together a few sticks of furniture and make some crude preparations for the event which loomed so large in their lives; but now of course that help was withdrawn. Mosuke had changed his hour of rising from six o'clock to half past four, not only that he might do the housework in the morning, but that by walking three miles to his work he might save the three cents that formerly went for carfare. Ten hours each day he spent in the sticky mud of the sewer trenches. Ten hours of back-breaking drudgery, for which the city paid him twenty-five cents an hour. . . . . It was good wages, too. Lubontz recalled grimly how in his far European home that tale of twenty-five cents an hour had sounded too fabulous to believe. . . . But thirty dollars ! His entire ancestry, back to the dawn of time, had been brought into the world for less than that. . . . . It was not as though he had nothing else to pay. The rent of his shack was fifteen dollars a month, and meat and milk and vegetables—all were at prices which he had never thought to be possible.

A great anger rose in the heart of Lubontz. He did not swear before Annette; he knew he must spare her excitement, and his affection even yet could curb his tongue. But in his breast a dark surge rioted forth, and he cursed the condition which made him what he was. Dr. Ralph lived in a fine house in a fashionable avenue—Mosuke had seen it twice—and rode to his work in an automobile with a chauffeur to attend him and hand out his grips. Mosuke walked to his work and carried his dinner pail. Dr. Ralph came to his house three times and charged him thirty dollars; Mosuke would work in the ditch two weeks for that amount. And the winter was coming on, when work was scarce, and food was dearer than ever, and there was fuel to buy, and this winter they must keep the shack warm at any cost. Well . . .

"We must eat," he said at length, bestirring himself with an effort. "You have not eaten to-day—it is so ?"

She nodded. "If it was so we could have some meat," she ventured.

Mosuke fell into a ready English

oath. "How can I buy you meat when I pay thirty dollars—" he demanded hotly, but the last words broke in his mouth and he ended the sentence in a sob. She reached her thin arms toward him, and he crept to them like a frightened boy. The slight frame, wasted with sickness and want, was after all a bulwark of protection to the iron-muscled man. In her sweet foreign tongue she poured words of comfort and endearment in his ears, and by-and-by his composure was restored.

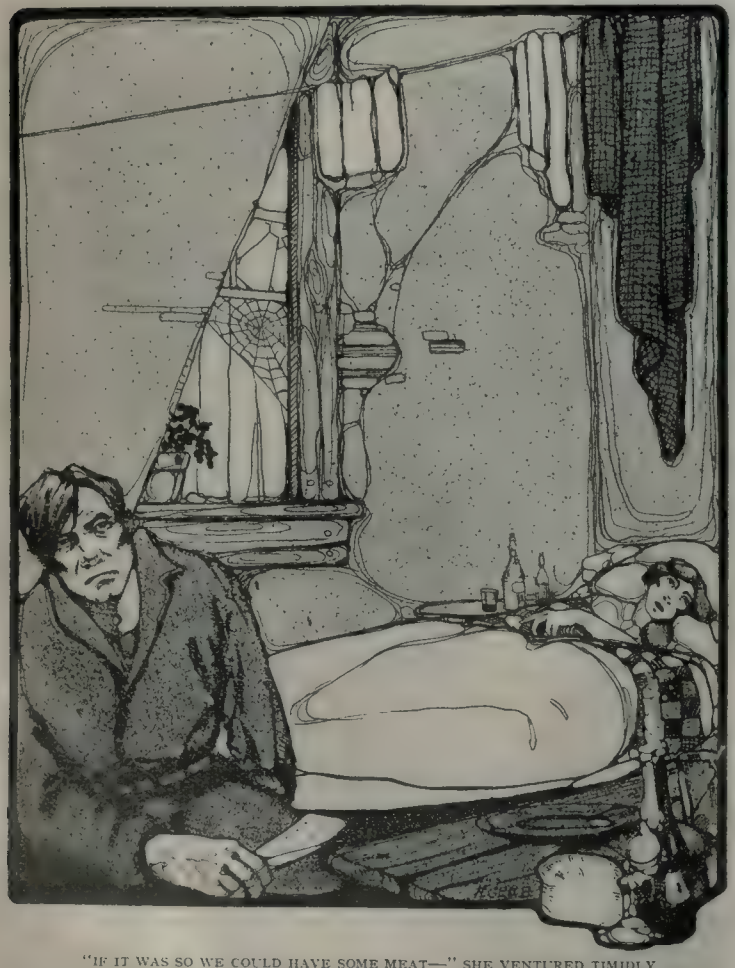
But he had drawn from a fount already over-exhausted. For a long time she lay very still, and he thought she had dropped into sleep. But when he looked again he found the eyes but partly closed and the lips struggling with speech. "Mosuke," she whispered, "I am very sick. If it did not cost so much——"

"I will bring him if it costs a city," he cried. "Yes, if I steal, I will do it." He seized his hat and left the shack.

By the time he had reached Dr. Ralph's house in the avenue it was quite dark save for the street light and the more subdued lumination from many windows. The sky was overcast and a light rain was beginning to fall. In his long walk the bitterness of his position had again taken possession of his mind, and the evidences of wealth and prosperity with which the avenue abounded only goaded him to a more unreasoning hostility.

He rang the bell sullenly and was shown into the doctor's waiting room. In the inner office a rich patron was settling an account; he saw a roll of bills in the doctor's hand and caught the brilliance from a ring on the stranger's finger. He guessed vaguely that that ring would feed his little family for a year. Presently the visitor took his leave and Dr. Ralph greeted Lubontz in his cheeriest voice. It was easy to be cheery, Mosuke reflected, when one has a stomach full of victuals and a hand full of money.

"Well, what's wrong?" the doctor was saying. "Is the little wife not so well to-day? Just wants a little cheering up, I'm thinking. You work too hard, Lubontz. If we could get her on her feet and you had a week or two in the country, why, man, you wouldn't know her. Wouldn't cost much, either. Let me see,—yes, I believe it could be done say for a week for as little as twenty-five or thirty dollars."



"IF IT WAS SO WE COULD HAVE SOME MEAT—" SHE VENTURED TIMIDLY

Mosuke gasped. Here was a man who spoke of twenty-five or thirty dollars as being "little."

"But the first thing is to get her on her feet, isn't it?" continued the doctor, not noticing the other's foreboding expression, or, if he did, attributing it to concern over Annette's health. The doctor pressed a button communicating with his garage, and hurried back to the inner office. Through the open door Mosuke saw him take a drawer from his safe. As he did so the crisp bills with which it was filled fluttered up as if in greeting. The doctor added those in his hand and returned the drawer to the safe, but did not lock it. Then he threw on his coat, picked up a satchel, and said, "All right, Lubontz. Let us be away."

But the laborer demurred. He had to go down town. He had to get something at a store. The doctor would drive that way. No, no, the doctor must not wait. The doctor must go at once. Lubontz would come later. Finally, finding that the man was not to be persuaded, the doctor drove away, and in a moment the red tail-light had faded to a point far down the avenue.

Lubontz turned the other way. He walked for blocks and blocks, nursing his great thought, and turning it over from side to side. The sweet perfume of flowers drifting down from the wet balm-o'-gileads along the boulevards, smote his nostrils with an ever-growing emphasis of injustice. A spirit of intense peace lay over the residential portion of the city, the very houses sitting calm and friendly-like in their ample spaces. But the friendliness was not for him, and it was the calm of those who do not have to fear for their winter's food and fuel.

A limousine drew up at a doorway, and two laughing young women were ushered down the walk by handsome escorts. Lubontz caught first the ripple of their laughter, then the dance of the electric light as it fell on their white necks and the exposed portions of silky gowns that hung about them like a waterfall. Even in his soreness of spirit he stopped to look. How beautiful they were, and how young! Here was golden-hearted youth—youth without care or thought except for joy and beauty. Inwardly he estimated their age. They could not be more than twenty, he thought.

Slowly Mosuke's hair rose on end. Twenty! Why, Annette was twenty. But Annette was old. She had no light laughter; no ripple in her voice; no spring in her instep. No, no, she was not like this. She was old. She had never been young—had never known youth. No silky garments had ever sheathed her like a veil of mist; no electric light had danced from the gems about her throat. With a curse he turned about, and again found himself at the door of Dr. Ralph.

Except for the front porch and the main hall no lights burned in the lower part of the house. The rain fell with a gentle rustle in the grass of the lawn, and Mosuke's footsteps were unheard as he left the walk and stole silently across the sward. At the back of the house absolute darkness reigned; he crept cautiously along, guided by his fingers against the basement wall. His first hope was the basement door. He reached it presently; pressed it gently, then more firmly. It was locked. He well knew that it would shiver and break before one heave of his great shoulders, but that meant noise. That would be a last resort. Slowly he proceeded, still feeling his way in the darkness. Perhaps he would have better luck at the coal chute. At length his hands fell on the opening he

was seeking. It responded to his touch. Very carefully he admitted himself, dropping silently on his toes to the cement floor of the basement.

Here he paused to steady himself and make sure of his directions. He supposed there was a cellar stair connecting with the kitchen hall, and these doors would be unlocked. It was a case of stealing quietly upstairs, along the hall, and into the doctor's office. One minute at the safe, then along the front hall and out by the front door, which would open to the hand from the inside. Once on the street there would be absolutely no clue by which he could be followed; he would hurry home and conceal the booty under the eaves of his shack. Then, he reflected, with a grim smile, the doctor should be paid his thirty dollars, and Annette and the baby should have their holiday in the country.

He started to move forward, but staggered and almost fell. Recovering himself he tried to stand upright, but his head swam and the walls appeared to dance about in the darkness. A strange oppressiveness filled his nostrils; a strange smell such as he had sometimes noticed in the sewer ditches. He reached gently for something by which to steady himself, when his ears caught the whirr of an automobile along the cement driveway, and a moment later he heard the garage doors run back on their rollers.

"I'll leave you to bring in the bundle, and mind you are careful of it," he heard the doctor say to the chauffeur. The next moment a key was turned in the back door, which admitted both to the basement and the kitchen passage.

Instinctively Lubontz stepped back into the deeper darkness. In doing so he jostled a hanging shelf, and some article of kitchen tinware clattered to the floor.

The doctor was just turning into the kitchen passage when Lubontz took his unfortunate step. Dr. Ralph stopped in his course, standing for one moment undecided.

"Cats, I suppose," Mosuke distinctly heard him say. "I guess I'd better chase them out," and with the words the doctor started down the cellar stairs. He presently reached the bottom, and Lubontz, two yards from his face, knew that he was groping about for the electric bulb. The moment he turned the button would be the moment of discovery. Mosuke had meant no violence, but he could not be taken thus. He was more than a match physically for the doctor, and although he was unarmed he carried a heavy knife. Stealthily he drew it from his pocket and felt for the blade in the darkness.

The doctor still groped for the bulb, voicing his annoyance in an undertone. Presently his hand found it. Lubontz crouched an arm's length from him.

The doctor turned the switch. Nothing happened. "Shucks," he remarked, "these lights have been turned off from upstairs." A moment's silence followed. Then there was the crackle of a match being struck.

No one ever knew just how it happened. There was a burst of flame and an explosion which tore the rear wall out of the doctor's residence. Two men in the basement were knocked down by the concussion, and one of them was on fire. The larger man seized him from the floor, rushed into the open, and smothered out the live flame with his hands. Then he fell back, gasping, from a dislocation in his neck.

DR. RALPH GREETED MOSUKE IN HIS CHEERIEST VOICE. IT WAS EASY TO BE CHEERY, MOSUKE REFLECTED, WHEN ONE HAS A STOMACH FULL OF VICTUALS AND A HAND FULL OF MONEY

The chauffeur ran up with a light and the doctor peered into the face of his preserver. It was Mosuke Lubontz!

"Tell me, Lubontz, tell me, how were you present to save me when the gas exploded?" But even as he spoke the light fell on the stricken neck, and the doctor's face turned gray.

"Doctor," Mosuke managed to gasp, "You—take care—for my baby—won't you?"

"I will, Mosuke, I will. See, I have brought her to my house this night."

The chauffeur came running up with a bundle, which he held close to the dying man's face. Gently they drew back the covering, and a glow of great tenderness lit up the foreigner as his eyes fell on the little pink bit of flesh.

There was a moment's silence, and again Lubontz tried to speak.

"And Annette, Doctor,—what will become of Annette?"

Very gently the doctor told him. "Annette was weaker than you knew. You will be with her in ten minutes."

"Then we—won't—need to—care—for the winter—will we, doctor?"

# Making It Easy For Him

## By Dorothy Canfield

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

EVERY time the older clergyman looked at the younger he gave a groan of self pity for which he felt little if any shame. It came near being a case of simple self-preservation, he thought, and did his best to harden his quivering Celtic heart.

"I mustn't get interested in him," he said to himself despairingly. "I mustn't get sympathetic or Lulu will scold so."

Lulu was the inimitably incongruous name of his wife, a firm-lipped, even-handed Scottish woman, set by Providence, so she said, as a guard over the too facile sympathies of the husband she idolized. She was undaunted by his rise to great fame and ordered about the celebrated Dr. Burke with as unshaken a certainty that she knew his wants and needs better than he, as though he were still young Michael Burke, the handsome and romantic emigrant who had captured her heart.

It had not been she alone, however, who had sent him upon this enforced vacation which he was now trying so conscientiously to guard intact. The whole worshipping congregation, seeing fatigue in his keen, gentle eyes, and traces of nervous strain about the mobile, eloquent, well-beloved mouth, had risen as one man and insisted on his going away to a remote nook in the mountains where he would not be known.

The last condition was the idea of the great nerve-specialist, one of his parishioners, who withdrew from the position of adoring affection, common to all St. James people when their rector was in question, long enough to regard Dr. Burke as a "case."

"He must go where people will not know him," was his verdict. "He must wear a pepper-and-salt suit and a red neck-tie if necessary, so nobody'll think he's a clergyman, and he *must not sympathize with a living soul*! Don't some of you know a place where everybody's fat and prosperous and complacent? He has simply borne our burdens and lived our lives in his wonderful way so long that he must have a rest. His insight into suffering humanity has grown unnaturally keen, and he cannot see any of us fainting for some subtle, spiritual lack that he does not, with his marvelous skill, bring to us what we need. But it's at the cost of his very heart's life, and he *must* be naturally and humanly selfish for a time, or the exquisitely fine machinery which makes him what he is will snap in a thousand places."

The nerve-specialist was one of the vestry, and this homily was delivered at the first vestry meeting after his examination of Dr. Burke. Each of the vestrymen loved his rector as much as did the nerve doctor, and each of them repeated the exhortation in his own words to the tired man. Moreover, each of them told his wife, and each wife repeated it to Mrs. Burke. What Mrs. Burke said to her husband is not recorded, but it was probably vigorous, for he set out upon his quest for quiet, genuinely alarmed about his condition and firmly resolved to be as near an approach to a cabbage as possible. And here he was upon the second day feeling his heart go out towards the young boy-rector of the little mountain parish in one of those swift rushes of intuitive insight which made him so worshipped by his parish, but which had also reduced him to the state of pallor and nerves in which he found himself.

He struggled valiantly against this obsession. He took solitary walks and rides over the enchanting country, trying to forget the sad note in the boy's voice and the perplexed and mournfully bewildered look in his eyes. He told himself impatiently that he was like a machine which was worn too smooth-running for practical purposes. He had been used, half-humorously, to think of himself as a contrivance which ran sympathy upon the pushing of a button. But now it had escaped from his control. The reverse-cogs no longer worked. It ran sympathy indiscriminately, as though the button had stuck fast and was pushing in all the time.

Thus he reasoned to himself when he was away from the little boarding-house where he and the young Mr. Melville were the only guests, and he went back to the appetizing meals sure of his power to resist the insidious appeal of youth in distress. But as he noted with the unerring eye of a great soul-specialist the signs of spiritual unrest, and diagnosed the case from stray indications in the conversation which would have meant nothing to anyone less gifted with the magical insight that was his he felt a miserable certainty that he would succumb before long to the temptation to put out his wise, kind hand and give just the touch to this unbalanced life that was needed.

It was after a moonlight walk with the young rector that he finally felt himself conquered. Up to that time he had repeated despairingly what his wife was always saying to him, "Suppose I had not happened along? He would have pulled through somehow." But on that night as he lay tensely awake, watching the steady patches of moonlight on the porch outside his window, he realized that this was a selfish shirking of responsibility—a callous repetition of the world-old cry of "Am I my brother's keeper?" He remembered himself in his first parish, and the apparently soul-rending doubts and unbeliefs which then assailed him, and how he would have blessed Heaven if some wise, kind elder could have put a steadying hand on his whirling, aching, self-doubting head. When the boy spoke with such a shrinking horror in his voice of his doubts as to his capacity to be a clergyman, with all that it meant, Michael Burke felt a responsive quiver in his own ever-young Irish heart, and he longed to show the dear lad sweetly and tenderly, as only he could. how ludicrously he was overestimating his own importance. When the Reverend Mr. Melville's blue eyes looked past his companion, as church doctrine was spoken of, with a hunted expression of hardly-repressed misgiving, the older man yearned over him and he felt burning on the end of his facile, eloquent tongue the very words which would show this fresh boy-soul the eternal truth underlying all the noxious verbiage which had been conscientiously forced down him at the theological seminary.

The moonlight evening of the fatal walk was Sunday, after the evening service in the bare little church, and after the keen eyes of the great man had pierced to the very soul of the hesitating, forlornly courageous soldier of the Gospel. The evening sermon had been a lamentable affair. The boy was trying to learn to speak extemporaneously, and the results were alarming. The fluent, practised orator drew great breaths of agonized sympathy as the young rector halted and stammered and fumbled hopelessly. And when he finally finished miserably without having made a point of any kind, and turned back to the altar to

receive the plate for the offering, thus shutting out for a moment the intolerably humorous, keen eyes of his amused but resigned congregation of people old enough to be his parents, Dr. Burke mopped his forehead, exhausted with the nervous strain. He could not have been more spent and haggard if he had been pouring all his golden eloquence into a mighty effort to stir the hearts of the self-satisfied, prosperous congregation who came to hear him in the city. As the priest turned about with the plate for the offering, the older man's heart contracted with a positive physical pain to see the drawn lines in his young comrade's face. The boy was evidently suffering agonies of mortification over his failure — those youthful, tragic pangs, which seem to leave the whole future black. Michael Burke could hardly restrain himself from going straight to him, putting his strong arm about his drooping shoulders and comforting him as only he could.

They walked home together that night, and although the doctor tried to call up before him the disapproving face of his much loved and much feared wife, he parted from the young man with the feeling that they were destined to be more to each other. Mr. Melville had been very silent and subdued, and once as they sat for a moment by the roadside, he had dropped his head with a half-stifled groan.

Dr. Burke's hand had flown out in instant sympathy, but he had withdrawn it before it touched the young priest, and he had sat in silence beside the troubled soul, holding in a final restraint the impulses of his helpful heart, tugging at the leash of his prudence.

That night, as has been said, he lay long awake, feeling his whole being warm and glow into the heat that always preceded one of his great efforts, either a sermon or a soul-to-soul struggle with the powers of evil and doubt. He had a sort of zest in letting himself go, lifted high out of his worry about his health by the tidal wave of this sacrificial fervor.

Although he knew that, while it would sweep his beneficiary out into the wide sea of healthful endeavor, its receding would leave him nerveless and limp on the shore of physical and spiritual lassitude, he had so exhilarated a joy in the prospect of the righteous exercise of his great power, that he even doubted for a moment whether he did not, after all, rather enjoy his adroitness in manipulating souls, whether it was not becoming an exciting game of skill with him more than a prayerful act of devotion.

But he was too wise a man, and had won his wisdom too hardly by terrors of self-distrust, to allow such fantastic doubts of his disinterestedness to trouble him much. He recognized them as among the most insidious wiles of the arch enemy, and put them resolutely on one side, as he meant to teach the Reverend Mr. Herman Melville to do before the end of his month's stay.

He slept very little that night, and although insomnia had grown to be a wretchedly steady habit with him, he could not but attribute his tossing restlessness to the subtle struggle which lay before him. The next morning he arose keyed up for the beginning of his task. He tried to forget Lulu, and succeeded at the first sight of the young clergyman's pale, drawn face. He made conversation, casual, kind, impersonal talk, and before Mr. Melville knew it he had made an

UNDER THE PINE TREE'S DENSE SHADOW DR. BURKE WENT OVER THE TRAILS OF HIS YOUTH, DRAWING FROM THEM THE GENTLY IRONICAL AND HEALING ESSENCE OF EXPERIENCE

appointment to show the tired-looking elderly man in the pepper-and-salt suit the view of the cascades by moonlight —the one show place of the little village.

That day was one of mingled joy and faintness to Michael Burke, but when the two started out together he felt himself like a well-tuned instrument, ready for the master's hand.

He began by telling the young man abruptly who he was; not just any Mr. Burke resting from too much devotion to business, but Michael Burke—of St. James,—"the one they call 'Father Michael,' you know."

The young clergyman stopped abruptly in the shade of a pine tree as if stricken dumb by this announcement, and the other felt sympathetically the heart-sick rush of chagrin of the self-conscious rector as he thought of his last night's sermon being heard by the world-famous preacher. His heart overflowed suddenly, and putting his hand on his comrade's shoulder, he said in the sweet, deep voice which went always to his own heart as well as to his hearer's, "I tell you that, my dear fellow, because this last week has made me wish to be 'Father Michael' to you, too."

Mr. Melville stammered out an incoherent expression of gratitude and the conversation was launched. They had started out to see the cascades, but they did not stir from under the pine tree's dense shadow. For two hours Dr. Burke felt he had never spoken better. He went over the trails of his youth—he had been a boy not unlike his companion—and he drew from them the gently ironical and healing essence of experience with which he had soothed so many troubled souls. He touched—but this very lightly—upon the anguish of first feeling the horrors of incompetence, the sermons that missed fire, the precious opportunities lost. He reserved more on this head until a later date, when they should be drawn more together and the boy really should have opened his heart. He spoke of the uplifting consciousness of one's final insignificance which was such a comfort to sane middle-life and to which the young man would certainly come through these very trials of his stormy youth. Of doctrines he spoke sparingly, but with a wide allowance for youthful scorn of theology, and with a tolerant, kindly smile for blasting moments of apparently world-rocking scepticism. The mere fact of having taken orders, after all, could not protect you against unbelief, he urged his young friend to know; and the priest must forge his own armor of faith by his own lustiest efforts, or go naked and shivering all his life. He must have his own interpretation of the holy truths of the church, and there was no better beginning than honest doubt.

At this he was suddenly aware that he was very tired, his knees shaking under him and his head heavy and throbbing. He rose and proposed that they go back to the house. He recalled that he would have a whole month with this boy-soldier, and that perhaps he had said enough for the first time.

The Reverend Mr. Melville walked beside him in silence, his head bowed. Dr. Burke respected his confusion and said nothing. At the door the young man roused himself, took the other's hand ardently in his and said earnestly, "I can't tell you, Dr. Burke, how much you have helped me ! You have given me a new inspiration !" The older man waved his thanks aside deprecatingly, but he went to his room with a glowing heart in a very tired body.

As he laid himself down wearily in his bed, his fatigue was for a moment lightened by the inevitable conscious joy of an artist who has done well. "It was one of my great moments," he said to himself, with an honest pride. He thought half-regretfully what a sermon he could have preached with the fire and feeling he had used up on this obscure boy, but upbraided himself at once for the thought which he recognized as mercenary.

There was no trying to sleep. His tense nerves twitched and twanged all through him like over-strained violin-strings. He felt that he could never relax again in his life; and reflected that this might mean the turning point for him, that this time he might really overdo so that he could never get back to a healthy state of nervous equilibrium again. "No matter about me," he said stoutly to his fainting heart, "it is an immortal soul to be saved for the service of good," and he turned himself to watch the steady light of the moon on the verandah floor.

A shadow passed before his window, and the Reverend Mr. Melville walked past with his arm around the waist of a girl in white. Dr. Burke remembered hearing that the young rector was engaged to be married, and smiled sympathetically.

The next moment he started on hearing his own name spoken, and in an instant was so transfixed by what he heard that he forgot he was eavesdropping.

"Did you ever hear of the Reverend Mr. Michael Burke, pussy dear ?" asked the young man.

"No," said the girl promptly. "Is he the old man who's boarding here ?"

Father Michael bounded indignantly in his bed at the adjective.

"Yes," said the other, "I didn't know he was a minister till to-night. He dragged me out for a moonlight walk and told me he was 'Father Michael.' He spoke so pompously about it that I was scared, for fear he'd realize I'd never heard of him.

"DID YOU EVER HEAR OF THE REVEREND MR. BURKE, PUSSY DEAR ?"

I just stopped short, trying to remember the name. It seems to me vaguely that I have heard him spoken of, too. Isn't there an emotional old preacher in some sensational church in the East by that name ?"

The girl made no response and the other went on, "Well, he's like all other old men, too fond of the sound of his own voice, and so garrulous about his youth ! I thought he never would get through telling me anecdotes of his young days. I meant to be kind to him, but, when you consider that he was keeping me away from you, you can imagine that I was not vitally interested in his reminiscences."

There was an interlude of appropriate silence after this, and then the girl asked, "How's your poor tooth ?"

"Better, to-day, thank Heaven. Why, yesterday I really thought I could not go through the service. By the way, Helen, darling, what did you think of the sermon in the evening ? Didn't it strike you as pretty good ? I thought that point about the health of content was not so bad. It really seems odd to me sometimes that I should have so little trouble about speaking without notes. It just seems to come natural to me."

"It was wonderful," breathed the girl rapturously—"wonderful ! I felt the tears in my eyes all the time—and when I thought how you were suffering every minute from toothache I——"

There was another silence. Then the young minister spoke again.

"You know how worried I have been about arranging the heating plant of that old house we're going to use as parish-house ? Well, it was the funniest thing—all the while this old man was talking I kept turning it over in my mind—it's really been making me lose my appetite; I thought I was no good, and not fit to be the leader of a parish because I couldn't solve that problem—and finally an inspiration about a straight pipe up from the old kitchen came to me from a figure he was drawing idly on the dust with his cane."

He paused and laughed a little with a boyish mischief. "I hope it wasn't deceiving and un-Christian, but I just couldn't keep the joke to myself, and when I said good-night I told him he never could know how he had helped me. He never will, either !"

The girl laughed with him, a tinkling gush of amusement and admiration that disappeared before the sudden severity of her sweetheart's voice as he went on. "But if he is a clergyman as he claims, he has the most extraordinary ideas on theology. Really, Helen," he spoke with a youthfully solemn condemnation—"I really shouldn't think him quite safe." He lowered his voice to a greater hush.

AS THE YOUNG RECTOR STAMMERED AND FLOUNDERED TO A CLOSE THE FLUENT, PRACTISED ORATOR MOPPED HIS FOREHEAD, EXHAUSTED WITH THE NERVOUS STRAIN

"Honestly, he didn't sound quite—quite orthodox to me !"

There is a limit to all things. At this the Reverend Dr. Michael Burke sprang from his bed, and, rushing across the floor with an agility he had not suspected to be in him, he slammed the window down, banging it so that an echo resounded through all the house.

But he was Irish for other things than for quick sympathies, and before he reached his bed again he was shaken by a laughter that seemed to tear him away from all his old moorings. He buried his face in his pillows to stifle the sound of his noisy peals of mirth—he felt overwhelmed, drowned, as wave after wave of hilarity swept over him. His tired nerves reacted from their tense strain of a few moments before into a wild jangle of hysterical realization of the joke on him. It seemed to him that he could never stop laughing. Every time he recalled the scene under the pine tree he burst into guffaws and beat his hands upon the pillow. He thought of his last meditation before the dialogue outside began, "No matter about me—it is an immortal soul to be saved," and his piqued vanity was fairly annihilated by his sense of the inimitable irony of the situation. The same quality in him that made him an instrument exquisitely responsive to emotion made him lie alone in the darkened room and plunge from one depth of uncontrollable mirth to another. As fast as a convulsion of laughter subsided into faint, breathless chuckles, odd phrases of his exhortation floated across his brain—"the joy of realizing one's final insignificance in the world," "how cheerful it made middle-age to know that youth always ludicrously exaggerated its own importance," and he lay back on his pillows, shouting and crowing hysterically until his breath gave out and he shook in noiseless giggles.

Finally he realized that he was dog-tired, and at the same time he felt dimly that he was relaxed and unstrained as he had not been for many months, . . . but before he could stop to philosophize on this he fell suddenly asleep like a little child.

When he awoke the sun was shining brightly, and the house was noisy with active life. He reached for his watch and looked at it incredulously. It pointed to twenty minutes to twelve.

He had slept almost half the day. The fourteen-year-old son of his landlord passed the open window and he called him in. "Don't you want to go fishing with me to-day?" he asked, yawning happily as he sat up and rubbed his eyes. "I'm going fishing the rest of the time I'm here. Come along."

The youngster looked at him doubtfully. Like many children he looked upon all strange grown-ups as hostile, and wore a sort of mental sign, "Greeks bearing gifts not allowed on these grounds," when he was approached with tempting proposals. But this engaging man with the mop of tumbled gray hair and the undeniably sympathetic Irish grin hardly looked like a Greek. The boy dug his bare toes in the dust.

"Say," he remarked absently, "there's millions of 'm in a place 't I know."

"Now that's bully," declared the Reverend Michael Burke, rumpling his hair still further with a surprisingly steady hand. "You're just the kind of person I've been looking for. How's the worms this morning—plenty of 'em?"

"You just betcher," chirped the boy.

"All right. If you've got an extra spade out in the woodshed—" the boy nodded—"I'll help you dig 'em just as soon as breakfast is over. And we'll start right off—eh?"

"They don't bite now till about five o'clock," explained the boy, "but shucks! I don't care, do you?"

"Not a bit!" declared Father Michael.

After the boy had gone he rose and went to the mirror. On the way, a belated and passing spasm of laughter overtook him, and when he looked at himself he hardly recognized the healthily flushed and smiling face which greeted him. He surveyed this care-free image complacently for some time, and finally with a freakish return to his boyhood he stuck out his tongue and shook a jocular fist at the looking-glass. "Sure, an' 'tis not you that can iver say it does a man no good to lave his own parish a bit!" he cried, assuming his broadest brogue, and then, "Och, faith! an' I wish Lulu could see me jist now!"

# That Awful Model

## WHEREIN A LITTLE LADY PROVES A DANGEROUS THING

By Rupert Hughes

*Author of "What Will People Say?" "A Man For A While," etc.*

Illustrated by Edmund Frederick

EVERYBODY stared at the woman struggling in the water. She screamed no more. She was horribly busy and silent among the waves.

Knowles was a shy young man. He felt that it would be almost presumptuous for him to be the first to go to her rescue. He did not like the obvious, and that was so obviously the thing to do.

But, seeing that everybody else was as modest as himself and that any further hesitation meant the public death of a human being, he threw off his diffidence with his coat, jumped down to the beach, plunged through the crowd, asked, "Who is she?" did not wait for an answer, kicked off his low shoes, winced at the chill of the wet sand, charged into the boiling smother, shivered as the cold thrilled up his spine, rainbowed through the green concave of a thunderous breaker that formed a groined arch to crush him, shook his wet hair out of his eyes in time to duck and split the next wave—and a third.

Then he had a moment of calmer space, and settled down to the most hideously slow form of human progress. The tide was moving out on a shelving beach, with much cross-current and undertow. It had carried the girl beyond her depth and she had lost all her courage; only a blind instinct kept her beating the water. It was easy enough for a stout swimmer to get out to her. But to get back—and to get back against the tide with a madly terrified passenger—that was a problem.

The spectators on shore were blissfully tormented and their hearts went out to the young man; their throats ached with the pure beauty of his deed—and then everybody gulped, sickened, for——

As the couple rose to view again, out of such a bubbling eddy as a hooked fish makes, the poor girl's arms were round the hero, and she clung to him with all her might. But he—what did he do? He wrenched furiously at her white hands, got his right arm free, raised it, clenched his fist and struck the girl—in the face—twice!

Then a merciful wave erased the intolerable atrocity from the wind-blown canvas.

The next thing the crowd saw was the young man, half dead and swimming feebly, with one arm like a lame flapper. His other hand was tangled in the disordered hair of the unconscious figure he was towing to land.

When they were safely ashore, the crowd mutely showed its disgust and reproach for the brute. Even he felt it, dazed as he was; and he stammered an apology between his chattering teeth:

"You s-see I had to knock-ock her s-senseless-less to save her. A mi-minute more and we'd have both drowowned."

The girl was brought out of coma by various ungraceful processes—in

one of which a barrel figured—and she was soon able to sit up and take notice of what manner of being it was had plucked her from the sea.

When each saw the other, both wanted to die.

His hair was every which way, his collar was melted, his azure scarf was shedding blue blood over his dripping shirt, he was boozy with fatigue and nausea—and his socks revealed his bachelorhood and a couple of toes.

Her head was ringing with pain from the excitement and the pummeling. Her eyes were bleary from his blows. Her hair was all out of curl, and mixed with seaweed, her bathing suit was torn and covered with blotches of wet sand. The young woman hated the young man so direly for saving her so outrageously that she could not even murmur, "Much obliged for my life."

By this time her parents had heard of the affair and were running from their hotel near by. They were too much excited to pay any heed to Knowles and dragged their daughter to her room. She was pretty well shocked; she had known what it was to face death and to be brought in like a cave-dweller's bride.

Knowles had always prayed that he might some day save somebody's life. And now his prayer had been answered, but, as is usually the case, answered with amendments. He had saved a homely and disagreeable girl, and he had disgraced himself in doing it.

It had always been inconceivable to him that a man worthy the name should lift his hand against a woman under any circumstances. Yet he had actually beaten a poor hysterical clinging creature in the face— Ye gods, he had knocked her senseless !

When, some hours later, Mr. Smallwood, the girl's father, sent his name up to Knowles' room and asked to see him, Knowles could only believe that the man had trailed him to his hiding place and had come to beat him to a pulp.

He could not blame the father, but he wondered what he himself ought to do. To black the daughter's eyes and then the father's eyes—contribute four mottled optics to one family—that would be rather overdoing it.

But to run away was not pretty, either. He decided to try the effect of apology through the door. He telephoned down to send the visitor up. In due time, there was a knock and a voice began so mildly that he opened the door without delay.

"Mr. Knowles, I have come to express my everlasting gratitude. Without you I should be bereaved of my only child."

"Don't mention it. It's nothing. Ho-how is your child ?"

"She is all right except for a pair of black—I mean, except for the shock, the shock. We expect her to be up and about in a day or two, and Mrs. Smallwood and I should esteem it an honor if you would dine with us Thursday at seven at our hotel—the Shoreby."

Thursday night Knowles dragged himself to the Shoreby, to complete his penance and face the homely flotsam he had brought ashore. When they met, they looked very handsome to each other. The shock was so great that they stared hard, giggled inanely, and felt extremely juvenile.

Then she swept his feet out from under him by knowing something of his work.

"It's awfully nice to be saved at all, but it's particularly nice to be saved by a well-known illustrator."

It was not much of an encomium, but she had only had three days to compose it and most of that time she had worn raw beefsteak poultices.

"You know my work, then ?" he gasped.

"Oh, yes, I've always admired your illustrations. Your men wear such well-made clothes and look so strong, and the girls—they're awfully well dressed."

It was not just the sort of praise an artist accounts the highest, and she had evidently never heard of his paintings, which were his real expression. But any praise was sweet from lips like those; the very gaze of such eyes was an accolade. And he liked the way she did her hair.

Suddenly he heard himself saying:

"IF I HAD KNOWN YOU COULD HAVE CHANGED SO, MAY, I—I'D NEVER HAVE MARRIED YOU"

"Can you ever forgive me for my—my—awkwardness. I was horribly ashamed when I got you ashore."

"The main thing was that you got me ashore. The gentler ones would have let me drown."

"That's very kind of you, and now that I see your eyes, I think I must have really done them some good. I never saw such——"

And then he realized that her father and mother were present.

Continued on page 328.

# THE WOMAN OF IT

## By Alan Adair

*Author of* "THE APOSTACY OF JULIAN FULKE," "JOAN," *etc.*

*Illustrated by Katherine Southwick*

SYNOPSIS.

This novel of English society opens with a prologue showing Robert Sinclair as a boy in Rome. He angers his father, a cashiered captain, by wanting to become a singer, and is brutally beaten. Mother and son leave Rome that night, the boy regretting only his parting with his playmate, Denzil Merton.

The scene changes to London. Lord Merton is giving a box party at the opera for the family of a Canadian railway man, with whose daughter, Valerie Monro, he is deeply in love. When the new tenor who is to make his premier in the role of the Knight Lohengrin comes on, Merton recognizes him as his boyhood friend, Robert Sinclair. Valerie is strangely impressed by the tenor but chides herself for being as silly about him as the other women of the party. Merton tells her he is going to call on Sinclair the next day, which he does, and finds Sinclair eager to renew their boyish acquaintance. Merton tells him that Valerie wants to meet him, but he laughs and intimates that Lohengrin's armour has dazzled her a little. Merton disclaims this, saying, "She is not like that," and when Mrs. Monro sends the singer a card for her next ball, Merton persuades him to accept. Valerie perversely snubs him. Later in the evening a lighted candle falls on her, and Sinclair puts out the fire, burning his hands. Valerie attempts to thank him, and ends by a gust of hysterical tears which washes away the coldness between them. They start afresh on their acquaintanceship, and she invites Sinclair to come and see them. However, their next meeting is at the Duchess of Northshire's musicale, where Sinclair is a lion.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

But the Russian pianist came first, and as he sat down and let his hands fall heavily on the opening chords of a Beethoven sonata, something within the girl responded to the tragic harmonies. They seemed to her like tired battalions walking heavily through the night after a great defeat, and she listened as the massive theme developed and marched on through interminable changes, until at the end she was almost too deeply moved to speak.

And then Sinclair came on, and she did not dare to lift her eyes from her programme. But under her lashes she saw him, and felt that he saw her. It was a familiar aria that he sang, and he did it beautifully, of course, but she hardly heard him. It was not his music that drew her, but his personality. The prima donna followed him and Valerie regarded her intently. She was very pretty—not at all made up, but fresh and powerful of physique, with evidently a striking and individual temperament. "That is the kind of woman he is used to," she thought to herself, noting her sure and capable movements, "women who are brilliant and talented and fascinating. What a fool I am!"

"Come into the little drawing-room with me, and see Bob," said Lord Merton to her at the intermission. "We are all supposed to wander out in search of refreshments which we must need after listening to fifty minutes of music. Wasn't Mademoiselle de Beaunay charming?"

"Exquisite," agreed Valerie, and together they made their way to one of the rooms reserved for the artists and towards which only a privileged few were directing their steps.

Mademoiselle de Beaunay was holding a little court at one end of the room, and Sinclair was standing beside her with a glass of water, waiting quite patiently for her to take it. Valerie saw the charming smile with which she thanked him, and something stabbed the girl to her heart.

But Sinclair caught sight of them, and came quickly forward, leaving the prima donna with her glass in hand, which Valerie swiftly noted with a sense of advantage. He bowed to them. "I have no hands yet," he explained, with his winning smile, "but the welcome is all here."

"I know," she said. "But they are better?"

"Yes—yes. They have not been bad at all—the only person who has really suffered from them is my man at the theatre. In a couple of days I shall be quite all right again."

"I'm so glad," she said. Somehow in his presence she lost her accustomed flow of words, and was almost as silent as a dazzled country girl.

"But you have not recovered?" he said, looking at her carefully. "You must have had a severe shock."

"I? Oh, no! I am perfectly recovered—it was nothing."

"You look white and tired. Now you ought to have done as I did, and lived in the open air for awhile. I have been out of doors constantly—we've had a bully time, haven't we, Denzil?"

"Corking," agreed the little man.

"Have you?" inquired Valerie, a trifle coldly. It seemed to her as if he need not insist so much on his happiness.

"Yes," he told her joyously. "After all, there is no country like the old country. The finished beauty of it is wonderful to me."

"Perhaps—but you can't expect a Canadian to agree to that statement entirely," she said, laughing a little.

He looked at her whimsically. "I am always putting my foot in it when I talk to you. Why is it?"

"Natural antipathy, perhaps," she suggested.

He looked at her shrewdly, for she had not spoken quite as carelessly as she had meant to do.

"No, it's not that. You don't analyze at first glance, do you? I never met a Canadian girl before. Are you all like this?"

"Like what?"

"Ah, there you have me," he confessed. "I don't know—I can't translate you. It is like seeing a poem in a foreign tongue—the beauty is there, but locked."

She laughed merrily. "Shall I tell you where you can purchase a dictionary ?"

"Do."

She kept her eyes upon him, even as she turned her slender young body for flight.

"British Columbia," she mocked, and swung away towards Denzil, who was hovering about the prima donna.

But Sinclair followed her, laughing, and she did not go very far.

"Miss Monro," he challenged, "do you remember you promised me all the dances I wanted at our next ball. What will you give me at Lady Merton's to-morrow night ?"

"All you wanted ?" she queried provokingly.

"Must I bring witnesses to prove it ?"

"No. Witnesses never do any good with a woman—don't you know that ?"

"Alas, yes. But I throw myself on the mercy of the court. Will three—"

"Three is a quarter of a dozen," said Valerie gravely.

"I don't want to be greedy," said Sinclair, "but at the same time I want three."

They laughed together. Then Denzil came up, and Sinclair turned to him with some question about Hurlingham and the polo. It was one of the few games that Denzil played, and he did very well at it.

"By the way, will you come to the match, Valerie ?" he asked her.

She hesitated. "I daresay dad would come," she reflected, "if there is not too much to do. Yes, I think I can—I'll drop you a note about it after I talk with him."

It was time to go back to the concert room, and Valerie returned with Denzil, Sinclair's question about the dances still unanswered. And yet—somehow she thought he would take it as answered, too. They passed Mrs. Monro, who beamed upon them. "She is almost giving us her blessing," thought Valerie to herself.

The duet followed close on the intermission, and Valerie saw Sinclair and the prima donna together in a passionate scene from Madame Butterfly—the scene where the handsome young officer and the little Japanese girl learn that they love each other, and forget the rest of the world in each other's arms. There was the merest suggestion of acting, but the music was quite enough. Valerie suffered agonies. Sinclair had no thoughts for anyone but the woman with whom he was singing. He was utterly unconscious of audience and friends alike, lost in Puccini's vivid music, and to Valerie he seemed miles away from her. The exaltation she had felt dropped from her like a garment. This was his life—this was what touched him most. She meant nothing to him after all. She was a new type to him, a curious passage in the book of life, which he meant to read, and forget. She had had no real talk with him. Probably she was only a good-looking girl whose life he had saved, and who had previously snubbed him. She resolved to study music, and learn something about this life of his that claimed him so utterly.

The two great singers were bowing their thanks, and the audience, jolted out of their placid digestion, were applauding frantically. They reappeared to bow again, and as they came on, Valerie saw Sinclair say something to his companion, which she met with charming intimacy, and rewarded with a little pat on his arm. Evidently they understood each other very well.

"Really, they are inimitable," said Denzil. "She is his best partner. They sing Madame Butterfly to-night at the theatre—I think I'll go just for that one scene. It's really not much good after the first act."

Valerie moistened her lips—she must say something.

"I suppose they often sing together."

"Bob tells me that whenever he can he sings with her. She has such a sympathetic voice, and can act besides. He says she is a consummate artist."

"She is lovely, too."

"I don't think that makes much

MADEMOISELLE DE BRAUNAY WAS HOLDING A LITTLE COURT AND AT THE SIGHT OF SINCLAIR STANDING BESIDE HER SOMETHING STABBED VALERIE TO THE HEART

difference to him. You see, he is so handsome himself that mere beauty doesn't attract him much. What he likes is artistic sympathy. He is a queer mixture. The self that he brings to his work is all music."

But the Russian pianist was on the stage again, his wild mane of hair upright, and his long fingers flashing in Moszkowski's "Caprice Espagnole," and Valerie lost herself in its brilliant cadenzas. He followed it with "Pierrot Reveur"—and the haunting wistful sadness of the thoughts of that dreaming Pierrot in his motley swept over the girl like an echo of her own troubled heart's beating. Denzil looked at her curiously.

"I didn't know you cared so much for music," he observed.

"That man makes me sad," she said, coming out of her reverie with a little laugh, and she spoke truth. But it was not the wild-haired Russian pianist that she meant in her heart.

Robert sang again,—a simple ballad of a lost cause that all the world was singing then, but that nobody sang as he did—and after the song there was a second's significant silence before the clapping broke out. He would not sing again, and the throng began to disperse.

"What's so rippin' about him is that he's English and looks such a gentleman," they heard a handsome young guardsman say. "Sinclair, do you say his name is ? I wonder what Sinclairs he belongs to. Looks a good sort."

"I don't think I shall come to Hurlingham, Lord Merton," said Valerie suddenly.

"Oh, why not ? I was looking forward to it so much."

"I think you and Mr. Sinclair would have a better time without us," she told him.

"You don't really think so."

"Well, Mr. Sinclair would—we always seem to fall out."

"Only because you don't know him yet."

"He isn't a woman's man, is he ? He only cares for artists and his work."

"Do you know, I really believe you don't like him," said Denzil. "I thought you were going to get acquainted, but it doesn't seem that you are. He is my friend, and I wish so much that you wouldn't judge him and cast him out before you understand him. I know he is different from most people, but—"

"No, no, that isn't it," she said hurriedly. "I don't mean to misjudge him."

"Well, try him again," said Denzil. "You know, I don't have many friends. And may I, too, have three dances at our ball ?"

"Of course you may. You are an old friend."

"His three dances are a reward of bravery ?"

"Tell him to come and claim them," she said, and then as Mrs. Monro came up, she added, "Here we are, mother. Your concert was a splendid success—but aren't you worn out ?"

"One hundred and three pounds, six and eight-pence," said Mrs. Monro triumphantly.

"Why didn't you send the Watchmakers' Orphans a check, dear ? It would have been so much less trouble and expense."

"Perhaps it would, but think of the enjoyment we should have missed !"

And that saying seems to sum up the reason for a good deal of fashionable charity.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"I am going to have a good time for once in my life," said Valerie to herself as she sat by her mother in the motor which was taking them to the Mertons' dance. "After that, the deluge."

She had murmured the last words half-aloud, and her mother turned to her.

"What are you thinking about, Valerie, child ?" she asked. "You look so sober."

Mrs. Monro was a little perturbed that day. Zoe Wayson's engagement to Lord Matlock had been announced, and Zoe was six months younger than Valerie. Besides, Valerie had been so stubborn and queer recently. She seemed was not quite herself.

"Why—I don't know," temporized Valerie. "At least I wasn't thinking about Zoe Wayson."

"I daresay not," returned Mrs. Monro with a little bad temper. "All the same, I think it is time you followed her example."

"Oh, mother !" said Valerie, "I'm not tottering yet." She turned to her father. "You don't want to get rid of me yet, do you, Jonathan ?"

"Certainly not to a Lord Matlock," said Monro. "I don't know what Wayson is about to allow such a thing."

"It is Mrs. Wayson," said Valerie. "It's always the cr-ruel mothers."

"That is nonsense," disclaimed Mrs. Monro almost sharply. "Nowadays girls choose for themselves."

"And quite right, too," said Monro. "It is right in this case. I don't believe it is right, however, to let a girl throw herself away on a man because he happens to be six feet high and has a straight nose."

Valerie laughed. "I don't propose to select my husband by the yard, mother dear," she said, "so you needn't look so reproachfully at me. We've arrived, I think—isn't that the Mertons' awning ?"

Denzil Merton had made up his mind once for all to ask Valerie to marry him. She had been so much kinder to him of late that he could not bear the situation longer. If she said "No" definitely to-night, he would break with his present life, and travel. If she said "Yes"—but beyond that point he did not dare to look.

Valerie was radiant, and his heart leaped at the sight of her bright head shining in the throng. He would ask her after their last dance.

She was kind to him again to-night, and they danced together, although Denzil usually sat out his dances. Just as the music came to a close Sinclair arrived, and they both smiled at him. He looked very happy and triumphant, as if the concert had been a success. But he wore the little conquering air that always made Valerie rebellious, as he took her card and put his name down deliberately for three dances. He was about to give it back to her when he again drew the card back from her extended fingers.

"I have been too moderate," he said gravely. "I am going to take four," and calmly wrote his initials again on the flimsy bit of painted cardboard.

She looked at him measuringly under her lashes—the woman-look at the man—but she did not protest. She was in the mood to be conquered to-night, the mood when a woman wants to feel that the man is stronger than she, and she gave him his extra dance with a demure air of submission that was very charming.

He came to claim her presently, and they danced together without exchanging a single word. Yet when it was ended, she felt that she knew him far better after the dance than she had before; and she knew in some mysterious way that he cared, too.

"That was splendid !" he said, as the cessation of the music left them standing on the polished floor, the surge and swing of the waltz still in their feet, and color in their cheeks. "You dance like a nymph—I can feel that you are alive to your finger-tips."

She looked up at him demurely. Tall as she was, he towered over her by a head. "I beg your pardon," she drawled in quaint imitation of the Duchess of Northshire, "but—have I ever—been introduced—to you ?"

For a second he stared, and then laughed out boyishly. "'Pon my word, I don't know," he admitted. "You never seem like the same girl twice. Do you feel it, too ?"

She nodded. "You're just as different ! This dance gave me a whole new idea of you—and the funny part of it is that I can't tell how."

He had led her away to a quiet backwater of the ball-room, sheltered behind palms. They sat screened from

the throng, and Valerie felt a curious sense of companionship.

"I never thought you would really give me that dance," he said. "You were tremendously high and mighty about it. Why ?"

"Oh—I hardly knew you."

"That isn't so. You knew me—well."

"I'd met you only twice."

"What of that ?" he demanded. "Acquaintance isn't a matter of bows and flourishes and cups of tea. Why, you knew me before you knew my name—at Lohengrin. Do you know, I'll never sing that part again without seeing your ghost ?"

"My ghost ? Really ? But that's very flattering. Do you always manage your compliments to ladies so well ?"

He looked at her and laughed.

"Now I thought you were going to be sincere with me—the British Columbia girl."

She was instantly remorseful. "I am," she confessed. "At least, I meant to be. I'm sorry—but it's awfully hard to be a British Columbia girl in this feathers-and-flub-dub." She made a pretty open-hand gesture towards the crowd.

"Well, then, say you know I meant it."

"Yes—I knew. But it seems to me you are surprisingly domineering this evening."

He ignored that. "I think you'll always be a ghost to me," he said musingly. "It's curious how I picked you out of that audience,—and I'm usually so intent on my part, too."

"Tell me about it," she bade him. "I mean about the stage, and what kind of life you really live. That *is* your real one, isn't it ? This is just a sort of *entr'acte* for you ?"

"Yes. I suppose it amuses me because it is all so new—and after all, I'm young yet, and I might as well have a good time while I've still got all my teeth. . . . Why, it's mostly hard work, back there. You've no idea how much trouble a throat is to you. I work over it, and then there's my hours of practice, and learning new roles, and rehearsals—oh, it's no jest, I assure you."

"Are the—the other people nice ?"

"Some of them, and some of them are pretty bad. Now there's Giuseppi. He was a donkey-driver, and the only thing he owns is his voice. Some fellow travelling in Italy heard him singing, and snapped him up and kept him hid away and taught him to produce properly, and people have gone mad about him. But you can imagine his conversation isn't highly developed. Baum, on the other hand, is a gentleman and a scholar."

"Is Mademoiselle de Beaunay—"

"I THINK YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A GHOST TO ME," HE SAID MUSINGLY. "IT'S CURIOUS HOW I PICKED YOU OUT OF THAT AUDIENCE AT LOHENGRIN"

"Oh, she is charming. You ought to meet her. I meant to introduce you after the musicale the other day, but you had vanished with the lady mother. She has been no end good to me, and Maurice—that's her six-year-old—and I are real chums. I'm going to take him to Lord's to-morrow, and show him some larks."

"Do you mean she has a son ?"

"Oh yes, four of them, only the baby is a girl, and she can sing already. You ought to hear her do Musette—it's too funny for words. Her husband is the violinist—you've heard de Beaunay, haven't you ? He was playing here last season, but I don't think he will this year—he says English audiences are not sympathetic enough, —*triste*. I think he is planning an American tour with some idea of enrapturing the savages."

Valerie laughed. "And what do you intend to do when the season is over ?"

"I ? Oh, I shall go to Scotland with Merton and have a little shooting." He laughed. "It sounds funny to me to listen to myself. You know, I'm so used to poverty that I find my success positively fascinating. I don't know what I shall do with all my money. My tobacco-jar is so full that I can't put another bit in it."

"You don't mean to say that you

Continued on page 344.

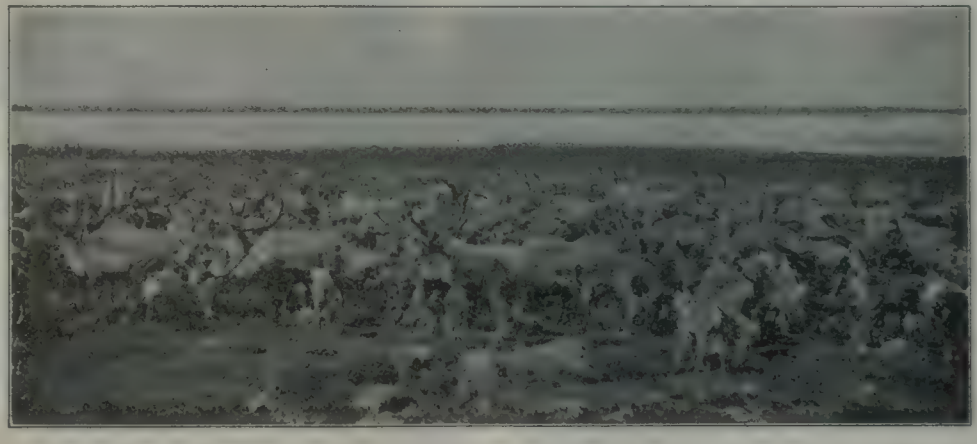
# Opening the New North

## By Philip Scott Camsell

### Illustrated from Photographs

THE New North,—what vision does this bring to you? Do you picture it a country where winter reigns through almost the entire year, with long, dark nights of intense cold, and howling blizzards which tie you to your fire-side?—or do you see, as I do, a land of boundless forest, mighty rivers, leaping rapids, a sportsman's paradise, a nature-lover's heaven, summer days of twenty hours, with a few hours of twilight—a mere apology for night? I look into the future and see populous cities, prosperous farms, lines of railway and steamers—another great daughter of the British Empire, made possible by the products of forest, lake, mine and soil.

The vast country north of Athabasca Landing (generally known as the North) was first penetrated by Peter Pond, in the year 1778. Hudson's Bay Company fur trading posts were soon after established and up to the present the Hudson's Bay Company have practically controlled this little-known land. With the advent of the railroad, new possibilities present themselves; instead of picturesque york boats are found modern steamers. The Indian has discarded his attire of moose skin, to adopt the second-hand clothing of the white man. Log huts dot the river banks, where previously teepees were the only habitation, and the time is not far distant when will come the complete subjection to civilization of this last North, where once the red man and Hudson's Bay factor held full sway.



THE INDIANS AND ESKIMOS DEPEND LARGELY FOR FOOD ON THE HERDS OF CARIBOU. THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF SUCH A HERD NEAR CAREY LAKE WAS TAKEN BY J. B. TYRRELL IN 1893

Perhaps a short history of the occupation of the country by the Hudson's Bay should be given in an article of this nature, but the subject has been so thoroughly covered by Miss Laut and other writers of Hudson's Bay history, that it is hardly necessary.

To those seeking a holiday worth while, the trip from Athabasca Landing to Fort McPherson, near the mouth of the Mackenzie, offers an outing of new and ever-varying enjoyment. Arriving at Athabasca Landing, the terminus of the Canadian Northern Railway, we find awaiting us a modern river steamer, owned by the Hudson's Bay Company, which takes us 170 miles down the river to Grand Rapids. En route we will pass the Pelican Rapids, and Wapiscow, where you will probably hear the story of the cannibal Indian who wooed and won a beautiful maiden, bringing her to his teepee on the bank of the river, near the Pelican Rapids, only to kill and devour her!

Here occurs a flow of natural gas, sufficient to supply all the cities of the Canadian prairie with cheap fuel and light. A short portage is necessitated over Grand Rapids, which is the worst of a series occurring at short intervals for about ninety miles, and the thrills experienced in traversing this rock strewn portion of the Athabasca is alone worth the trip. Many are the tales told of hair-breadth escapes, and sometimes alas, accidents, which have taken place. When the steamer was built on the Mackenzie it was necessary to take the machinery in via this route. Special boats were built and the most experienced boatmen engaged, but notwithstanding all precautions, the boat containing the boiler became unmanageable in a bad rapid and was completely wrecked, leaving the cargo a permanent fixture at the bottom of the Athabasca. The boatman won to shore on pieces of wreckage miles further down. At the present time, however, very little danger is experienced. The various channels have been so well marked out that there has not been a serious accident in years.

Arriving at Fort McMurray we bid good-bye to the rapids. Fort McMurray has had something in the nature of a boom on account of the reported discovery of oil. Numbers of whites have squatted around the fort in the expectation of realizing fortunes from their holdings. They will tell you that Fort McMurray is destined to be one of the great cities of the north, in a few years. Who knows? it may be; wonderful things have happened to Western Canada in a few short years.

From Fort McMurray we take the Hudson Bay Company's steamer "Graham" for a three hundred mile run to Smith's Landing, crossing the north west corner of Lake Athabasca, the autumn resort of countless millions of duck, geese and wavies.

Fort Chipewyan, the present metropolis of the North, situated in this corner of the lake, is a stopping-place. Here is located the stronghold of the Roman Catholic Church in the north, —the Bishop's Palace can be seen on a commanding site surrounded by the convent, schools, etc. Fort Chipewyan is full of historic interest. The Fort existed in practically its present state, long before Chicago or any of the great cities of the United States middle west, were even thought of. Here the great northern explorers Mackenzie, Franklin and Back outfitted for their trips into the North. A glance at the old Hudson's Bay journal is not without its fascination; we open the book at random and read "Wednesday, May 23rd, 1827. Today William McGillivary and Katherine Stewart, daughter of Chief Factor Alexander Stewart, were joined in Holy Wedlock by Captain John Franklin, R. N., Commander of the Land Arctic Expedition."

In all probability the Treaty Commission will be sitting at some one of

the Hudson's Bay Posts doling out the meagre pittance to the Indians, which is the outward and visible sign of their allegiance to His Majesty, King George. The Indian is of all men the most improvident and spends his treaty money within a few hours with the independent trader and Hudson's Bay Company; it is a case of "the early bird catches the worm."

At Smith's Landing we find ourselves confronted with a sixteen mile drive to circumvent a series of bad rapids on the Slave River,—this being the name of the outlet from Athabasca Lake.

A visit to the Mountain Rapid will amply repay the traveller who wishes to break his sixteen mile drive to Fort Smith.

Fort Smith is the Hudson's Bay Company headquarters of the Mackenzie River district, also of the Mounted Police. There you will probably experience the genial hospitality of the old company's Chief Factor, Mr. Brabant (in charge of the district), and I venture to say a slight shock will be the result of your first meeting. You have been expecting to see a bearded, moccasined fur-trader,—instead you will meet a typical modern successful business man, who might have just stepped out of a Wall Street broker's office.

We leave Fort Smith on the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer "Mackenzie River," and here is another surprise—modern in every respect, with all the comforts of home and registered at Lloyd's in the usual civilized manner. Down the river two hundred miles to Fort Resolution, passing through heavily timbered country we go, forest clad banks on either side. Twenty miles north of Fort Smith is Salt River, the repository of the finest table salt. Future generations will not want for this necessary adjunct to the larder.

Fort Resolution comes next, situated on Great Slave Lake,—it is the last place having any considerable settlement independent of the Hudson's Bay Company. A visit to the Roman Catholic Mission here is well worth while. From here across the Great Slave Lake to the mouth of the Mackenzie is a run of one hundred miles, passing Hay River Mission, the largest Church of England Mission in the north. Seventy-five miles north of the lake we reach Fort Providence, so named, I should imagine, on account of the incorrigible improvidence of the resident Indians. Here, the diet is fish from New Year's Day until one week after Christmas; true, the quality of the fish makes up to some extent for its ever presentness.

Now comes a realization of the mightiness of the Mackenzie. In some places the river is three miles wide with a five mile an hour current. What an opportunity for an ambitious bridge builder. Moose, deer and bear can be seen daily swimming the river from island to island, and sometimes when in need of fresh meat, the order goes forth to kill.

MEN OF THE VANISHING NORTH—ESKIMO ON THE LEFT, HALF-BREED IN THE MIDDLE AND TUKUKH INDIAN ON THE RIGHT—WHO ARE GIVING WAY TO THE COMING CIVILIZATION WITH THE STEEL

Fort Simpson is sighted ten miles away, a cluster of white-washed buildings resting on the highest point of an island at the junction of the Liard and Mackenzie Rivers. The river is here one and one-half miles wide. As a back-ground, pine clad hills rise to a height of perhaps 1,000 feet.

Fort Simpson is essentially a "has been." At one time headquarters of the Mackenzie River district, the capital of a million square miles of territory, it has degenerated to an outpost, but the old warehouses and fur storage buildings have their charms. There still can be seen the remains of a once splendid museum containing specimens of practically all the bird life of Northern Canada. In the old days of its splendor, the Fort was the annual rendezvous of all the Hudson's Bay heads of posts, and there was nothing slow or tame about the recreation indulged in.

At the mouth of the Nahanni River, one hundred miles north of Simpson, we get a close view of the Rockies, two outstanding peaks, at the foot of which the river appears to flow (although in reality fifteen miles away), being Mount Camsell and Mount Stand. At this point the river enters the Rockies and continues due north between two mighty ranges.

The grandeur of the scenery makes you wish you could do without sleep. You hate to miss any of it, and indeed if your constitution will permit the banishment of Morpheus, you will not have to complain of the absence of Sol. He stays in the heaven for eighteen or twenty hours and for the balance of the time is so near the horizon that you can read by his light all night. As you sit in your steamer chair just as you would when travelling from Toronto to Montreal on the R. & O., the captain happens along.

"Do you see that shack on the next point? There is the scene of one of our northern tragedies. Four years ago, two prospectors made this their winter camp. Along about January, one of them was attacked by scurvy, through a lack of variety of food. The other was unsympathetic and unwilling to help his stricken comrade. The result was a quarrel and you know how every little incident assumes huge proportions under circumstances such as these, in fact this proneness to magnify supposed wrongs is one of the things to guard against in the North, where necessity compels a close companionship. In the early spring, Indians coming down the river in canoes called at the shack and on opening the door, found the dead bodies of both prospectors. They had been dead for months—the sick man a murderer and suicide. His diary tells the tale, and which of us who has never lived through an Arctic winter with one companion will presume to judge him?"

Not the least part of your enjoyment will consist of listening to the tales of which the country is so full—ghost stories, legends, hunting and "fish" stories. The Arctic trails have their winter tales which make your blood run cold.

North and still north we go, passing Roche Trampe l'eaux, an out-cropping of Devonian limestone rising sheer from the river to a height of 1,500 feet. Under the lee of Great Bear Rock we tie up for a short visit to Fort Norman.

Continued on page 348.

# A Sheaf of Asphodel

## Ma Jolie Rose

By Cy Warman

ROSE WINTER

EVER' night tam w'en I lay me down to sleep, I alway say, me,
To le bon Dieu, ma bien aime, yus' before de eye is close,
Holy Angel roun' 'er hover, m'sieur moon de w'ite face cover—
Mus'n' wake 'er, 'cause I love 'er—Dat's ma Rose, ma jolie Rose.

Ever' morn I'm finish dreaming and de star is stop 'ees beaming,
And de chanticleer is screaming, yus' for tol' de night is close;
'Er sweet face—le bon Dieu bless 'er!—shine upon me from de dresser,
An' my hunger eye caress 'er—Dat's ma Rose, ma jolie Rose.

## When I Am Laid Below the Hill

By W. D. Nesbit

WHEN I am laid below the hill
I pray you, friend, that you shall not
Increase my virtues, if you will,
Nor let my faults be all forgot.
But think of me as with you yet,
The good and bad there is of me—
For truly I shall not forget
In whatsoever place I be.

Nor tears, nor sighs, that I am dead;
But rather that you sing and smile
And tell some favored jest, instead,
As though I heard you all the while—
For I shall hear you, and shall see,
And know if you be blithe or sad,
For I shall keep and hold with me
The golden moments we have had.

But you will miss me? Aye, forsooth,
The very thing I'd have you do,
For in that stranger land, in truth,
I also shall be missing you.
Yet life is such a goodly thing,
Blent of the bitter and the sweet,
That I would rather we should cling
To all the gladness we may meet.

When I am laid below the hill,
Go back as though I walked with you,
And sing our brave old ballads still,
And laugh as we are wont to do,
Across the little gap that bars
I shall take this fair memory—
And you the other side the stars
Will then still be the friend of me.

## The Oldest Land

By Arthur B. Watt

I STOOD on a Laurentian ridge to-day
And gazed afar o'er river, plain and hill.
"A great new land!"—so ran my thought until
A school-book wonder chanced in memory's way.
When the abysmal depths of ocean lay
O'er other continents, all formless still,
These steeps of granite the eternal will
Decreed should rise; in this snug little bay,
Here at my feet, I see the earliest waves
That ever beat against an earthly shore.
No bird or beast within its shallows laves;
Life there is none; aeons to pass before
Man comes and, looking skyward, craves
Creation's boundless mysteries to explore.

## Quatrain

By John Duncan Howe

GLEAMING on the black ice, sparkling on the rime,
Flashed the moon before us, rang our skates in time,
Underneath the arching bridge, icy shadows lay,
Ice—but her red mouth was warm as a rose in May.

## The Living

By Arthur Wallace Peach

DOWN the street I watch them go,
Pass and repass to and fro,
With beating heart and glancing eye,
Feet whose pacing brings them by,
Then where my view the buildings hide,
They go from sight on either side.

So briefly in the light of day
We come from birth to toil and play;
We hurry down the streets of life,
Then at death's corner no more seen,
We are as all that once have been.

# The London Life Insurance Co.

**Head Office, · London, Canada**

## ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1913 SHOWS BEST YEAR IN ALL DEPARTMENTS

**New Business Written, Gain in Business in Force and Increase in Surplus Largest in Company's History.**
**Increase in Rate of Interest Earned. Decrease in Rate of Mortality, Expense and Lapse.**
**Profits to Policyholders One-third Greater Than Estimates.**

### REVENUE ACCOUNT.

| RECEIPTS. | | DISBURSEMENTS. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Premiums, "Industrial and Ordinary | $ 1,034,816 77 | Paid Policyholders or Heirs. | $ 321,250 62 |
| Interest on Investments | 261,023 8 | All other Disbursements | 416,687 66 |
| | | Balance to Investment Account | 557,902 37 |
| | $ 1,295,840 65 | | $ 1,295,840 65 |

### BALANCE SHEET.

| ASSETS. | | LIABILITIES. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mortgages, Debentures and Stocks | $ 4,037,283 73 | Reserve on Policies in Force | $ 4,226,152 00 |
| Loans on Policies and other Invested Assets. | 369,673 81 | Accumulating and Accruing Profits | 94,255 00 |
| Outstanding and Deferred Premiums | 119,675 90 | Special Reserve and other Liabilities | 99,177 50 |
| Interest Due and Accrued | 119,061 75 | Surplus on Policyholders' Account | 226,110 69 |
| | $ 4,645,695 19 | | $ 4,645,695 19 |

This is to certify that I have made a full audit of the Books and Accounts of the London Life Insurance Company for the year 1913. Access to all books and papers has been freely given me.

All Journal Entries are of a proper character and all payments have been verified by vouchers therefor.

The Securities have been examined and found complete and in good order. The Actuary has duly certified the Policy Reserve Liability.

The above Statement is a correct showing of the Company's business for 1913 and agrees with their books.

London, January 28th, 1914. JAMES McMILLAN, C.A., Auditor.

### THE ANNUAL REPORT EMBRACES THE FOLLOWING PARTICULARS:

**NEW BUSINESS.**—Applications for insurance amounting to **$8,828,189.50** were accepted and policies issued therefor, an increase over 1912 of **$622,119.50.**

**INSURANCE IN FORCE.**—The insurance in force on the Company's books at the close of the year aggregated, after deducting all re-insurances, **$27,118,375.02,** an increase of **$3,853,544.19** for the year. The lapse rate for the year showed a considerable decrease and the surrender values applied for were actually less than in the previous year, notwithstanding the stringent financial conditions existing during 1913.

**INCOME.**—The total Premium and Interest Receipts of the year were **$1,295,840.65,** an increase over the previous year of **$161,367.92.**

**MORTALITY.**—The actual mortality loss was less than in the previous year, notwithstanding the large increase in business. The ratio under Ordinary policies of actual to expected loss during the year was only 32.8 per cent.—a remarkably favorable experience.

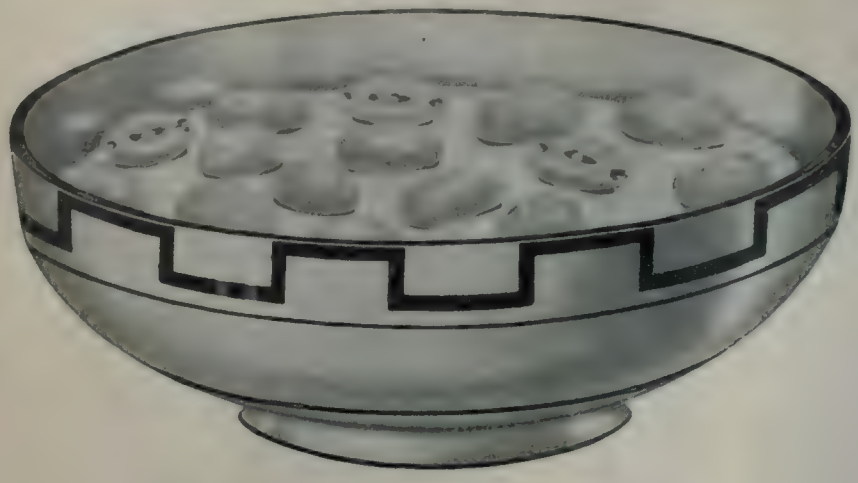
**PROFITS.**—The exceedingly liberal scale adopted a year ago for apportionment of profits to participating Ordinary Policyholders has been continued and exceeds by one-third original estimates under present rates.

**ASSETS AND INTEREST.**—The Company's assets, consisting mainly of first mortgages on Real Estate, amount to **$4,645,695.19,** an increase of **$586,319.06.** All debentures have been written down to the low market value prevailing at 31st December last. The rate of interest earned, without allowance for Head Office rental, was 6.81 per cent. on the Insurance Department's basis of computation.

**LIABILITIES.**—Seventy-two per cent. of all the Company's business is now being valued on a 3 per cent. basis, the remaining twenty-eight per cent. being valued on a 3½ per cent. basis. The total reserve on all business in force amounts to **$4,226,152.00.**

**SURPLUS.**—Calculating the Liabilities on the basis called for by the Insurance Act, the Surplus on Policyholders' Account is **$608,556.31.** Deducting from this the amount required to raise the reserves to the Company's own standard, to provide for profits earned under all participating policies to date of statement, and sums provided in various funds for special purposes, the net Surplus is **$226,110.69.**

JOHN McCLARY, President. DR. A. O. JEFFERY, K.C., Vice-President.
J. G. RICHTER, Manager. E. E. REID, Assist. Manager and Actuary.
J. F. MAINE, Supervisor, "Industrial" Agencies. W. H. ROBINSON, Inspector, "Ordinary" Agencies.



# The Wonder of Exploded Grains

Those bubble-like grains of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice result from a curious process.

Natured stored in each kernel a hundred million food granules. Each granule enclosed a mere atom of moisture.

Sealed up in guns, in terrific heat, those atoms of moisture are changed to steam. Then the guns are shot and the steam explodes. A seperate explosion occurs in each granule—a hundred million explosions in each grain.

---

Thus every food granule is blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act. Whole grains in this way are made wholly digestible. That never was done before.

The grains are puffed to eight times normal size. Each becomes a wilderness of thin, crisp, toasted walls. The result is fragile, dainty morsels with a taste like toasted nuts.

Never were grains so well fitted for food—never made so delightful—as they are by this curious, costly process invented by Prof. Anderson.

## *Puffed Wheat-10¢*
## *Puffed Rice-15¢*

*Except in extreme West.*

**Let Your Folks Enjoy Them.**

Here are two cereals, entirely different in taste. And each can be served both as food and confection.

Serve with sugar and cream, or mixed with fruit. Or serve like crackers, floating in bowls of milk. Use like nut meats in home candy making, or as garnish to ice cream.

They will add delight to a thousand meals when you find them out. Order them now. Let your folks enjoy them.

**The Quaker Oats Company**

**Sole Makers.**

(512)

# *That Awful Model*

Continued from page 319.

Keith Knowles did not want to be an illustrator of real people in modern costume. He wanted to be a mural decorator and paint ideal figures in ancient costume, or in the original costume.

He had devised a scheme for an immortal fresco and submitted his cartoons in a competition. The working out of the idea and the composition and the color plan had absorbed him day and night for weeks. He had gone without food, without sleep, immured in the rocky fastness of his idea like an anchorite.

It was to recuperate from this ordeal that he had come to the beach, only to drag a new excitement from the sea. In her presence, he adored May Smallwood. Away from her, his ambitions told him that she was a siren, the loving, alluring type that decoys the wild searovers of art to the shoals of domesticity, the wreck-strewn, hollow sands of platitude.

He could escape an honorable proposal only by a dishonorable flight. So he flew, left the seashore suddenly—"between two days"—and abandoned her to her four other fiances, for whom she cared so little now.

When the fall exhibition came round, Knowles could be forgiven perhaps for lurking in the environs of his painting to hear what people thought of his work. He had sent three canvases, a portrait of a woman in a ball costume, a portrait of a general in full uniform, and a picture of a nymph—also in full uniform. To his delight, the nymph was the one accepted.

As he edged near his painting one day, trying to look like a mere spectator and eavesdropping for every comment, he saw among the mob May Smallwood. She was all eyes, all adoration, and she had sunk on the double-backed bench before the Nymph. Accompanying her was a somewhat older woman whose back hair, bonnet, and black neck frill proclaimed her staid. This was what Knowles managed to overhear:

"What I started to say, Mrs. Lathrop, was that only an impure mind can see anything impure in such a subject."

"May Smallwood, do you mean to say that my mind is imp— Why, I never was so insulted in my life."

"Oh, I don't mean to reflect on your character, Mrs. Lathrop."

"I should hope not, Miss Smallwood —imp— Why! Let me ask you one thing. Do you realize that a woman posed for that—just like that?"

"Of course I realize it. Haven't I read 'Trilby'? Wasn't she the dearest thing that ever lived?"

"In a book, yes. But would you have spoken to her on the street ?"

"I should have felt honored by her acquaintance. I am amazed at your criticising the picture, Mrs. Lathrop, you a modern woman. And you've been abroad, too !"

"Those things are all right for the old masters or foreigners, but for young men, Americans, to paint such things—it's scandalous. The models ought to be arrested, and the artists too !"

"Oh, Mrs. Lathrop ! How can you!" And she went on with phrases she had evidently read somewhere. "The painter only tries to express the form as God made it—as everybody knows it—only—idealized. The model is nothing to the painter but the—the lay figure he uses to make sure of his drawing and his color and such things. People like you would destroy art in its noblest form. I tell you, the Nymph is beautiful and noble and pure and wonderful—and—and so is the man who painted it."

"What do you know about him ?"

"I know everything about him—didn't he save my life ?"

Knowles was almost irresistibly impelled to kneel on the bench and fling his arms about his fiery advocate, this peachy Portia defending his pounds of flesh. But he was a little afraid of Mrs. Lathrop and of the crowd, so he slipped out and left the building.

All the way home his heart kept singing:

"She understands the soul of the Artist ! She understands Me !"—with a capital M. "She loves me !" with a small and personal m, "and I love Her !"—with an upper case H. "She must be my wife !"

So he telephoned her and she was so delighted to hear his voice that she put it down as another proof of telepathy. She told him she had been talking of him that very afternoon and he never dared confess his guilty knowledge. And she said that she had no engagement that evening and would be so happy to see him ! Then she telephoned her Tuesday evening fiance that she was called to the bedside of a very sick sorority friend.

Early in the evening Knowles proposed, and she accepted him without mentioning, or even thinking of, the other fiances.

The very next morning the Smallwood maid woke her at an early hour—for her:

"Please, miss, you're wanted on the telephone at once."

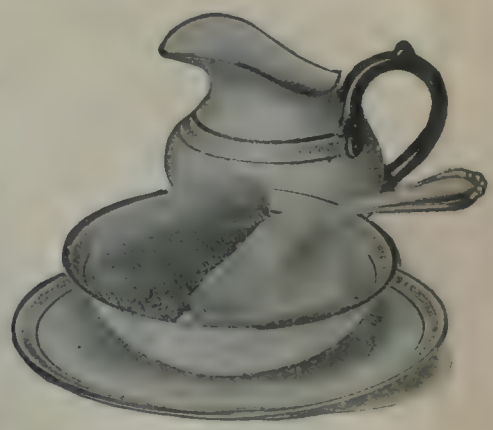
"Great heavens, who is it ?"

"Mr. Knowles, miss; he says it's that important he can't wait."

She flung on her bathrobe and flew to the telephone, losing one slipper and tripping on the other.

"What is it, Keith, dear—" the sound of this had a morning sweetness —"are you ill ?"


# Sixty-Six Per Cent.



Statistics show that the retail prices of the principal articles of food in forty industrial cities in this country have advanced sixty-six per cent. in fourteen years. The price of

# Shredded Wheat

in all that time has remained the same, and it is just as nourishing, sustaining and satisfying as it was fourteen years ago—a complete, perfect food supplying more real body-building nutriment than meat or eggs and costing much less and more easily digested.

**Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits (heated in the oven to restore crispness) eaten with hot milk or cream will supply all the nutriment needed for a half day's work. Deliciously wholesome and nourishing when eaten in combination with canned pears, baked apples, stewed prunes, sliced bananas or other fruits. Try toasted TRISCUIT, the shredded wheat wafer, for luncheon with butter, cheese or marmalade.**

**"It's All in the Shreds"**

**The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.** Toronto Office: 49 Wellington St., East

## BUILD a BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN

**Make $5,000 a Year**

Reliable, earnest men wanted to join the Merrill Co-operative System. Share in the profits of other people's work. No matter where you live or what your business or profession, I will give you instruction in the

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free by mail; and if you qualify, appoint you **Special Representative** help you to build up a lifetime business of your own that should yield you an income of $5,000 a year. Great opportunity.

**Instruction Free** I show you every step, in easy lessons, and I help you to get others working for you. Write for free lessons and full details, at once. A postal will do.

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## Short-Story Writing

Dr. Esenwein

A Course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short-Story taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, Editor of Lippincott's Magazine

*One student writes: "I know that you will be pleased when I tell you that I have just received a check for $125 from 'Everybody's' for a humorous story. They ask for more. I am feeling very happy, and very grateful to Dr. Esenwein."*

Also courses in Photoplay Writing, Versification and Letters, Journalism. In all, over One Hundred courses under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and other leading colleges.

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Dept. 297 Springfield, Mass.

# Vitality

Any oat food is a great vim-producer. Any supplies an abundance of what brains and nerves are made.

The difference lies in flavor. Puny oats lack richness and aroma. The taste which makes oatmeal delicious comes from big plump oats.

That's why millions of mothers, all the world over, serve Quaker Oats to children. They do this to foster the love of oatmeal. Then the food children need, beyond all else, becomes the wanted dish.

# Quaker Oats

***The Big, Luscious Flakes Alone***

For Quaker Oats we pick out only the big, richly-flavored grains. A bushel of the choicest oats yields only ten pounds of Quaker.

Thus you get in Quaker just the big, luscious flakes. And you get a flavor which has won the world. Because of that flavor, a billion dishes of Quaker Oats are consumed each year.

Yet Quaker Oats cost no more than others. Simply say "Quaker," then, at no extra trouble, no extra price, you get the utmost in oatmeal.

**Regular Size package, 10c**

**Family Size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.**

Except in the extreme West.

*Look for the Quaker trade-mark on every package*

**The Quaker Oats Company**

(519) **Sole Makers**

"No, dearest, but I've got wonderful news. Did I rout you out of bed?"

"Well—that is—I'm not dressed yet."

"Neither am I—I'm in my pyjam—that is, I'm not dressed yet, either." She blushed at the prematurely intimate situation. "But a letter came by the first mail, and what do you suppose——"

"What?"

"My design wins the first prize. I get a thousand dollars in cash—and the commission."

"No!"

"Yes! Look, here's the letter!" And he held it up to the telephone for her to see.

"It's glorious, wonderful, heavenly!" she commented, and he cried in a tone that must have hurt the blissfully listening Central's ears:

"You see you've brought me luck already. We can get married at once—and live happily ever afterwards. Have you told your mother yet about our engagement?"

"Well, no, she was asleep when you left last night, and neither of us is up yet, but I'll tell her—heavens, she's coming now! Goodbye, sweetheart"; then, coldly, for her mother's ear, "Good-bye!" And she hung up the receiver.

"What in heaven's name are you doing?" the mother exclaimed.

"Telephoning Mr. Knowles!"

"At this hour! In that costume!"

"Well, you see—oh, mother, please come to my room and get into bed with me. My feet are frozen and I've got so much to tell you."

. . . . . .

The central idea of Knowles' fresco was nothing remarkable; the basic ideas of the works of genius rarely are. It is the structures they rear upon them, the odd twists, the personality that fumes through them like an incense sweetening a chapel.

Keith Knowles was explaining his design to three persons deeply interested—Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Smallwood.

"You see, the problem of the decoration is to fresco the ceiling and upper walls of an octagonal room. On each of the eight sides I planned three panels—twenty-four in all. That suggested the Hours—you see?" They saw. "Well, then the idea occurred to me to represent each of the Hours by a realistic typical scene, and over each scene to have a figure representing that Hour, hovering in the domed ceiling. So you see I combine the real and the ideal.

"Noon, there, represents the laborer eating from his dinner pail; one o'clock is the school children coming home; two o'clock is the reapers toiling under the hot sun; eleven at night is the

ballroom; three o'clock is the watch-dog warning off the thief; four o'clock is the astronomer watching the morning star, and so on."

"It's perfectly wonderful," gasped May as she pressed his arm.

"It kind of gets me," said Mr. Smallwood. and Mrs. Smallwood said:

"It certainly is nice. The Hours don't seem to have much on, though, do they ? They are supposed to be—do you say nyude or nood ?"

"Either or both," said Knowles.

Mr. Smallwood cleared his throat, and tried to look casual:

"Ahem. Did you paint them, my boy, from—er—models ?"

"No, not those sketches."

To her surprise, May breathed deeply. He went on: "Of course I shall use models for the real work."

If he had been less absorbed in his theme he would have noted a little loosening of the little hand clasping his arm; he would have heard a little gasp. Somehow, it made a difference now that the artist belonged to her.

Knowles was eager to have the marriage consummated for two reasons. The other reason was that he wanted to begin the honeymoon before he broke into the thousand-dollar check.

The only fault he found with the journey they took into Eden was the surprising volatility of cash when two young souls were spending it. The only thing that marred her rapture was the obstinacy with which his mind recurred to his work. The moment she left him he relapsed into sketches. The long silences of blissful reverie for her were sure to end in some sudden allusion by him to the March of the Hours.

She wanted to scream whenever he broached the subject. And sometimes she did. Her vexation surprised him and his surprise vexed her. And he learned the amazing capabilities of a pretty little lake for developing violent squalls.

Eventually they returned and settled down to the more or less lyrical prose of married life in a small apartment with an ebbing bank account.

One day he came home late to dinner. He was too radiant to apologize. He drew sketches on the tablecloth and rubbed them out with breadcrumbs.

"Great news, my love," he said, "I dropped in at Will Moore's studio. He was just finishing a stunning statuette called 'Repentant Eve.' I saw the model—she's wonderful, heroic figure, superb lines, really correct proportions, and such hair."

"You saw her posing, as as -" her spoon clicked on her soup plate.

"Yes, she's just what I want for the Eleventh Hour. She'll do for several. Moore said he didn't need her any longer, so I engaged her at once. Her name is Rebecca Kabelitz, but she doesn't look it. She is to be at the studio at nine to-morrow. Isn't that splendid ?"

"Splendid — you needn't wait, Christina." This to the Swedish maid, who would never have done for any of the Hours. When the maid was gone, May narrowed her eyes and breathed hard and tried to be calm.

"Keith Knowles, do you mean that that creature—that woman is coming to your studio—to pose as—as—like the sketch."

"Yes, dearest, and I'm mighty lucky to get her."

She almost swooned. She clutched the tablecloth and the silver jumped. Startled by her pallor, he hurried to her side.

"What's the matter, honey ?"

She broke from him and ran out of the room. He followed along the narrow hall. She flung herself on the frail, installment divan and it creaked with her sobs. Her anguish filled him with anguish. He knelt by her, gathered her into his arms, promised her that he would dismiss the model, send her word not to come. The ferocity of his wife's love delighted him in that mood. He loved her for her passionate jealousy told himself that he would have hated

Continued on page 335.

The Olive Groves of Spain, the source of Olive Oil, the chief ingredient of Palmolive Soap.

# Natural Beauty

OVER two million women use Palmolive Soap in preference to any other.

Because in Palmolive they find two famous *natural* aids to a fine complexion—Palm and Olive Oils, which as early as thirty centuries ago were used by the world's most beautiful women.

Tenderest skins are kept soft, white and smooth by Palmolive. It *soothes* as it cleanses—imparting a firmness and texture peculiar alone to Palmolive.

Lathers richly and readily in any water—hot or cold, hard or soft. The delicate green color is due alone to Palm and Olive Oils so scientifically blended in this world-famed soap. The exquisite fragrance is a "breath from the Orient."

Extra milling gives it a hardness that makes it lasting and economical. And it costs but fifteen cents a cake.

# Palmolive

**Palmolive Shampoo**—the Olive Oil Shampoo—makes the hair lustrous and healthy, and is excellent for the scalp. It rinses out easily and leaves the hair soft and tractable. Price 50 cents.

N.B.—If you cannot get Palmolive Cream or Shampoo of your local dealer, a full-size package of either will be mailed prepaid on receipt of price.

**Palmolive Cream** cleanses the pores of the skin and adds a delightful touch after the use of Palmolive Soap. Price 50 cents.

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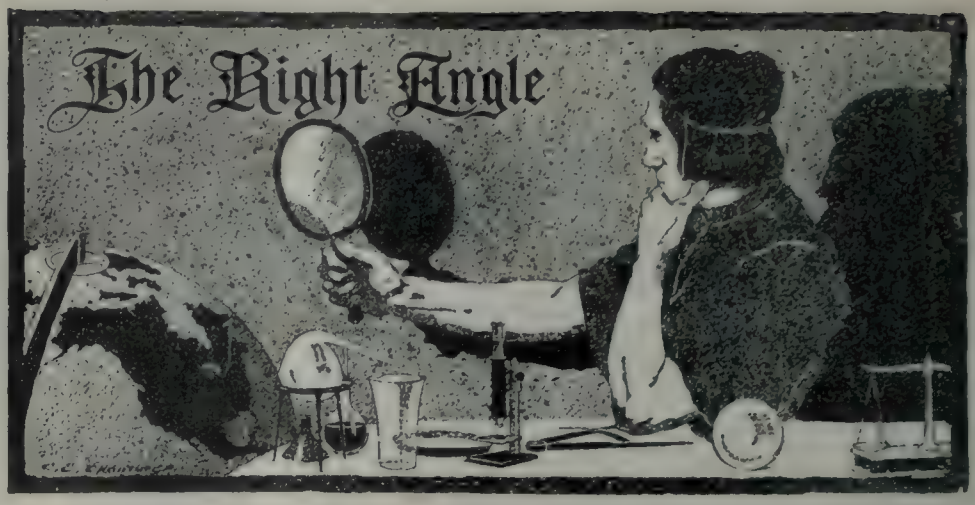



## THE BOOK TABLE

ONE of the pleasant things that are counted among the perquisites of an editorial desk is the new book. Generally, it arrives when you are too busy to do more than glance at it, and lay it with your hat to be your companion on the journey home. Sometimes, it is so fascinating in the bravery of its new cover, its well-disposed typography and its broad margins that you drop whatever not-too-urgent duty is fending Satan away from your soul, and plunge into its chapters with relish.

Warwick Carpenter's "Winter Camping" arrived at such a moment. Outside, a leisurely, feathery snow was falling from a fluffy grey sky, flake by untroubled flake. The street was white with it, the lamps in the tall office buildings twinkled their orange points of flame through the storm. It was just the day to bring to mind the snowy woods of Ontario, laced with mysterious trails of fox and rabbit and lynx, crossed with frozen lake and stream, brilliant under the winter sun.

The winter vacation is growing more and more the fashion. Those who have tried it will find in Mr. Carpenter's book the flavor of reminiscence, and hints for the future. Those who have never tried it, will find practical details of camp and kit and behavior, ranging from how to select a snowshoe to a receipt for keeping a cold nose warm. Mr. Carpenter is an experienced woodsman, and what he says may be taken for truth, 99-44/100% pure. (Outing Publishing Company, New York).

"Within the Mind Maze," by Edgar Lucien Larkin, the director of Lowe Observatory, deals with the law of mind as the creator and governor of all world activities. The author commends it "to all good and progressive men and women who believe that by studying Mind, discovering its laws and applying them to human betterment, the career of man on earth could be greatly improved, and that the appalling errors of war, alcohol, oppression, injustice, crime and poverty can be abolished, together with a large proportion of disease, pain and unhappiness." Many curious and interesting things are discussed in Mr. Larkin's book, and it forms a noteworthy addition to the many systems of philosophy by which man has endeavored to explain to himself the universe and his own presence therein. (Standard Printing Co., Los Angeles, Cal.)

We knew Walter Noble Burns (christened "Pat II" in Calgary) as a sober and self-respecting Sunday editor of a big metropolitan newspaper, and a good fellow. About the last thing we expected of him was a foolhardy, light-hearted, impulsive participation in an Adventure. Sunday editors' business is to tell stories, not live them. Yet that is precisely what he did, and we will let him tell it in his own words.

"When the brig Alexander sailed out of San Francisco on a whaling voyage, I was a member of her forecastle crew. Once outside the Golden Gate, I felt the swing of blue water under me for the first time in my life. I was not shanghaied. Let's have that settled at the start. I had shipped as a green hand before the mast for the adventure of the thing, because I wanted to go, for the glamor of the sea was upon me.

I was taking breakfast in a San Francisco restaurant when, in glancing over the morning paper, I chanced across this advertisement: 'Wanted—Men for a whaling voyage; able seamen, ordinary seamen, and green hands. No experience necessary. Big money for a lucky voyage. Apply at Levy's, No. 12 Washington Street.' Until that moment, I had never dreamed of going to sea, but that small advertisement laid its spell upon my imagination. I gulped down my eggs and coffee, and was off for the street called Washington."

Adventure had him by the throat, and a few days later he was actually off for a year in the Arctic, in pursuit of the bowhead whale and the fortunes of deep waters. The Alexander wallowed through hurricanes, traded with the natives, bumped on ice-floes, and caught her share of bowhead whales. Through good and ill fortune—Mr.

Burns came to be known as the "ship's lawyer"—he stuck to the brig, and his story, "A Year With a Whaler," is the story of personal adventure and observation, perhaps a last first-hand glimpse of a dying industry and of the life it entails upon the men who follow it. (Outing Publishing Co., New York, $2.00.)

### BREAD AND GAMES

THE old Romans who shouted for "Panem et circenses" were right. Three meals a day are undoubtedly necessary, but some relaxation for the spirit is just as powerful a need.

The legislature of Saskatchewan has recognized this officially, and travelling libraries are to be organized, which will reach the rural settlements of the province and give the homesteaders access to the treasury of books.

City folk do not realize the avidity with which anything printed is sought in the rural settlements,—the mind-hunger of those isolated during the winter in the monotony of a shack kitchen. The travelling library will be a wholesome institution, and many a homesteader will rise up to call it blessed.

### THE ALASKA RAILWAY

THE bill for the Alaska Railway has at this time of writing passed both houses of the United States Congress, and there remains only the securing of the signature of the President.

In view of the fact that the Canadian Government built the telegraph through to the Yukon, and that the Mounted Police cut the trail through to Dawson, it is time that the United States did something officially to unlock its treasure-chest. Incidentally, the establishment of rail transportation in Alaska will undoubtedly mean a routing of traffic through Canadian territory, and a new market for Central British Columbia.

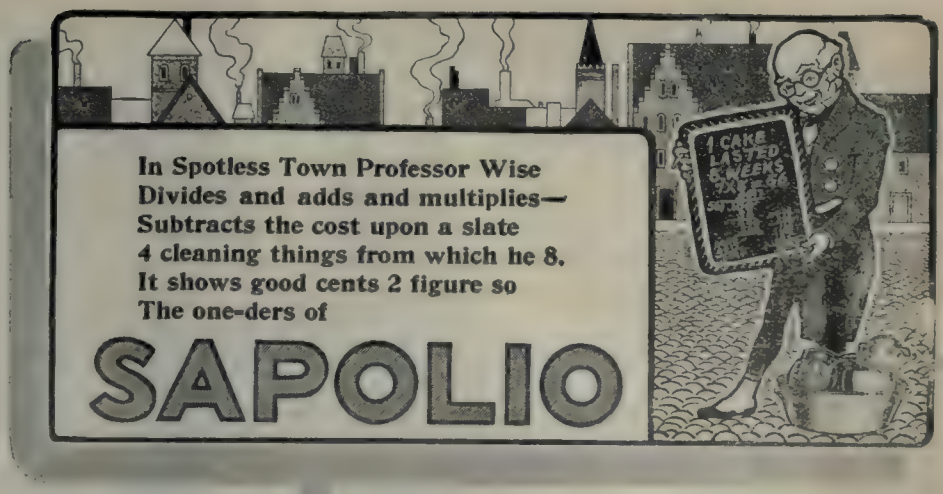
### TEMPERAMENT

OUR private opinion is that musicians are queer birds. We have watched the spotlight glow upon Mary Garden and listened to her in delight. We have also observed her walk through a role when the spotlight did not shine upon her and her artistic temperament refused to emit a single high-priced sparklet. We have seen visions and dreamed dreams when a great orchestra gathered brass and catgut and cunningly fashioned wood and silver together into a broad beautiful river of sound—and we have met that orchestra, guttural, garlic-scented, none too well washed, in the street-car after the heavenly performance was over. Perhaps washing might have spoiled their tone.

Recently, a musical friend and I were walking down the avenue past that sacred door where only the fiddle and the clarionet and their brethren may enter. Two men were in hot argument behind it, and on perceiving my companion, beckoned him frantically within. I followed, an unnoted nobody. The air was vibrant with excited German and Italian.

What do you suppose it was about? Why, the Herr Professor Kapellmeister—the orchestra-leader—and his 'Cello Premo were in furious debate as to whether the door of the hallway squeaked A or A flat, and they had called in my companion to act as referee. The dispute became *accelerando, con molto spirito*, the unlucky door was vibrated *prestissimo*—and then it all ended, suddenly as falls the stick of a rocket. The door did not emit any musical tone, they agreed. It was merely a noise. The dove of peace descended, cooing.

Not that they can't see fun in each other, and occasionally take a joke on themselves. Now there's the director of—let's call it the Orpheus Choral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Society. He's a thin, dark little man who has nervous indigestion, and looks it. His god is technique, his tongue a two-edged sword, and his conductor's baton a vibrant streak of forked lightning. Not simply does he use it to mark the tempo, when his three hundred voices gather together and rise triumphant before him. With it, he starts and stops the parts. With it, he expresses his varying emotions. With it, the irreverent say, he larrups any unlucky tenor who sings a quarter of a tone flat. That stick is harder to follow than the wings of a homing bee.

When there is a public performance, the Haydn orchestra accompanies the choral society, and the Orpheus' director conducts both. After a recent rendition, the first violin of the Haydn formally congratulated the director. But he shook his head sadly.

"Some of you men have a grudge against me," said he.

The first violin was amazed, shocked, incredulous. "But Meester Director, we haf no grudge," he disclaimed. "We like you. Why iss it that you dink sooch dings?"

The director was obdurate. "Yes," he insisted. "You have a grudge. The Haydn orchestra never will follow my beat."

The first violin beamed. "Iss dot all!" he exclaimed. "Listen, Meester Director, we like you. But some day maybe we don't like you. Some day, maybe, we haf a grudge against you. Undt den—" he bent forward oracularly—"undt den, *we follow your beat.*"

## FISHERMEN

THAT Canadians should be the winners in the fishing contest carried on by Field and Stream, the American sportsman's magazine, is not especially strange. We have a skilled and patient race of anglers in Canada—there is something about the sport that seems peculiarly adapted to the Scotch temperament.

This year, the winner of the grand prize for lake trout is Dr. Skinner, of Guelph, who made his catch in Ragged Lake, one of the sheets of water sparkling among the trees of Algonquin Park. Thirty-three inches in length, seventeen and a half in girth, weighing seventeen pounds, it holds valid title as grandfather of innumerable troutlets, disputed only by that never-to-be-equalled biggest fish that got away. The St. Lawrence produced the winner of the ladies' grand prize for maskinonge.

About this time of year the fly-book comes out in good Canadian households, and the Silver Doctor, the Royal Coachman, the White Moth and the gay Parmacheene Belle undergo a great repairing and receive strange additions to their ranks. The pussy-willows may not have ventured out a single gray nose, the first robin may be still eating rice in Louisiana marshes, the hurdy-gurdy man, muffled in overcoats, may be tending a hot-chestnut stand in a sheltered corner without a single stirring urge to the high-road—but when the fly-book scatters its contents over the library table and the housemaid catches her sacrilegious dustrag—serve her tight—in a particularly cherished Brown Hackle, Spring isn't very far away.


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THERE is no limit to the number of good things to be made from KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE and KNOX ACIDULATED GELATINE (LEMON FLAVOR). Each package makes FOUR PINTS (½ gallon) of jelly, and may be used in making

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for your grocer's name. PINT SAMPLE for 2 cent stamp and grocer's name.

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503 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.

*Branch Factory, Montreal, Can.*

# That Awful Model

Continued from page 331.

her if she had felt otherwise, told her so, and at last moved her from tears to joy by the tribute of surrender.

They went to the theater in a taxi, and, being late, bought seats from a speculator. Afterwards they had a good supper and rode home in a taxi. The honeymoon waxed again to the full. He was spending his money once more like a lover, not like a husband.

The next daybreak was cold and cynical and it found Knowles awake and frightened. What was this pretty enemy that had stolen into his heart to help him and once installed, had branded his ambition as a thing to hate and not to enthrone?

He thought hard. The great work to be done was not to be done. The fame and the money?—no! They were for others—for the unmarried men, or the men who had had the luck to choose helpmates instead of hurtmeets.

Then her beauty and her love appealed to him like a prayer murmured in sleep. She and her love were worth more than all the emoluments of ambition. He was a brute to set i s fantastic ideas above her happiness.

And then the majesty of his great painting swept over him again. He must achieve it or die. He was bound to it, by contract with the commissioners, by contract with his Maker, and not least of all, by need of the money for the eternal bills.

He decided that he would accustom his bride gradually to the necessities of his trade. He would paint other portions of his fresco, the clothed figures, the nude men, the animals, the landscapes. In time she would partake of his zeal, and understand. Entranced by this new vista, he fell asleep at last. He had made the first compromise between love and ambition.

That morning he began on one of the scenes from real life, an old man and a child. May was appeased by her victory as a proof of his love, and she spent hours at the studio to cheer him along. But it was one thing to wish to paint and another to paint. He could not be inspired to her order. When she chirruped "Cheer up," he wanted to throw something at her. And his mind soared always to those beautiful figures of the Hours.

For weeks he went from one panel to another, rearranging, sketching in, and swabbing out, dismissing models petulantly, cursing his paints, altering his sketches, losing all impetus.

Every now and then he took up the subject again with May. It was always the signal for tears and storms of anger. One day he went so far as to make sketches for the Hours in flowing robes. But to his artist soul this truckling to prudery was more

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Go to the I H C local agent and tell him what kind of plowing you have to do, and he will sell you an Oliver plow built to do that kind of work and do it in the best possible manner. You can get catalogues and full information of the entire Oliver line from him, or, if you prefer, write the nearest branch house.

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The selection of ASBESTOSLATE for the roof of such a building is another official recognition of the superiority of this fireproof, handsome and practically indestructible roofing. Write for particulars, prices and Booklet, M., to

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indecent than any flesh. He reverted to his original idea. Fortified by long success, May grew firm. She positively refused permission.

Suddenly he said: "Then will you pose for me?" Her first glare was enough and he longed to recall the query that brought down on him an avalanche beginning with a gasp:

"Would you put the portrait of your wife up on a wall like that? Would you?"

"I take it back. Don't say any more."

But that was easier said than secured. When May had ended her tirade, half a day had gone by with nothing but a quarrel achieved. He gave up the whole scheme in disgust with himself and his trade. He felt himself a little lower than the lowest in her eyes, and a martyr in his own. When a husband begins to crown himself a martyr, it is time for the wife to consider. Self-crowned martyrs are capable of doing anything and calling it divine.

Meanwhile that thousand dollars was gurgling out of the bank with the doleful sough of the last water in a bathtub. For cash sake, Keith accepted some commissions from the art editors who had found that young women liked the illustrations marked "K. K.," the popular He and She pictures in which both He and She were so well built and so faultlessly tailored.

And still May was not satisfied. Keith had to have models for the women in the illustrations. May posed for some, but she could not fit all the types. She hated to leave him alone. The women were draped, but they were women. She sat in his studio disturbing the models by her contemptuous chaperonage, and killing his moods by an atmosphere of suspicion that chilled what enthusiasm he could muster.

One morning, as he idled modelless in his studio, trying to paint something in and painting everything out, his eye was caught by the sketches for the March of the Hours. The unfinished figures seemed to writhe, pleading to be born. The pygmies implored him to give them the life, the growth, the immortality of which they were the unplanted seed.

His wife sat in a sun-showered Florentine chair, cozy as a kitten, purring with contentment and thinking no whit of the big and little torments wringing his soul.

He shook his head in despair, and was moved to think aloud:

"If I'd known that you could change so, May, I—I'd never have married you."

She followed the look of his eyes, and understood at once:

"Oh! so you married me because

you thought I would tamely submit to any indecency you wanted to put on canvas ?"

"I don't put indecencies on canvas, honey. I married you because I loved you. And I loved you because I thought you understood me."

"Oh, I understand you, never fear !"

"No you don't, honey. You think you do but you don't. Suspicion is sometimes more childish than confidence. You give a foolish false meaning to the truest things in life. Just look at this plan for the fresco ! See how big it is—how many things it includes."

He spread the whole mass on the floor and the words poured from him in a tumultuous plea:

"See, the women are only a small part of the whole idea. There are men, too, and children, animals, buildings, clouds, stars, flowers, streets, and waves, and—a little of everything. I see them all alike—clothes make no difference. If they're there I see through them. I feel the wonderful outlines under them. I see all life with the same eyes. The horses and cows—the texture of their coats—their place in the color scheme; their meaning, that's what I see. I needed a line there—a light colored mass—so I put in a woman's figure. Hand, foot, eye, ear, shoulder, knee—they're all details, all equal, all equally pure. God made them all or none.

"I want to paint things fearlessly, lovingly. I don't know why. I only know that it is what I want to do, what I've worked to do, what I've got to do, or die.

"These women—these models ! When I'm painting them, I'm usually only cursing them for being out of drawing—for having coarse hides instead of luminous flesh, for having arms that don't match their eyes, for torsos that are gross or stunted. Or else I'm cursing myself for not being able to paint what I see, to paint in what I don't see but ought to see, and to leave out what doesn't belong. In heaven's name, don't be jealous of those models, honey. They're nothing to me but sketches, values, tones, textures. Don't deny me my life work, don't smother me, don't gag my very soul !"

He had poured out his heart in a Vesuvian lava, and she chilled it with a word:

"You shall not live with me and paint—hussies !"

He stared at her in a mute stupor. He had turned his soul inside out like a pocket to show her all its contents, how clean they were; and he might as well have unbosomed himself to a doll. He looked at her with horror. He felt that it was she, not himself, who was

Continued on page 340.


# MANITOBA

The Home of Mixed Farming - The Market-Centre Province of Western Canada

AS a common-sense business proposition, no man who is intending to take up a farm in Western Canada can afford to overlook Manitoba in picking his location.

Think for a minute. It is the Oldest Settled province, which is another way of saying that it has steadied down to a solid financial basis as the MARKET CENTRE for the entire West. Winnipeg is the Metropolis, and no matter how many spokes are placed in the Wheel of Progress—no matter how the rim is widened, the Hub will still be the Hub. Winnipeg has got too much of a head-start ever to be ousted from her present position.

The man whose farm is located in Manitoba, on Winnipeg's doorstep, has the shortest haul to market, the lowest railway rates, the best railway service. It has been estimated that the difference in dollars and cents in actual saving to the Manitoba farmer in this connection ranges from $1.80 to $3.20 per acre per year.

Do you know that wheat is ripe in Manitoba about 18 days earlier than anywhere else; that oats are ripe from 10 to 20 days earlier; that barley is ripe from 11 to 22 days earlier? Do you see that this means the Manitoba crops are away to market before grain congestion clogs the transportation channels and while the market price is at the top?

Manitoba farming is farming under ideal natural conditions. No irrigation whatever. Yet the greatest rainfall comes after seeding, when it is most needed; it does not interfere with field preparations, the ripening process, or the harvesting.

The market opportunity for dairy and all manner of food products in Manitoba is made of money. The income that can be realized from ten or twenty cows in Manitoba is several times as large as the earning capacity of the average clerk or office employee. Manufactured creamery butter increased 1,000,000 lbs. in 1913, while the increase in milk consumed was nearly 3,000,000 lbs.; but there is no hope of the supply catching up to the demand in any branch of farming.

Rural telephones, good schools, the finest Agricultural College on the continent, the most progressive policy of agricultural instruction—these are a very few of the factors that point to MANITOBA as the proper location for your farm. Your opportunity lies in the fact that there is still plenty of room for thousands more, whether you are looking for improved lands at advantageous prices or for the free gift of a homestead.

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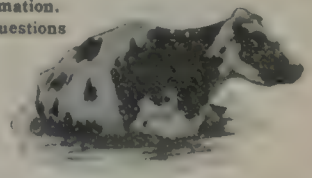
**Ask any questions you like.**



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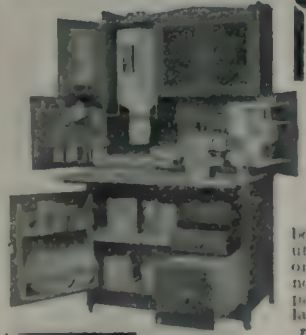

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**78 Duchess St. TORONTO**

***This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.***

*St. Patrick was a gentleman, and he came from decent people;*
*In Dublin town he built a church and on it put a steeple;*
*His father was a Wolloghan, his mother an O'Grady,*
*His aunt she was a Kinaghan, his wife the widow Brady.*

### PATRICK AND NOAH

SAINT PATRICK'S day is in Ireland no longer the "thread on the tail of me coat" festival it used to be. To be sure the flags fly, the bells ring, the churches are crowded, and the "green immortal shamrock" is in every hat. But the shops are all closed, likewise the public houses, and the scenes of drunkenness and faction fights which used to mar the day, are no more. Countless little wars have been waged as to the birthplace of the good saint. The French, the Scotch and the Welsh have each claimed him, much as the Shakesperian plays have been claimed by the Baconites, but Ireland will have him forever, just as "Careless Will" will keep his tragedies and comedies. Who could stomach "Hamlet by Lord Bacon" at the head of the playbill? It would be as easy for an Irishman to stomach Saint Patrick as a "frog-eating Mounseer." As every good Paddy knows, Saint Patrick's family name was Wolloghan—transformed later into Hooligan—and the only wife he ever had was the celebrated Kathleen-ni-Houlahan—Erin herself, and this is a marriage which cannot be divorced.

It was on a seventeenth of March that the snakes were swept out of Ireland according to a west country legend, and on the same day Saint Patrick chained the biggest serpent of them all in Lough Dilveen or Devileen, one of the seven lakes in the Galtee Mountains, bidding him "remain there until Monday." Ever since—and that was early in the fourth century—the serpent rises every Monday morning and calls out in Irish, "It is a long Monday, Patrick."

Nor is the seventeenth famous for Saint Patrick alone. It was on this very date that Noah entered the Ark with his fighting wife, who for some days had refused to go into it. The rising water frightened her, however, and in she galloped, immediately picking up the quarrel again, until Noah, exasperated, beat her black and blue. No wonder he took to the drink, "the poor ould crathur," as my informant called him.

### THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAGH

IF the shamrock is the national symbol of Ireland, the shillelagh is the family friend, or rather the automatic adjuster of family differences. You may have bought one with your blackthorn stick when you "were across," from one of the vendors of Irish relics who pervade the quays where lie the outgoing ships. But I would not give a thrawneen for a made-up shillelagh of the sort. Your true "persuader" is a short, ugly cudgel of oak or blackthorn or crab-tree about three feet long, and covered with natural excrescences at the business end of it. The name comes from the pleasant groves which long ago flourished in Wicklow, where oak knobs grew galore. Every gossoon worth while knows how to shape a shillelagh. He gets a root-spring sapling—not a branch-stick, and trims this most lovingly. Then he puts it in the chimney corner to season. Then he rubs it with oil or lard, after which it is wrapped in stout paper and buried in a hot-bed. It is left here for some weeks, then unearthed and polished with blacklead, which gives it an extremely wicked expression, and now it is ready to crack heads at fair or "pattern", and

you never heard anything like the noise it makes when it comes in contact with the human cranium,—as for the "dint" it puts in a man's skull—Oh milia murther!

### RARA AVIS

IN one of those dreary, almost terrible "God's Acres" you will find only near mining camps, or bush towns, there stands a monument to a woman which we consider to be the finest ever raised. It is only a rough wooden cross on which is scraped the name of the woman, and the legend.

*"She Never Nagged."*

Just think of it! a woman who never nagged! What a rara avis! The husband's inscription should have been written in letters of gold. When he came in after a "night out" she never nagged. He might take a drop too much, walk across her scrubbed floors with muddy boots, smoke all over the house, forget to wear his rubbers. No matter what he did, she never nagged. Delightful woman, how did she do—or not do it? Why should this queen among women depart, taking her secret with her and leaving the world overstocked with nagging women? Not hers the zeal to remake the world according to her own standards of right.

Not hers the desire for a high or holy perfection in a mere human man. She was no poor striving soul trying to make all her household conform to her ideas in large or small matters. She was the ideal wife, the valiant woman, the only perfect woman that was ever born.

Thus mused the Pedlar, till spying some further scratches at the foot of the cross, he read by the light of a match,

*"She Was Dum."*

### MANY INVENTIONS

THE only sadness about death, one's own death, to our mind, is that we will miss seeing the many curious and scientific things which will assuredly happen in this old world, which has rotated round the sun faster in the last twenty-five years than it did in nearly as many centuries. What have we not witnessed who have lived to middle life or beyond it? The submarine, the aeroplane, the marconigram, the North Pole. One almost regrets all that has happened in view of hardly anything being left to happen, except perhaps something with radium. Somebody will find out some day what composes radium and will proceed to make up the compound much as the chemist mixes a pill. It is to medicine, surgery, and all that pertains to the well being and well keeping of man, that we turn for the next development of wonders. Medical research is at work on cancer,

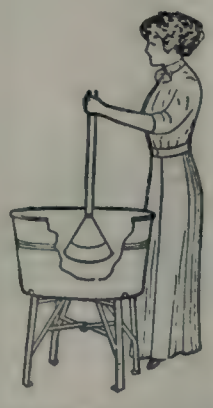
Continued on page 350.


# This is Your Last Chance

**$3.50 VACUUM WASHER $1.00**

Send us one dollar and the coupon below, and we will send you the famous Fisher-Ford Rapid Vacuum Washer by mail, all charges paid, to any address. Only one washer to each customer at this price.

THIS IS THE VALVE THAT DOES THE WORK



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**IT IS THE ONLY WASHER THAT HAS A VALVE,** which is absolutely necessary in order to create a perfect vacuum and supply the compressed air which forces the hot suds through the fabric. It is the lightest and strongest machine made. It is guaranteed to last a lifetime. It can be used in any boiler, tub or pail equally well. It has been awarded prizes in washing competitions over $50 washing machines. It will wash the heaviest blankets in three minutes. It will wash the finest lingerie perfectly in three minutes. It will wash a tub of anything washable in three minutes. It will save you hours of needless toil. It will save many dollars a year by not wearing out the clothes. It can be operated by a child as easily as by an adult. It is as easy to wash with this machine as it is to mash a pot of potatoes. It will thoroughly blue a whole family washing in 30 seconds. It will do everything we claim for it or we will return every cent of your money.

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# ENGLISH HAND-MADE LACE

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This is the old-fashioned lace made on the cushion, and was first introduced into England by the Flemish Refugees. It is still made by the village women in their quaint old way.

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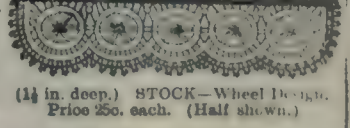
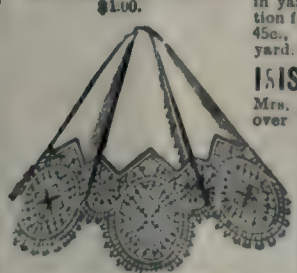
**Every sale, however small, is a support to the industry.**



(1½ in. deep.) STOCK—Wheel Design. Price 25c. each. (Half shown.)



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CARTERS TESTED SEEDS, Inc.
133H King Street, Toronto


# That Awful Model

Continued from page 337.

evil. He snapped a bundle of brushes into splinters and flung them into a corner. Then he dropped down on his model's throne and sprawled inane, disgusted, done for.

The hymn of his life had been called a ribald tune.

And he went into a fit of masculine hysterics. She ran to him and put her hand on his forehead.

"Keith!" she cried, "you're ill! You have a high fever. I must call the doctor."

Her pangs of sympathy were almost a beatitude, for now she could nurse him and mother him. She loved him very much, in her way, as he loved her very much, in his. It was their ambitions that hated one another.

The doctor was Dr. Lathrop, husband of Mrs. Lathrop. He looked as if he had been the husband of a Mrs. Lathrop a long while, but had got used to it. Something in the despairing look of the patient led him to send Mrs. Knowles on an errand to the drug store for a bottle of perfectly harmless tablets. By skillful cross-examination he drew the whole pitiable story from the painter. Then he said:

"I thought so. Young man, you're suffering from an acute inflammation of wifely jealousy. I prescribe a long voyage for her."

"Oh, May is all right," the husband pleaded. "I'm the one that's to blame. You see, I'm in the wrong business. I ought not to have been an artist, but a tradesman, a mechanic, a soldier—anything but a fool painter. A painter must have models, and you can't blame his wife for being jealous."

Dr. Lathrop shook his head. "I don't blame a person for being jealous, any more than I blame anybody for being blonde or brunette, or for catching cold, or inheriting a bad temper. But, my boy!—don't you delude yourself with the folly that a man's trade has anything to do with his wife's hatred of it. If she loves him, she dislikes anything that takes his mind or body out of her reach.

"The whole world, Mr. Knowles, is one vast panorama of jealousy, one eternal warfare between a man's home and his career. The wives of business men are jealous of the stenographers the husbands have to have in their offices; shoe clerks' wives are jealous of the customers their husbands kneel to; the grocers' wives are jealous of the women that discuss the price of eggs; the soldiers' and sailors' wives are frantic every time a man is called away by his country; the mail carriers' wives tremble at the thought of the faces that welcome their husbands; the brakeman's wife, the street-car conductor's wife, the paperhanger's

wife—they're all jealous, my boy.

"I tell you the whole world is a panorama of jealousy. The poor husbands are hectored to their shops and hectored when they get home—but they can't close their shops, can they? If they do, they'll have to close their homes, too, won't they?"

"If I'd only been a preacher——"

"Oh, Lord, what the poor preachers' wives suffer with pretty parishioners pouring out their souls on their husband's dickies!"

"A doctor, then."

"Whew! Well, my wife's used to it now, and I've nearly convinced her by twenty-five or thirty years of devotion that my profession is really a serious one and not an excuse for incessant flirtation. But such a time as we had the first year or two! Such names as she called the poor respectable ladies that sent for me. Every consultation was a rendezvous, according to her. We'd have starved if I'd given in. But I had to be a brute or die."

After the tirade, the doctor's gentler self glowed through:

"It's cruel; the poor things can't help it. But they'd suffer still more if their men hung round the house and made no money to buy them pretty things and food and lodging.

"That's the best thing about women. They may fret a lot over a man's devotion to his career, but they reward the strong men with their love and they reward the weaklings with their contempt."

At length the doctor succeeded in wringing a solemn promise from the young husband that he would break his wife's heart for her own good, and begin work on the March of the Hours forthwith.

When May came anxiously back with the futile tablets in her hand, the doctor was gone, and her husband was at his desk just finishing a letter.

He kissed her with unusual gaiety.

"What's happened?" she said.

"I'm well, that's all." He flourished the envelope before her. "See this, my dear?" She read the address.

"Miss Rebecca Kabe—Kabelitz, who is she?"

"Don't you remember? She's the cause of one of our first epoch-making spats."

"Not that awful model?"

"That awful model. I'm telling her to report for duty to-morrow."

"You don't mean it, Keith."

"I do mean it, May."

"Keith Knowles, if you dare to send for that creature I'll never speak to you again."

"That's your privilege, my dear. This is a free country—for women. It's the men who are slaves. I'll stick to the anvil and you run along home to your mother."

She was aghast at this stranger who had usurped her meek and obedient husband's frame.

"Keith! You're going to cast me aside like this? Prove false to every vow you've made?"

"No, I'll be true to you, truer than you have been to me, for the marriage vow includes a lot of things you haven't the faintest conception of. It is you that have broken the marriage vows. I haven't; I'm not going to. And whenever you get ready to come back and be a mate instead of a mutineer, I'll be here—waiting for you, working for you."

He put his arms around her, for he loved her beyond belief. But she gasped: "Don't touch me," and struck his hands away. She went about packing up and sobbing and wringing her exquisite hands, and her tears dabbled everything she packed.

He noted with a twinge in the heart that she left his photographs conspicuously unpacked. She had ceased

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crying when she marched down the hall to go; her lips were uncrimson and hard.

Knowles put his back to the door and held her while he said his say:

"You think I'm a brute, May, and I suppose I am, but a man's got to be a brute in this brutal world. You and I are back just where we started from, May. You remember the first time we met—in the ocean? I fought my way out to you and preferred you to everything in life. You threw your pretty little arms around my neck and wouldn't let go. You didn't care whether we both drowned or not. You were an awfully nice girl, but you were out of your head with insane fear. You remember what I had to do to save us both? I shudder every time I think of it, but— Well, here we are once more out in the sea—the sea of poverty and oblivion. I want to save us both. But you won't help me. You're sweeter than ever but you're out of your head again with insane fears. You hamper me. You hold my arms. We're drowning again, May. But I am going to save us if I have to— Well, you remember! So go home and stay home till I send for you—or till you're ready to come back on a living basis."

She looked him in the eye so fiercely that he quailed before such concentrated rage. She did not dare say more than one thing, but that was:

"I hate you!"

She ripped the wedding ring from her finger and flung it in his face. It hurt as if a javelin had struck him. She brushed past him and opened the door. And so great was her hatred that she closed it calmly, coldly. He did not call her back and she did not come back.

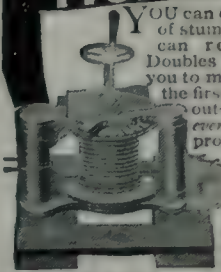
. . . . . .

It was a cruel ordeal for both of them, but far more cruel for her than for him. He had his work and a serene trust in her. She had idleness and a vivid imagination of the evil life she thought he must be leading.

He made money enough from illustrations to keep them both alive, and he sent her nearly all of it, living mainly on such scraps and self-made dishes as sufficed him. But for all his loneliness he drank the milk of Paradise as his pageant grew on the canvas. He tasted immortality already and felt that he was going to the children of his art.

By combining the allowances made them by their hard-hearted husbands, Mrs. Smallwood and her daughter were able to take a journey to Europe. They spent much time in the galleries and both were amazed at the amount of flesh displayed in the paintings an sculptures of the most pious artists in the most solemn cathedrals.


**Pull 100 Stumps A Day—With The Hercules**



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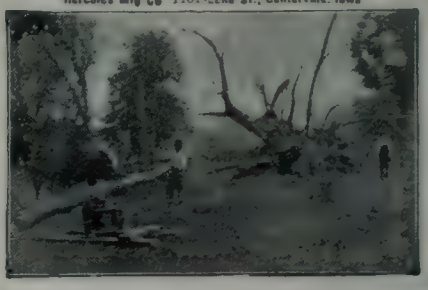


ASK FOR

"LOGWOOD"

3 for 50.

A comfortable collar and correct style.


They did not get back to America until shortly before Keith Knowles' decorations were put in place. The return to the old scenes was bitter agony to the forlorn wife, and she lived over in memory all the blessedness they had reveled in, but her power to apologize and ask to be taken home was completely paralyzed. There are so many emotions so much stronger than love.

The exhibition of the March of the Hours attracted no little attention from the newspapers—not so much,

of course, as a prize fight, or a divorce case, or a railroad wreck, but a good deal for a work of art, even in the art columns, which the general public does not read.

May hated the newspapers for their proportionate neglect of her husband's gifts, but she did not publish her own devotion. One day, however, when curiosity had nagged her beyond endurance, she put on a double veil and sneaked into the gallery.

Her eyes went up to the domed ceiling and the twenty-four tributary panels, and her soul went up as if wings had swooped under and caught her aloft. The ensemble had the unity and the golden sonority of a great symphony's final chord; the figures were but instrumental voices, merged yet distinct. The work had the mass and the oneness of one big idea. Everywhere the eyes darted was some little touch that cried: "Don't overlook me!" Yet one idea commanded the host. The completed painting was greater than the sketches, which is a rare triumph.

May's heart ached to think that she had fought this superb thing and that it would be glorious in the eyes of multitudes long and long after she and her little love and her little jealousies were withering underground. She was unutterably ashamed of having opposed the March of the Hours, unutterably glad that she had failed to check it, even though it trampled herself into the dust. She was sorriest of all that she had contributed nothing to the design. He had planned it before he knew her; he had finished it in her absence. Never had she felt so lonely, so outcast, so useless.

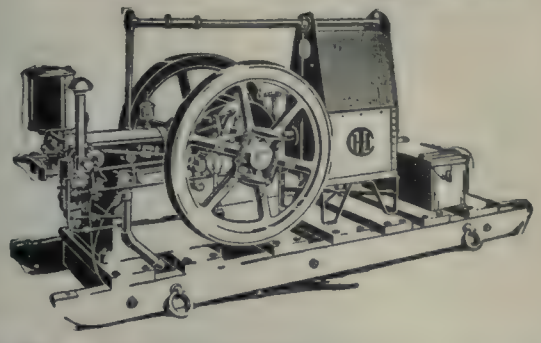
Then she noted that all the subjects of the panels were men's labors—workmen going forth in the early hours, iron workers toiling at night at their glowing furnaces, somebody working hard always. She noted that the Hours were sad for all their beauty; they seemed to be lonely in their aloofness—like wives left at home. Then she read a legend in gold letters circling the base of the dome:

"For men must work and women must weep."

That line had not been in the original sketches. She dropped on a bench and did her share of womanly duty. She felt that her husband's hard toil and her loneliness and his sorrow for her loneliness imbued the whole theme. She had contributed to the work's triumph by breaking the painter's heart and teaching him the world sorrow.

Keith Knowles was eavesdropping as usual in the crowd, only now he haunted the place watching only for one visitor, wondering how she could remain away.


# International Harvester Oil and Gas Engines



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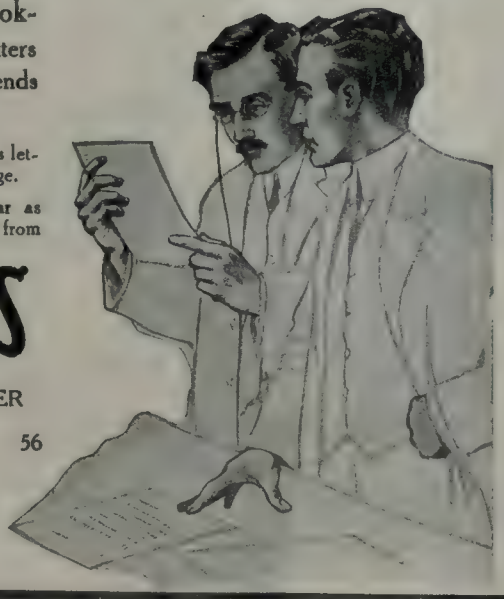

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He had not seen May as she slipped in, nor she him. But he heard a little sob that escaped the clutch in her throat, the little sob that celebrated her triumph over the mighty foolishness of the pettier pride.

He looked down as she looked up. She just shook her head in piteous tribute to his work and waved her hand in helpless surrender to his success, and he just caught the little hand and gripped it as if he were the drowner now.

He sat down by her, and a stranger might have thought them two casual acquaintances gossiping in a gallery. But through the veil Keith could see the great solitaire tears in May's eyes, and he said:

"What you crying about, honey?"

"I'm just o-beying your motto—the m-motto of your picture."

"But when the man has finished his work and come home with a bag of gold, it's time for the woman to stop weeping, isn't it?"

"I sup-p-pose so," she sobbed.

"Well, you're coming home with me if I have to——"

"I think you've knocked m-me s-sensibble this time," she smiled Aprilishly through her tears.

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## *The Woman Of It*

Continued from page 323.

keep your money in a tobacco-jar!" said Valerie, scandalized.

"Is that wicked?"

"Oh, but why don't you have a check-book? I have one, only I never can remember to put down what I've issued checks for, and I never know whether I'm really rich or poor."

"That's an idea!" said Sinclair reflectively. "I never thought of a checkbook. Where do you bank?"

"At the—the—why, I think it's the Bank of England. Wait—I'll look at my checkbook to-morrow, and tell you—it's printed right on the checks."

"It's a bargain," he agreed. "I'll ring you up to-morrow afternoon, and—suppose you and I and the lady mother have tea at the Savoy—would you like that?" You shall have a Savarin, and a Baba, and a Kouss-Kouss, and a litre of red wine, and pretend you are a little music-student at Milan, whose God is that old ruffian Piedmonti, and whose credo is the C-sharp minor scale. Only, I'm afraid the floor's too clean for Maldo's."

Valerie's eyes sparkled. "I'd like nothing better. But mother is always up to her ears in engagements. Perhaps I may bring dad instead."

"Splendid! What a hammer-and-drive man he is. Will you get him to tell the British Columbia story that I've not heard yet?"

"Perhaps. He likes you, and I don't think he'll need much urging."

"Look here," he said abruptly, is there any chance of your being in Scotland for the shooting, too ?"

"Oh, but I wouldn't stand any chance with the grouse," she smiled at him. "You men have no eyes for any woman when you have a gun in your hands and something out in the heather to kill."

"Aren't you ever going to stop fencing with me ?" he asked her. "You know that you're not the kind of woman a man forgets on account of grouse-shooting. You know that I wouldn't bother with any grouse if I could be with you."

She turned wide, surprised eyes upon him, her heart beating tumultuously. He had talked so lightly—had been such an irresponsible boy. And yet, when they were dancing, she had felt that he cared. At the moment she did not care if she tumbled her universe down upon her head, but she felt that she must wrest the truth from him. No woman is direct at a moment like this. She mustered her forces, and said with apparent lightness, "Really ?"

Unconsciously, she looked at him steadily, and felt a power going out of her, drawing him towards her irresistibly, almost against her will. He bent forward, no longer a boy in face, but a man—and a man stronger than she.

She said no word, but kept her eyes on his, he bent forward farther, his eyes intent on hers. Frightened, yet delighted, she waited.

"You know it, British Columbia girl," he said, with a strange note in his voice. And then, with a visible effort, he wrenched his look away from hers, and rose to his feet. It was as if a mask had dropped over his face.

"There is Denzil looking for you," he said quietly.

"Denzil ?" she repeated, and her voice sounded far away in her own ears. Of a sudden, it seemed to her that she understood. There was Denzil, and Denzil was his friend. She gathered up her train.

"There is, as you say, Denzil," she said, with a hard little laugh. "Mr. Sinclair, as we have three more dances together, we must be careful not to exhaust all our topics at the end of the first one. If you feel that we are likely to weary each other, I will let you off from the others."

"Do you want to let me off ?"

"I do not know that I do."

He bent down over her. "It would not have mattered if you did," he told her, a little grimly. "I should not have let you off. This evening is mine, at least."

She made no reply, but went towards Denzil, who greeted her with a smile that made her feel a traitor. He

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danced badly, for he was too short to manage Valerie's slender height and his own feet at the same time, but she insisted. She had had enough of sitting out dances at the moment. She managed to keep on the floor through every dance afterward, even though those included two with Sinclair. But as he claimed her for the fourth, her heart misgave her. He had made no move towards further talk, but they had danced together as one creature, he guiding her with perfect ease among the dancers, and moving with an intoxicating sense of rhythm. Woman-like, since he made no move, she was tempted in her turn.

"He shall say what he likes," she thought to herself, with a swift recklessness. "This evening, as he said, is ours," and when he swept her away for the fourth time, she laughed at him provocatively, and presently lagged a little in her dancing.

"Are you tired?" he asked her, noticing it.

"A little," she confessed. "It's so warm in here."

He looked down at her with the beginning of a smile twitching at the corner of his mouth.

"Is it—Valerie?" he asked.

"Ah-hah," she assented, like a child.

"True talk?"

She hesitated. "No," she said honestly.

"Don't you want to dance with me any more?"

"I'd rather talk," she answered.

They danced another measure, which brought them to the end of the room, and stopped, Sinclair looking down at her round cheek and smooth young shoulder.

"All right," he said suddenly. "This is a *rouge-et-noir* night, indeed. *Faites vos jeux, messieurs! Faites vos jeux!*" And he led her out on the balcony, entirely deserted, with only the English ivy gleaming under the lamps. He made her comfortable in a low chair, and settled himself beside her.

"Well?" he said.

She threw it back at him. "Well!"

"It's for you to say, you know," he said. "Red or black, mademoiselle? You are the croupier and the board and the gold to-night. I am a good gambler—but it is you to call."

"*Rouge et noir* is not my game, Mr. Sinclair. In British Columbia, we play poker, and if I call, that means you must show me all your cards." She leaned back, regarding him slantwise.

"Very well," he said, "I will. But you must show yours, too. If I play your game, you must play it fairly, too. I said that this evening was mine. Did you say that to yourself, too?"

She nodded.

"And that you would be kind to me?"

"No. That I should be happy."

There was a pause. The little balcony's air became charged with currents of emotion. Valerie's hands were cold; Sinclair's forehead was hot. The swinging cadence of a waltz came floating out through the opened windows, lyric, emotional, swaying.

"I have only one card," he said slowly. Only one. It is—Denzil. When he came to my rooms that first day, he told me he loved you. You see, my hands are tied."

"Denzil," she murmured softly. "Denzil?"

"Yes," he said grimly. "My friend—and yours."

She leant towards him a little. "We said this evening was yours,—ours. If there were not Denzil? I do not love him. . . . . If you and I were alone in the world—"

He looked at her, a flame in his blue eyes, and she met his gaze steadily. "Valerie!" he said hoarsely, and in an instant he had clasped her to his heart and kissed her, feeling her slender body yield to his rough grip. "Valerie! God, I can't stand it!"

Suddenly as he had clasped her, he untwined her arms, and pushed her gently away, and dropped back on the seat, covering his face with his hands. She stood trembling and silent.


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10c per package

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At last he raised his eyes. "Are there any more cards you'd like to see?" he asked bitterly. The girl turned her head, and then with slow steps she moved over to him, and laid one hand on his hair.

"Are you sorry?" he asked.

"No," said Valerie steadily. "Now that I know you love me, I don't care. Anything may happen now. But—Robert. Denzil is going to ask me to marry him,—he will ask me probably after my last dance with him to-night. What shall I say to him?"

*To be continued.*

## *Opening New North*

Continued from page 325.

Just south of Fort Good Hope we pass through the ramparts—surely one of the grandest sights North America can offer. The river up to this point averages one and one-half miles wide, narrowing down to five hundred yards, running with a current of eight miles an hour.

At Fort Good Hope you will probably meet Mr. C. P. Gaudet—one of the last of the Company's old guards,—a stately old French Canadian courtier, with the white of ninety winters on his head.

Now we are within the Arctic circle and entering the land of the midnight sun with its picturesque people, the Eskimo. Your first glance at the Eskimo removes all doubt of his Asiatic origin—the broad, flat nose and slant eyes, satisfy you that in past ages his ancestors crossed Behring Straits.

Of all the original peoples of North America, the Eskimo is the most striking. His strong individuality has not been affected to any noticeable extent by the contrast with the white race.

The Eskimo is a splendid type of manhood. Their average is about six feet, strongly and well built and with the carriage of a cavalryman. He must be seen to be appreciated.

At Point Separation, the junction of the Peel with the Mackenzie, we turn west up the Peel for a short run to Fort McPherson—the northern terminus of the steamer McKenzie River, and also the most northerly of the Hudson's Bay Company forts. This was for many years the home of the venerable Archdeacon McDonald, of the Anglican Church, who has made it his life work to bring the Eskimo and Loucheaux Indians to a knowledge of the Christian religion. From here we turn back and begin our journey to civilization with a new knowledge of Canada's Hinterland. Our eyes have been opened to some of the possibilities of the country north of the fifty-fifth parallel and we come home with a better idea of the vastness of this Canada of ours.

*When the new Dictionary of Auto terms and phrases is issued "to Tractionize" will be explained as a term denoting "to equip a car with the standardized anti-skid, which ensures perpetual safety."*

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It has yet to be proven that any sanely driven car has ever skidded when the tire equipment was Dunlop Traction Tread. No other tire can produce such a record.

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Winnipeg, August 22, 1913, Gas Power Age Trophy, 500 Mile Endurance Run, Winning Car equipped with Dunlop Tires. Two of the four had previously gone 12,000 miles and one of the other two had previously gone 9,000 miles. As a Winnipeg paper very truthfully said: "Can you beat that for a driver's confidence in a tire?"

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August-October, 1912, Dunlop Traction Treads made the first Canadian Trans-Continental Trip. One of the four tires travelled the full distance from Halifax to Vancouver without even being pumped up a second time.

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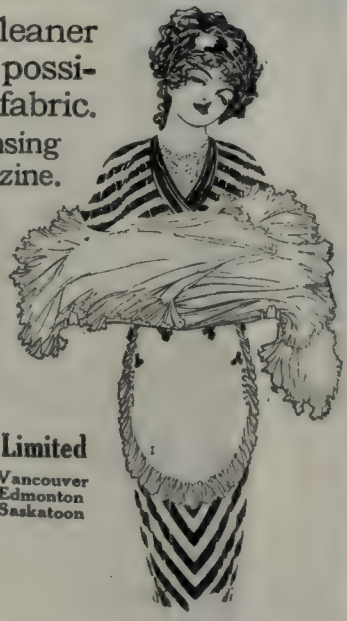

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# The Pedlar's Pack

Continued from page 339.

consumption and the like. Daring operations in surgery are not rare, but more daring ones are to come. Hypnotism will likely play a great part in the curing of certain diseases.

If some fairy-godmother would only teach us how, each of us could correct and develop ourselves in the most extraordinary way. Christian Science comes closer to this than either medicine or surgery. Not long since a great surgeon confessed that he did not dare, for his reputation's sake, tell ordinary people the things he believed would some day become ordinary operations. Dr. Metchnikoff has been more blunt, for he not only regards the stomach and large intestine as superfluous in the human economy, but as positively dangerous, in that they accelerate the decay of age. He proposes that they should be removed. Only the other day we heard a poor victim of chronic indigestion bewailing that he could not remove his stomach and send it with his shirt to the laundry. Fancy being able to get about without those internal arrangements which are apt at times to annoy us! We would all be a sort of Marley's ghosts going about without any insides or impedimenta of the kind. There would no longer be any need for flesh-reducing drugs or powders, for we would all be slim and graceful. Instead of being a nuisance to themselves and their friends, old persons would be active bodily and mentally. Life after three score or so, instead of being a misery, would be a constant succession of delightful phases. All this sounds mad and unreasonable, but is it more amazing than an aeroplane, alighting from the skies at her feet, would have been to my respected grandmother? Why the old lady would have fallen a-praying against witches and the sorceries of the Devil!

And now think of all the delightful things a poor Pedlar will miss when he lays his pack down in this world, and dons his wooden travelling suit for a trip to —shall we say—the Moon.

### DRINKING ON THE DECREASE

ONE of the blessings that has come to the world of late years is the passing of the wine-bibber. New York never saw a saner New Year than the last. Waiters in the fashionable restaurants were not slipping about in champagne, men were not uproariously drunk by the crowd, in cabarets and cafes, and those who were found few women, even those of questionable reputation, to join them. The reason for all this sobriety is the tango. Instead, therefore, of the clergy and the "haut ton" society putting down the intricate dance as "immodest,

vulgar and suggestive," it should be at least mildly supported as the great advocate of temperance. You can't dance if your legs are funny and your head is queer. As to the suggestiveness or immodesty, that rests with the woman. It is she who always sets the tone in regard to the manners which she exacts from the opposite sex. And anyway, a little extra hugging—especially if your partner is an agreeable chap—is better any day than dancing with a maudlin ass who tears your gown and tramps upon your toes.

Drinking is going out, there is no doubt about it. Even in the Old Country, those wet little British Isles, the number of people in all classes of society who never touch alcohol is enormous, and is growing. In Canada for a time, the drinking of Scotch whisky among young business men was very much the fashion, but that bad fashion is on the decrease, as the long line of young fellows at the ice-cream and hot chocolate counter very well proves. Our young men are learning sense. It is not good sense or good business either, to establish the custom of a forenoon drink, another one or two through the afternoon, winding up with a round of Scotches at the club in the evening. It unfits a chap for the day's work, and very shortly puts him out of business altogether. Anything short of crime that will cause him to deviate from this road to destruction should be welcomed rather than discountenanced. Which is why we sing the praises of dancing, yea even of the bunny-hug and the turkey trot.

#### COCK-A-LEEKIE

MARCH is Taffy's month quite as much as Patrick's, for is not the first of March Saint David's Day, when your true Welshman will sport the leek in his bonnet, or at least have cock-a-leekie at his dinner. Real Scotch cock-a-leekie on Saint David's day is almost like a welding of national aspirations; moreover, it is one of the best cures for a cold as well as a valuable means of preventing one.

Next to the lion and the unicorn,
The Leek's the fairest emblem that is worn.

We once tasted cock-a-leekie in the heart of Scotland, and like King Jamie, we shall never forget it. The night before we were promised it, we heard the complaints of the chieftain of the hen-roost as they plucked him from his perch. It was in the chill of the dawn, when he was just informing his harem that it was time to get up and make the breakfast. Poor old fellow! His last crow ended in a hen-like clamour as his excutioner caught him in the middle of his swan song.

But what a royal ending to a little life! Here he was, soused in the good stock of a shin of beef and a knuckle of veal, surrounded by a whole family of the most wholesome vegetables in the kitchen garden. A more savory alliance was never formed. What anticipations were raised throughout the day every time the gude-wife raised the lid of the stewpan and allowed the savory nature of its contents, working up together in one delicious gravy, to steal upon our senses! And what a dish upon a sharpish night in March, served "hot and hot" in the snug inn-parlor. There never comes David's Day but we think of that delicious meal and long to shake the hand of Taffy over the apotheosis of his country's emblem—Cock-a-leekie.

#### MONGOLIAN MUSIC

BREAKING in with our pack of linen the other day to the Chinese laundry, we found the place empty of all but sound—furious and devilish sound. In the mysterious interior, someone was playing Chinese music on a Chinese fiddle—probably a Hoo Kin. To the western ear, it was as the

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# HUDSON Six-40

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A new lightness—2,980 pounds. A new-type motor which immensely lowers operative cost. A new-style body of the most distinguished type. A new price—$2,250 (F. O. B. Detroit, Duty Paid)—for a high-grade Six.

THE HUDSON engineers, headed by Howard E. Coffin, this year bring out a sensational Six. A Six which legions of motorists have long been waiting for.

This car—the new HUDSON Six-40—weighs only 2,980 pounds, certified railroad weight.

It contains a new-type motor, small bore and long stroke. A type which European engineers regard as finality in low operative cost.

And it sells for $2,250, duty paid—a price far below cars of any type of the same size, class and power.

Compare, for instance, with the HUDSON "37"—the best four-cylinder car that ever went from this factory. The new Six-40 weighs 400 pounds less. It consumes one-fourth less fuel. Yet the Six-40 is longer, more powerful, and it has two extra disappearing tonneau seats.

This is largely due to a new-type motor, not feasible in anything but Sixes.

### The Reign of Sixes

The Sixes started in the high-price field, because they were heavy and costly, and they consumed extra fuel. We have seen them gradually come down, until they captured the whole field above $2,500.

They did this because the Six is smooth-running and flexible. It is free from vibration, economical of tires. It avoids changing gears in slow-moving traffic, or in mounting any reasonable grade.

This luxury of motion—like constant coasting—wins anyone who once rides in a Six.

Now comes, for the first time, a quality Six to sell below $2,500. In addition to that, it offers very light weight. And to all that it adds a low fuel consumption, below any comparable car.

Now men who want these things—modest price and weight and operative cost—will find them all in this HUDSON Six-40. They will find this Six-40 excelling in these points any other type of car.

### New Ideals in Beauty.

With this new economy, this Six-40 combines new ideals in beauty. It has a stream-line body of the most distinguished type. These flowing lines which wipe out the dash angle mark the accepted European vogue. And European vogue in bodies is always followed here.

The finish is rich, the upholstering luxurious. Many new ideas in comfort and convenience are embodied in the car.

In fact, this Six-40, in design and equipment, is almost identical with the new HUDSON Six-54. That is our larger Six—price, $2,950, duty paid—which many pronounce the handsomest car of the year.

**Go see this car at your local Hudson showroom. Ride in it, compare it. This is the most popular model we ever put out. Also write us for Howard E. Coffin's 55-page book.**

*HUDSON Six-40*
*$2,250 (Duty Paid)*

Wheelbase, 123 inches.
Seats up to 7 passengers.
Two disappearing seats.
Left side drive.
Gasoline tank in dash.
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madness of devils singing the Carmagnole of Hell. Loud and clamorous banging on a small counter brought our almond-eyed friend, carrying in his hand the instrument which emitted the demoniac noises. Two pegs, two strings, a length of wood like a lath, and a skin-covered disc, completed an apparatus which as a producer of incomprehensible tones holds premier rank. Only a Wagner could have understood it, and that but partly. At most two notes to a bar and usually only one, with a bar rest occurring at unknown periods, with the scale in the Chinese minor, and you have a music which would shame a chorus of a hundred cats all singing different songs into silence. Of all that is weird, shivery, quaint, mysterious and fearful in music, the Hoo Kin is the producer. The Chinese may be a placid race, but their melody is as of mad cats.

Confucius played the Kin. It were easier to explain the doctrines of the great Chinese sage than to describe the music of the Kin. If you could play a Kin out the window when burglars were attacking your house, they would flee as though pursued by devils. It would also bring out the fire-brigade and it might waken the police.

Which reminds us of a Chinese story of two we heard in San Francisco years ago when Chinatown *was* Chinatown. It was an Australian who told us, and a better story teller we have yet to meet. Most of the policemen in Australia, are, it seems, Irishmen, or rather, true descendants of Irish Kings and Queens. Many Chinese names have been "Englished" into barbarian caricatures of the originals. Of these, Ah Su, or Ah-something, are the most common. A newly appointed crier in a county court was ordered by the judge in a case in which a Chinese was witness, to call for Ah Song. The son of Erin looked puzzled, but seeing that the judge was as grave as an undertaker, he turned to the audience and blandly inquired, "Gintlemen, is there anny of yez will favor his honour with a song?" The same man was sent in search of the official interpreter thus:—

"Constable, go for Ah Kat." "Yis, your worship; is it a tom or a tabby ye want, sir-r?" And this was nothing until in a town settled mostly by Scotchmen, the court had occasion to call one MacPherson. A Chinese appeared, and being asked why he had come, answered, "Me Mlackfleeson, your honour."

### NEW BOOKS

OF the many good things which Santa Claus—of blessed memory, saw fit to put into the Pedlar's pack, the goodliest were books. Such volumes as Fabre's "Life of the Fly," Wilfred Whitton's "Londoner's London," and St. John Adcock's delightful "The


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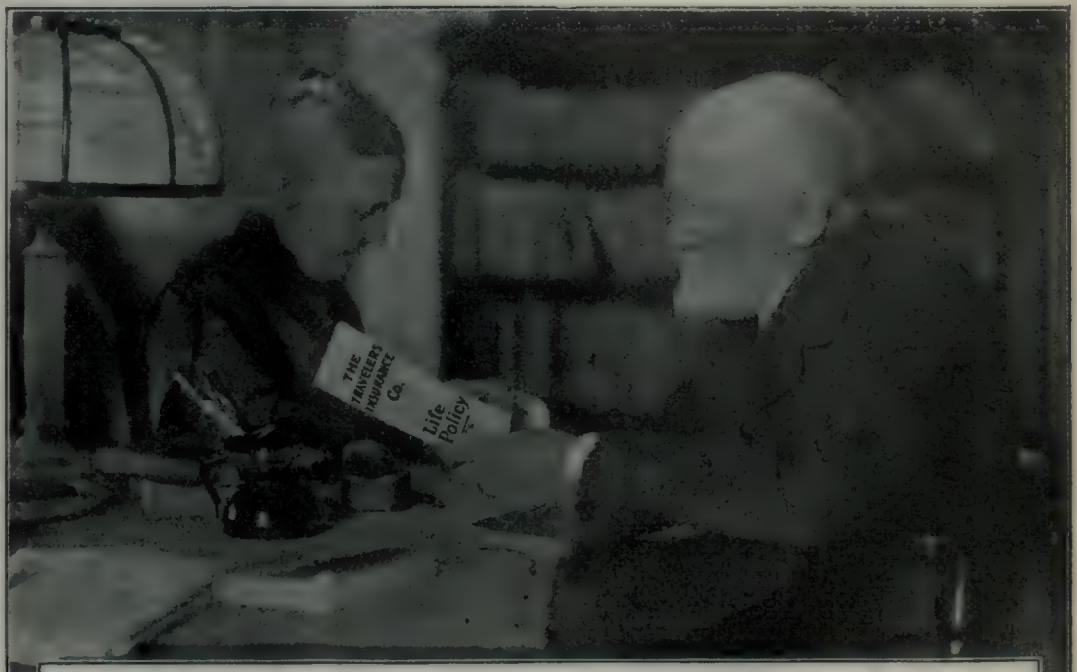


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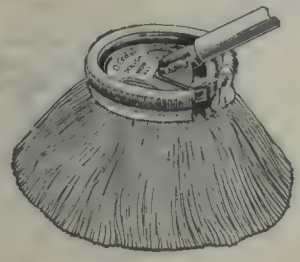

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Booklover's London" jostled with Professor Leacock's "Behind the Beyond" and Wells' "Passionate Friends." One portentous book came all by itself, left outside the Pack by special orders, Rafael Sabatin's "Torquemada and the Spanish Inquisition." A wonderful writing of that time in church affairs when a gigantic and terrible engine was created by a man in himself humble, spiritual and self-sacrificing, who was bitten by the most mischievous serpent that ever assailed humanity, fanaticism. A man who left footprints on the sands of time that can never be erased, foot prints that are outlined in blood.

Of this great work which throws so much light on the Inquisition, of the fair, equable, undiscriminating, and unbiased history of a terrible period, we will not speak at length to-day, reserving it for a chapter by itself in some coming number of CANADA MONTHLY.

[LITERARY LONDON]

IT is to the Booklover's London that we would draw your attention, that is if you care for a prowl through the London of Dickens and Gissing, of Besant and De Foe. Mr. Adcock takes us from Bartholomew Fair to the Monument, and in between and about. You may take breakfast, a meagre meal, with Mrs. Squeers and young Nickleby at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill; lunch with Mistress Quickly at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap; and dine with Mr. Pecksniff and his charming daughters at Todgers' Commercial Boarding House off Love Lane near the Monument. There is not one picture of literary London missing from this album of dream photographs. Lord Steyne's house is here, in Manchester Square; Major Pendennis is continually going to and fro between his rooms in Bury Street, and his club in St. James Street. Here in St. James Church hard by, Pendennis used to worship and Alfred Lammle was married to Sophronia, while timorous little Mr. Twemlow lived just round the corner, over a mews, if you remember. You can wander through Piccadilly and out by Marble Arch at the Oxford Street end of Park Lane, and right across the corner where Edgware Road joins Bayswater, you see the exact site of Tyburn Gallows where as late as one hundred and fifty years ago the grisly processions of death used to come up Holborn and Oxford Streets. We have travelled all London in an evening without stirring from our comfortable Canadian fireside. We have ambled along with real people, who looked unreal, and unreal people who looked very real indeed, and it seemed to us as though we had never seen London at all before—that is—

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**NORTH GERMAN LLOYD**

Thackeray's London, and Gissings', and the city of Fielding and Ben Jonson, and poor lost, wandering De Quincy.

We learned of old haunts that had gone the way of all old things, Sairey Gamp's house in Kingsgate Street, which we hugged ourselves with the pleasure of having seen with our own eyes; the Bull Inn where Mr. Lewsome lay ill, and Mrs. Gamp nursed him, also a haunt of ours, but now occupied by a railway goods office; Bleeding

Heart Yard, much knocked about, but still flourishing in a way; old wicked Newgate, through which we once walked as one in a funeral procession, and countless other literary landmarks which it was our happiness to know, but which now have vanished forever.

Perhaps, you, who do not know London, who have never felt the fascination of the world's mightiest city, would care but little for such rambles. But, even so, your literary recollections will be refreshed by such gentle travelling with so sympathetic a guide as St. John Adcock, and though you never set foot in a city that is so hoary with history, so steeped in tragedy, and so exquisite in even imaginary association, you will feel when you lay down the book as though you had walked through every noble square and mean street of the greatest metropolis in the world. The London of Chaucer, of Shakespeare, Bacon and Elizabeth, has passed in part; that of Thackeray and Gissing and Dickens is decaying, but the great city is ever renewing itself. All that is best and finest in the worlds of history, art, music and poetry has lived there and is living, and all leaves its impress there, so that while new London is being built and being associated with the imaginative writers of to-day, the old stones lie beneath, with the old fairy tales, the old tragedies and comedies written forever upon them. The masks and faces are painted upon the stones of old, old London forever and forever.

## Strathcona

J. D. Symon in the Pall Mall Gazette

So pass, O peaceful warrior, to thy rest;
One gentle step from service to long sleep
And thou art with the memories that keep
A nation steadfast, loyal to the best
Her hero sons have by their lives confessed.
And though Mount Royal and St. Lawrence weep
Their sorrows to the Rockies' echoing steep
Still, still he guides, whose hand unlocked the West.

How youth amid the snows of Labrador
Nerved him, one man—one man and yet a host—
To toil till from the Atlantic's seaboard's roar
Out to the far Pacific's kindly coast
His line he flung, and with that bond of steel
Forged a Dominion's and an Empire's weal.

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CHICAGO MILWAUKEE DULUTH SUPERIOR

# *Mine, Miner, Minus!*

Continued from page 310.

Black damp, or carbon dioxide, may be detected by its peculiar odor. It is heavier than air and tends to suffocate fire. After an explosion has taken place these two gases become mixed and form what is known as "after damp," a mixture which surely destroys all life remaining in the mine.

From familiarity with danger, miners become disdainful of it and careless to a degree that is well-nigh incredible. They will hold dynamite caps in their mouths for convenience, a risk which pales into nothingness the ancient simile of the weaned child who plays on the den of the cockatrice. He is a poor man of low-funk spirit who does not believe himself quick enough to cross a cage after the signal to ascend has been given. To run this venture is, to them, a matter of no moment. I have seen more than one miner caught and crushed through a slight miscalculation in this respect, but these accidents are so quickly forgotten that they do not act as deterrents to any noticeable extent. In truth, there seems little reason to doubt that most of the sudden catastrophes which result in the loss of many valuable lives are the result of some insane risk taken by one man. If these risks were not among those things which the Deity is said to "wink at," all miners would have been killed long ago.

If you feel inclined, you might stop awhile and look at the skeleton-like tipple of the mine, by which I mean the wooden frame-work above it; at the automatic self-dumping skips and at the rocking screens which sort the coal into the kinds known as lump, egg, and nut; but the tempestuous torrent of coal from the hopper bottoms of the cars would drown our talk and assault our ear-drums so, on the whole, it is just as well to take these things for granted.

One's first descent into a mine is an experience rather than a pleasure. To leave the sharp intensity of the sunlight and to be suddenly dropped into "a horrible pit" is to feel oneself rolled into a tight little ball with every nerve as hard as a nail. You hope, you pray that the long, lithe cables which hold the cage are stronger than they look. You wonder if you will come out feet foremost in Australia and if it will hurt very much. After a second or third experience, the sensation is one of swift adventuring but few people care to inure themselves to this frame of spirit. Arrived at the shaft bottom, you are made aware with the aid of your cap lamp, of huge square timbers around you and of a "sump", or well, underneath. It is


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into this sump that all the entries of the mine are drained.

Without realizing it, you will have lowered your voice, for the darkness and stillness oppress you as though you were bearing a weight on your shoulders. The air is lifeless and leaden. This is assuredly "The City of Dreadful Night." You feel as if you were the last survivor in a dead world. But presently, a strong hand will take yours in his and lead you through the stygian darkness till your eyes become habituated to the gloom, when you will become aware of two tracks stretching away in the channel which has been hollowed out of the coal. Then you will be warned to step aside and keep close to the wall while a stocky car holding probably three tons is, with a vast grinding of wheels, whirled by you to the cage there to be hoisted to the tipple.

Your guide will explain that you are in the main entry or tunnel of the mine and that there are other entries at right angles. These with the "rooms" which open off them, are surveyed by engineers with great exactness and according to certain regulations laid down in the mining statutes.

Here and there in the blackness, thin tongues of flame move about like fireflies. These are the lamps in the miners' caps. You have also a firefly in your bonnet but, of course, it is only visible to the onlookers. These lamps are like little coffee-pots and are filled either with carbide or seal oil. In the more modern mines which are lighted by electricity, lamps are not required so much, although no man ventures into the mine without one. Faith is not nearly so estimable a virtue as sight, no matter what the theologians may say. It was a miner poet (you must not spell it a "minor" poet) who wrote the lines,

> God, if you had but the moon
> Stuck in your cap for a lamp,
> Even you'd tire of it soon
> Down in the dark and the damp.
>
> Nothing but blackness above
> And nothing moves but the cars—
> God, in return for our love,
> Fling us a handful of stars.

These lamps are the footlights the miners hold up to Old King Coal as they pierce his sides with their electric drills and wrench open his wounds with their ripping charges of dynamite. They call this "shooting" the coal, so it is just as well to keep your peculiar fantasies to yourself.

In a coal mine one loses his sense of direction, for there is no heaven above, no earth beneath—nothing but silence and black impenetrableness. And yet, when you are alone in a mine, you may hear a sound like the sighing of great trees. This is probably the utterance of your own blood to which you are

giving audience as when you put your ear to a conch shell; or it may be the surging sigh of the enormous primitive ferns, sigillarias and lepidodendrons who lay down in these strata as though for an eternal rest. In the counting house of the years, vast cycles have come and gone till, now in these impertinent days of dynamite and electricity, uncouth, ungentle men have broken their rest forever. The complaint of the trees is not without judgment. The thing seems ill-done and almost, of myself, I can hear their tragical murmurings.

The temperature in the coal mine does not vary with the seasons and the men believe it healthier to work in this underworld than to be subject to the changes of climate above. They have also told me that there is no echo in a coal stratum. I do not know if this be true but, of a surety, one's voice does not carry far in the dead air and even the shots of dynamite seem to be muffled and indistinct. Nevertheless, it is my opinion—an irrational one, no doubt—that men who dig in mines should have music, rather than men who eat in cafes. We need to recast our ideas about these things.

It makes no difference how you have quarreled with these miners in a strike; it makes no difference that once you felt like murdering them in bulk, it is impossible to follow them day after day through the working of a coal mine without seeing something heroic in their crude bent figures. You may not be able to understand the language they speak, for many of them are foreign born, but in time you come to talk to them through the smile, the touch on the arm, or the clasp of hands which signals are, after all, the universal language of the world. Most of these men are kindly disposed and, when left free from the machinations of the mine lawyer, are capable of self-sacrifice for their employer, and even of affection. In every gang of men, whether in railway construction, lumber camp, or coal mine, there is always an unamiable workman of ferocious egoism who is known as "the camp lawyer." The legal fraternity will probably resent this misuse of their name, and properly so, for this fellow is forward in manner and has the same loving heart as a tiger. He it is who stirs up all the internal strifes and keeps them at boiling point. It is an art in which he greatly excels. In olden days, they called a man of his ilk "a gallows' knave" and the epithet was selected with care. Foremen are, nowadays, beginning to pay less attention to the communion of saints in their camps and vastly more to the communion of sinners. It is a foreman's particular business to spot the lawyers early in the game and to deal with them as the occasion warrants.

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There are many things to be observed down in these black entrails of the earth but, before we leave, we will look at the stables. They are lighted by electricity. It is the work of the horses to haul the cars to the main entry where they are switched on to the electric cable. It is commonly believed that horses who live in mines become blind. This is not true. What they lose is their sense of color, for in the dark all things are hueless. These horses are fat-fleshed and healthy and are so tame they can almost be mesmerized into talking to you. They seem highly interested in the story I tell them of how once the Frenchmen put twelve thousand dead men and their horses down three coal pits at Jemappes, and things like that. They appreciate carrots, sugar-lumps, and apples which have been stealthily purloined from the cook's pantry at the bunk-house, in a way that is positively human. It would be unkind to enter the mine without carrying a treat for the horses but now, having done so, let me bid all of you on the day-shift a very good fortune, and a safe return to God's blessed sunshine.

---

## *Greta Greer*

Continued from page 307.

to be merely an acquaintance. Underneath the studied coldness of her manner throbbed the pulse of the primitive woman, and one who was either violently loved or hated. Dare was not sure which he was going to do.

Her manner was peculiar, but to the man provoking and fascinating. She looked about her with eyes of tragic hopelessness as though seeking something infinitely better than that which was at hand, and from long and fruitless searching realized the necessity for making the best of a poor substitute. He wondered whether she had a great sorrow burdening her, or whether she had lost something out of her life which could never be replaced. He wondered if some crime of which she dared not think, put its seal upon her. Whatever it was, he told himself, there was a motive and he could sympathize and forgive.

Where Dare approached a subject curiously, interestedly, until he sapped it and found it useless, she seemed to think such time wasted, presupposing the subject drab and colorless; she was not bored in the ordinary acceptance of the term, as one surfeited with all that society and adulation can offer and she seemed rather to live a life within herself, to have constantly before her an inner vision which was guarded stingily and hugged to herself lest an alien should obtain a glimpse of it. She absorbed much and gave forth

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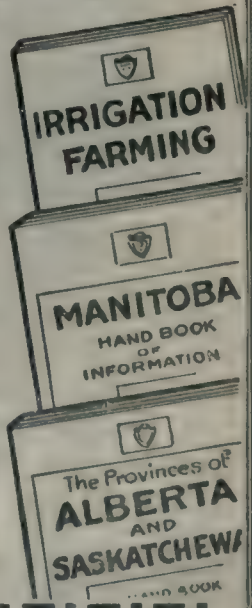


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little. Her conversation lacked initiative, spontaneity, yet was by no means dull. Dare tried to remember it exactly.

"You are not making the trip for the first time?" He asked the usual question in the usual way.

"Oh no! I cross every year or so. When I am tired of Montreal, I go to London, and when its crowds bore me, I try St. Petersburg, or Vienna or some other place."

She looked very young, Dare thought, to find it necessary to fight off ennui and her words were too matter-of-factly spoken to admit of the suggestion of a pose.

"You are evidently a globe trotter, a victim of the wander-lust long past the incipient stage," he said.

She took the remark seriously.

"I suppose so. You know London?"

"Not at all! I have never been to London. My wanderings are confined entirely to Germany."

The girl shook her head slightly.

"I don't like Germany," she said in the peculiar, husky, caressing voice which (now that Dare was accustomed to it) seemed inalienable from her. "It is so distressingly scientific, so cut-and-dried. There is a reason for everything there."

Dare laughed. "That is very like a woman," he returned. "I gather that you do not care for Euclid?"

"Not a bit," she declared with more spirit than he had seen her show before. "Neither do I! I don't care a twopence for anything which somebody has proven. It's the things which no one has ever solved that are interesting—the things that will probably remain mysteries for ever and a day. I don't want to take the shortest line between two given points and call it A-B."

She made no reply. He continued, lightly.

"Furthermore, I hate working upon accepted standards—conventions—I see things differently from many people. They think my theories are simply rot, and me a lunatic. Perhaps I am. The question is which is right. Am I or are they?"

The girl instead of laughing at this half serious tirade drew a long breath and turned full toward Dare. Something he had said had evidently touched her deeply. They were leaning over the starboard rail as far forward as possible, and were quite alone. Her peculiar green eyes glowed and the pupils dilated and contracted very noticeably.

"Your work—your especial line of work—what is it, if I may ask?" she questioned with ill concealed eagerness.

"Diseases of the mind," he answered slowly, fighting back the impulse to to tell a lie, and say diseases of the throat, stomach or lungs. His psychic sense being alert, something instinctive warned him that unless he exercised particular care he would frighten her into a more impenetrable reserve by the bogie of his professionalism.

"What do you mean by 'diseases of the mind?'" she asked slowly, with averted eyes.

Dare laughed a little in a reassuring way.

"I was afraid you would ask me that," he replied lightly, "and I don't know the answer."

She sighed, and turned her gaze out over the sea. Dare watched her curiously. Would she return his lead? He began to realize that there was something abnormal in her—that here


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A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right," but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse was'nt "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six Minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

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So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it.

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

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lay her attraction. He speculated on it shrewdly.

If there were insanity in the family, constant dread of it would tend to produce such an outlook on life: if there were a grinning skeleton in her closet, she might reasonably expect revelation some time, and look forward to that hour with unalterable fear: if a death had robbed her of some one dearly beloved, he could partially understand her hopeless attitude; if she, like the little maid of Domremy, saw "visions" they might produce a form of melancholia somewhat resembling her mode of action and speech. But none of these theories seemed exactly to fit the case.

"You see," she said slowly, "you see, everything depends, as you said, so vitally upon the point of view. I might think you utterly mad, and you might hold the same opinion of me. You might have some inherent weakness of character which would cause my unchangeable contempt—I might impress you similarly. The world might be sordid and worthless to you, and you might be just that to the people you were despising. If I should be a spiritualist, for instance, and should see things and people invisible to you, if I should hear voices which never reached your ears, could you condemn me and say that my brain is diseased, or should I say that yours is? To me, you would be as undeveloped as I would be over-sensitive in your eyes!"

Ellis Dare looked at his companion curiously, and wondered how she could speak his burning convictions so dispassionately, even though a second before her eyes had glowed and she had been moved. The change was like the leaping of a hot flame.

When *he* rode forth upon his psychological Bucephalus, his powerful frame grew tense, his voice took on a deeper tone, he threw himself into his words. He had a sudden unreasonable impulse to take this cool, calm woman roughly in his arms and tear aside the veil which hid the thing that caused her to suffocate a kindling fire so quickly and effectually.

The doctor stifled an inclination to speak of himself and his convictions—to force his personality upon her. Instead, he clung to his original purpose, of trying to read Greta Greer from her own confession.

"What you say is undeniably true," he replied, at length, "but there is a standard set by convention governing social, moral and religious laws. The path is narrow upon which we erring mortals tread, a crime is a crime, we must be punished and our only hope for leniency lies with a clever lawyer in technicalities, or extenuating circumstances."


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"Just how much diseased they are is what I am trying to learn."

"I wish I could learn too," said Greta Greer tremulously and with so sudden a change from her self-contained reserved manner, that she reminded Dare of a grieving little girl.

Just at this moment they were interrupted for the purser approached and drew the doctor aside. He took the liberty of asking Dare to see what could be done toward saving a woman's life—one in the steerage, who had taken an overdose of morphine. With a hurried word of excuse Ellis followed the purser below, unable to efface the

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picture of the woman he had just left or to rid himself of a protective tenderness toward her, which, under ordinary circumstances he would have transferred for the moment at least, to the patient in hand.

He was too late to do more than speak a few consoling words to the husband, a stolid Pole, who volunteered the information that "she" was in the habit of taking drugs and that he supposed "it" was an accident. Doubtless some one else could be found who would take care of the weeping children. He was not visibly affected.

As Dare stepped out on deck again, he was thrilled afresh at the remembrance of the appeal in Greta Greer's eyes when she had last spoken with him—he was so unprepared for it from her. Much to his surprise, he found the girl waiting for him.

"What was it?" she asked.

Briefly he gave her the facts, trying to suppress what he considered the touching details. She heard him quietly to the end, and shrugged her shoulders.

"The woman was a fool—it served her right," she commented shortly. "Good night."

With the word, she departed, leaving the doctor astonished and a little angry, but more than ever curious.

At eleven o'clock that night Dare was still puzzling over her swift, fierce change of manner in passing judgment upon the dead woman. He had spent a solitary evening in his cabin after she left him and was now unable to sleep; so, putting on a coat, he wandered out on deck once more. It was deserted except for one figure—a man—leaning lightly against the rail and whistling "The Visions of Salome" softly to himself.

"Hello, Dare!" he called as the doctor drew near. "I see you don't remember me—Cunningham, Billy Cunningham, class '06."

"Why, Cunningham, of course I remember you!" exclaimed the other, shaking hands. "I was so busy with my neighbor at dinner I had not time to look round much."

"Yes," Cunningham drawled, "I saw that you were engrossed."

Dare felt uncomfortable. He recognized that his companion's tone was a denial of his statement even the words affirmed it. There was something in Billy's manner other than banter, which, considering their years of separation, would have been exceedingly bad form. The doctor tried to change the subject.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Crossing," answered the other laughing and opening his cigarette case.

Dare accepted the rebuff good

naturedly and murmured that he did not associate Billy with mysteries. Within himself he became suddenly and acutely conscious that this man's presence on board affected Greta Greer. It was one of his psychic revelations which was at the moment unaccountable, and the doctor accepted it as such.

"Who was the amiable old party with all the jewels?" asked Cunningham, as they lit their Melachrinos. "Her face is perfectly familiar but I can't just place her."

"A Mrs. Solomon Threckmeyer, so she says. Every one is supposed to know Sol—"

Cunningham whistled. Then he became so absorbed in his own thoughts that his companion felt it an intrusion to remain and moved a step or two toward the doorway.

"No, no, Dare, don't go!" called the younger man. "I really must beg your pardon, but the idea of old Sol's wife on board just at this time and with her tons of jewels—er—well it is certainly a rummy jest of the Old Boy's, isn't it?"

And before Dare had time to inquire into the nature of the jest, or the identity of the Old Boy, Billy continued.

"Have you noticed that odd creature aboard? A Miss Greer, I understand—cold, serpentine person?"

"Yes," answered Dare, denial in the light of Billy's tone but a moment past, being out of the question, "yes, I noticed her."

"Old passenger of the captain's, crosses every year or so, always alone, must be wealthy." Billy told off these facts and suppositions with lawyer-like precision on his well kept fingers. "Always beastly unsociable, always disappears on the other side, whichever *is* the other, no maid. People like that interest me. Queer, isn't it?"

Dare looked seaward for a moment before answering. It pleased Cunningham to be enigmatical, and he thought it wise to humor him. The "being queer" might either apply to Greta Greer or to his interest in oddities, and while in a measure he could argue the point and show how many people as young as the girl pamper their caprices in just such a manner and prefer being unsociable, and dispense for a season with a maid and her tiresome love affairs, he felt the truth of Billy's statement with redoubled force—there was something queer at the bottom of it. He was annoyed at being unable to give a convincing explanation to Billy Cunningham. Finally he said:

"Who are her people?"

"Whose?" asked the other man, apparently wandering away after his own thoughts again.

"Why, Miss Greer's, of course."

"Oh-h-h! Why—er—same old parents, I suppose—Mr. and Mrs. Greer, though one never can be sure." Billy loved being flippant. "Look," he continued after a moment, "there is the little school teacher who is going over to Germany to acquire an accent. Carries a spirit lamp and launders her own clothes, I'll wager. She sits beside me and discourses learnedly upon someone's nebular theory. When I tried to lead her into more homelike channels, she asked me in that crushed, half-stifled timid voice of hers, why the waiter had brought me crumbs instead of cheese. The crumbs happened to be a very choice bit of Roquefort. Would you like to meet her, old man?"

Dare muttered a polite refusal. "Too late," he said. "At this hour the little school ma'am isn't in search of companions."

"Oh, very well," sighed Billy, in a tone that was meant to indicate grief, as he walked slowly across the deck himself. "I'm game for another discourse. Good night."

Dare was less sleepy and reposeful

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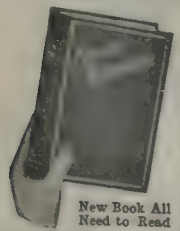

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when he reached his cabin than before talking to Cunningham. However he got into bed and tried to suggest sleep to himself, without success. Getting up he pulled the evening paper from his coat pocket and opened it for the first time.

Lurid headlines caught his attention at once:—

MRS. BEAUFORT'S JEWELS STOLEN!!

Sensational Robbery In Broad Day Light By Someone Intimately Connected With The Beautiful Social Leader's Home.

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There was a great deal more and Dare read it through.

Mrs. Beaufort, it seemed, had taken a large party to her country house, where a dramatic entertainment was to be held. The play, written about the time of Cleopatra, called for the extravagant staging and costumes, dear to the beauty-loving hostess. In honour of the occasion Mrs. Beaufort had sent for her own collection of jewels so as to distribute them amongst those participating in the drama. Early in the afternoon of the day set for its production (which was the day of Dare's sailing), it was found that the safe had been opened and the most expensive jewels stolen. Simultaneously, it was discovered that one of the guests had taken a hasty departure, leaving an abrupt note, devoid of explanation, for her hostess. Mr. and Mrs. Beaufort preferred withholding the guest's name for the present. In an interview Mrs. Beaufort had stoutly declared to the reporter that neither she nor her husband in any way associated the guest's departure with the disappearance of the jewels. Nevertheless the detectives were not so lenient. Not only railways, but steamers, were watched closely.

These were the main points, though culling them from the maze of details and conjectures occupied Dare for an hour.

He fell asleep towards morning with the oppressive feeling that something was going to happen. In his dreams he played marbles with Mrs. Threckmeyer, using huge pearls, which when touched, floated idly away and settled upon Greta Greer's dark hair. He writhed with agony as he realized that the weight of these pearls was causing her acute pain, and the speechless tragedy in her eyes mocked him. At this juncture the little school teacher appeared followed by Billy Cunningham, who carried a huge iron safe; into this the school teacher flicked the pearls from Miss Greer's head.

As the last pearl was safely stowed away, and Dare turned to thank her, he found her face crumbling and mouldy. It had turned into a huge Roquefort cheese.


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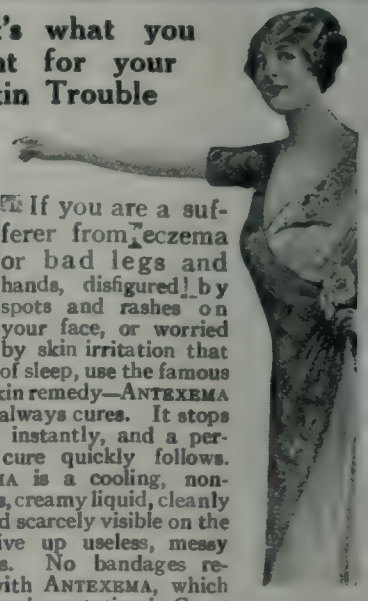

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## CHAPTER IV.

The following morning brought a rolling sea and much *mal de mer*.

Dare rose about eleven and went up on deck; he had intended to look for Greta Greer, but the first chair he passed bulged with the ample form of Mrs. Threckmeyer and he was trapped.

"You didn't get up for breakfast,"

called the good lady, unswathing a fat be-ringed hand as the steward paused before her with a cup of bouillon, "I never stay in bed, never! I would be really fat if I did!"

"You don't say so," murmured Dare politely, and hoping that his tone was sufficiently incredulous.

"True as beans," the other assured him. "It takes the thin ones to do the lolling. But speaking of thin ones—" She lowered her voice and heaved a bit closer to her companion— "The stewardess told me this morning——. Why Mr. Cunningham, ain't it? My, how Sol would enjoy seeing you again! I can't forget the magnificent way you tracked that Italian who stole the linen off our tables! It was that brilliant! We often talk about it and you—Sol and I. He said to me only a week ago: 'Lucilla,' he says, 'if you ever get buncoed in New York, send for Billy Cunningham'."

Dare looked with curiosity at the man. In daylight he appeared much older, and there were heavy lines of fatigue visible in his once chubby face. As Mrs. Threckmeyer introduced them, Dare spoke of it.

"Mr. Cunningham and I are old friends," he said. "Although oppressed by the dignity of being a senior when he was only a freshman, I managed to forget it many a time, and yell with enthusiasm at his many and varied feats of athletic prowess. You have never seen him at his best, Mrs. Threckmeyer, if you have not witnessed his high dives. But you look a bit fagged this morning, Billy—too much discourse?"

"Been up with the Marconi man all night," returned Billy carelessly. Then as if forestalling embarrassing questions he added,

"It's awful to be in love."

"Mrs. Threckmeyer turned impulsively to him.

"Why it's perfectly grand!" she said, "Grand! Sol will be delighted when he hears, honestly. I know you can count on him for at least one hundred shares in the 'New Lucilla.' Is she dark or fair? You know it makes such a lot of difference which kind of jewelry to give. Brunettes as a rule have no business wearing the stones most becoming to blondes. I know," she went on with candor, "for I have been both."

The men laughed.

"But listen!" Mrs. Threckmeyer was not to be balked in the telling of a bit of gossip! "The stewardess was telling me this morning that Miss Greer——" she stopped in order to be impressive, "— is asleep yet! She won't let her in nor the steward either —she won't have breakfast, nor anything! Now isn't that scandalous, Mr. Cunningham, for a girl like that?"

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Billy agreed that it was scandalous, and Dare who was watching him closely saw, or thought he saw, a hint of satisfaction pass over his face.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "she wishes her own maid to attend her solely. Many ladies who are not very good sailors prefer a person to whom they are accustomed!"

"But she didn't bring a maid! She wouldn't even be hooked up last night by the stewardess, and the captain himself has given orders that no one is to disturb her!" The baffled misery of Mrs. Threckmeyer would have made anyone else laugh, but Dare was unconscionably jarred by this gossip; he was annoyed, even angered, that Mrs. Threckmeyer should have repeated it before Cunningham, who was obviously pumping her, and the doctor half formed a resolution to complain to the captain about the stewardess' indiscreet tongue.

They put their bouillon cups on a tray and were silent as a great wave carried the ship high on its crest. The smooth, satin-greenness of the slope

# All those feet had Corns

Watch the feet that now trip lightly. All of them had corns.

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they must sink into looked to Dare like a monstrous strip of Greta Greer's gown. Down went the ship, easily, without lurching, but with bird-like swiftness; she quivered a second as though poising for another, a greater flight, then began slowly to rise.

The three looked at each other apprehensively. Even gossip is of secondary importance compared to the heaving of one's vitals!

"I really did not need that bouillon," gasped Mrs. Threckmeyer, trying to disengage her pudgy little feet from their wrappings. She looked helplessly around for her maid. "Has anybody here seen—"

"Kelly?" asked Cunningham, relapsing again into flippancy.

"Did some one call me?" asked a voice suddenly from behind them.

It was the little "school marm", and Billy rose, bowing.

"Your name was upon my lips at the moment, my dear Miss Kelly, I confess; but that you would answer so promptly to my call, was beyond my wildest, maddest hopes. I would like you to know a great friend of mine—Mrs. Threckmeyer, and I shall do Dr. Dare the honor of presenting him to you, though I warn you not to waste your time on him. Positively, he doesn't know a constellation from a pachyderm, and I doubt that he has even heard of the twelve signs of the Zodiac."

The girl, a pale, under-fed looking creature of unguessable age, stood uncomfortably erect, listening to Billy. Her eyes, slightly protruding and very black, appeared never to remain fixed on any object. They "wiggled" as Billy afterward pointed out to Mrs. Threckmeyer, and gave him a hungry desire to wave a red handkerchief at her and shout—"Here I am; stick to me!"

"Sit down, Miss Kelly, do! I was just going below but we seem a trifle more steady now. That's it, Dr. Dare—out of the wind—now, let me have my plaid rug. I never could abide plaids, though I believe some of my ancestors were Scotch. I am not very good on trees."

"You evidently refute Darwin's theory then," suggested Billy, winking at Dare when no one was looking.

Miss Kelly turned to him soberly.

"She means family trees, you know," she remarked in an explanatory manner.

Cunningham narrowly escaped a start of surprise. The girl was not so dead as she looked. Dare smiled a little, but Mrs. Threckmeyer was unaffected. She addressed Miss Kelly.

"You are a school teacher, are you?"

"I teach, yes!" the girl answered with just a shade of hesitation.

"What branches?"

"Mineralogy, mostly." Miss Kelly's eyes smiled though her pale little lips were serious.

Billy Cunningham was indignant.

"But you told me last night that stars were your specialty. I had a lovely mental picture of you, gazing hungrily through a telescope and muttering complex figures to yourself all through a silent, cloudless night. I even endowed you with a brother who fiddled like dear old William, and you were his Caroline. Is your name by any chance Caroline?" He asked the question as though his hope of salvation depended upon an answer.

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"My name is Maggie !"

Miss Kelly gave Dare the impression of one who looked exceedingly well before leaping. He did not like her.

"Speaking of stars," Cunningham continued.

"Oh, bless the thing, it flew right in her face !" Mrs. Threckmeyer exclaimed, bending forward to catch a newspaper which had blown away from some one and had completely enveloped Miss Kelly's head.

Just why the paper was not rolled into a ball and tossed away, can't be explained, though Dare tried to find a reason for it afterward. Instead, it was smoothed out, partly by Cunningham and partly by Mrs. Threckmeyer, until the glaring headlines of the sensational robbery stared all four persons in the face. No one spoke.

The fat hand shook as it traced the lines and the woman unversed in the art of self control caught her breath excitedly every now and then, and made constant exclamations.

Looking from her to Miss Kelly gave the doctor keen pleasure—he began to dissect again, and ask himself why ? Mrs. Threckmeyer was genuinely frightened. She made but little effort to conceal something akin to horror. Miss Kelly was very white and her eyes glowed like coals burning from within. She belonged evidently to the school of repression but to Dare, trained in the art of reading externals, her fright was also apparent, though well under control. She was the first to break the silence.

"Quite a loss, wasn't it?" she said, looking with curiosity at the other woman.

Turning to Cunningham, Mrs. Threckmeyer ignored the question.

"Do *you* know anything about it ?" she asked him, hoarsely.

Even Billy showed some surprise at the woman's manner; she was almost as much overwrought as though her own jewels had been stolen.

"Not I !" he answered lightly, in a tone which Dare recognized as one of annoyance.

For some reason not hard to guess, he evidently did not want any reference made to his former success in tracing the "I-talian," nor did he care to be associated with the present crime. It was perfectly clear to Dare that his old college mate was connected with the Beaufort robbery in the capacity of detective and that Billy wished no one to be acquainted with the fact. This secretiveness and evasion with the doctor made it probable that Cunningham had reason to believe himself on the track of the criminal who was possibly on board their ship. In such an event, a detective would trust his suspicions to none save in a case of necessity.

The paper had pointed to the disappearance of one of Mrs. Beaufort's guests. Suppositions, of course, but following up that thread—Mrs. Threckmeyer had hardly been a guest, and Miss Kelly had surely not figured in that capacity, so why should the account interest them in so personal a manner ?

There was another name which occurred to Dare and which he tried to thrust aside; whose appeal to him had argued the unusual, whose owner held for him some striking attraction. If it were that of criminal, the doctor felt he must find the motive for her crime, for to associate her with ordinary vulgar greed was to subject her to a preposterous indignity and insult.

Coming back to the present, Dare looked again at the group. Miss Kelly seemed to give Cunningham her first serious attention. Though covertly done, Dare saw it, while Billy, who was engaged in reading the sensational story, did not. Her queer black eyes

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wavered more uncertainly than ever, and except for perfect composure of the body, they would have impelled the observer to believe that Maggie Kelly was "given over to nerves."

Mrs. Threckmeyer was still sucking in uneven breaths punctuated now and then with an exclamation. Suddenly she looked up with a cry of indignation.

"Why, look here," she burst out, "the paper says we are liable to be searched when we get to the other side! Ain't that awful?" she queried, regardless of English. "I never have been searched—I *always* declare the full value of my stuff, and I am not going to be held as the suspect of a robbery case! No, sir, I never *have* been searched and I'm not going to be, now. Have you?" she asked suddenly turning to the girl. Miss Kelly changed color ever so slightly, feeling the three pairs of eyes focused upon her.

"No," she said slowly, as though rehearsing her part inwardly, "No,—but of course—I shouldn't mind," she added with what seemed to Dare like inconsistent recklessness.

"Well, you may if you like, but I tell you—"

Cunningham interrupted.

"Calm yourself, my dear lady," he smiled a little as he spoke, "I fancy there will be little need of searching, for in all probability the real transgressor will be discovered long before the other side is reached."

These words were lightly spoken, yet there was a note of assurance and finality in them which gripped Dare's attention and apprehension. Had he already made sure of his game?

## CHAPTER V.

Impressions were to Ellis Dare so vivid, so reliable, that he invariably acted upon them; he always arrived at things psychically, without the tedious necessity of reasoning. He now decided to work upon the hypothesis that his friend was employed on the Beaufort case and that he suspected Greta Greer. Dare himself, was in no position to accuse or exonerate anyone; he could only deny Cunningham's charge in a mental way because he instinctively felt the girl innocent. That Mrs. Threckmeyer at least knew something of the crime he was also sure of, but that was hardly a sufficient basis upon which to hang his faith in Greta Greer's innocence.

Of course, there was no absolute certainty so far as he knew that the thief had taken a European liner—in fact it was very possible that she (the opinion of every one working on the case was unnanimous in agreeing upon a woman) was still in New York. It was going to be a difficult matter to dispose of the Beaufort jewels, requiring much skillful altering of settings

and stones before trusting them for sale. Even then detection was certain. The police were waiting until necessity forced an offering of the gems. In the meantime if the sleuths were successful—Dare shuddered as he imagined gem after gem being ferreted out of somebody's trunk—Mrs. Beaufort would recover most of her valuables intact.

The old fascination gripped him—crime and criminal, but in a slightly different way. He wanted to discover the very heart of the mystery, to sift every bit of cunning and misdirected cleverness through a filter and try to discover a convincing reason—a motive for the crime; he wanted to prove just how far the act was criminal and how far it was a "disease of the brain"—in other words how great was the strength of resistence as compared with lure of temptation. This in itself would be an absorbing pursuit, but added to it, if the transgressor were Greta Greer, he wanted to shield and protect her, so that he might stand between her and a rigorously censorious world.

For five minutes he forced himself to imagine the girl kneeling before the safe, twisting that baffling metal ball with her long slender fingers. He tried to see her furtive looks and stealthy, feline movements as she swiftly stowed away the treasure and then, with reckless haste and abandon, left the house. He tried to project himself mentally into her stateroom, at the present time, where she was lying a prey to ghastly fear lest even the stewardess should grow suspicious and discover her crime.

Many a time he had drawn a confession from a man by reason of his marvellous intuitive power, describing minutely to the person the very crime he had taken ineffable pains to hide. This was done by the simple method of putting himself in the criminal's place, and the doctor hoped to do the same with Greta Greer.

Then there was the captain! He knew her well, he was more than politely interested in the girl if he gave orders for the stewardess not to disturb her. Certainly a most unusual proceeding. What did he know of the affair? And again his thoughts came back to Mrs. Threckmeyer—why should she have taken the story so much to heart, or for that matter, what should have caused Miss Kelly's eyes to glow when she too saw the paper for the first time?

It would seem wise to cultivate these ladies.

Miss Greer was not at lunch, nor was Mrs. Threckmeyer. Dare and the two amorous men had the table to themselves. Conversation lagged until Judson remarked:—


# Examine *your* skin closely

See if the pores have become large and clogged; if it has lost its smoothness; if it has grown colorless.

These conditions of the skin are a natural results of the constant strain imposed upon it during the winter months, when we eat heavy foods and take almost no exercise. Each spring the skin needs *refreshing*.

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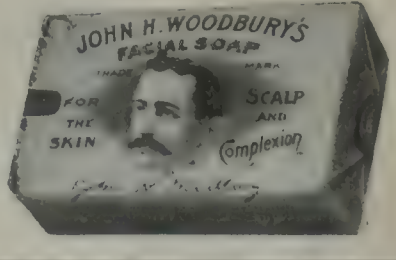



"I miss the Iceberg, don't you, Hob? The heat grows oppressive in here."

The other man laughed appreciatively.

"Right you are, my boy! Going to try the melting process again this trip?"

"Won't be possible if she sticks to her stateroom so close, will it?"

Dare listened in astonishment while carefully studying his plate. These men actually knew her also! He remembered their looks of surprise on the previous evening when she had entered the room, and while it surprised him that they should even have a speaking acquaintance with Greta Greer, he immediately disassociated them with everything pertaining to the robbery. They had probably not seen the papers. Still, it was advisable to find out all they had to say, so swallowing his distaste for both their society and their vulgar gossip, Dare interrupted:

"Speaking of my neighbor here?" he asked, indicating Mrs. Threckmeyer's place.

The two roared with laughter.

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In return for one little drop of oil, he'll work for you a full year. From "Boots on" to "Lights out"—365 times—he'll guarantee to tell you the time o'day with on-the-dot accuracy. He's made the same guarantee over 3,000,000 times and made good every time. He'll make good for you. More than $8,000,000 has passed over good dealers' counters for Big Ben and his brothers—strong evidence of merit and popularity.

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"Lord no !" they answered in chorus, "we meant the lady at the captain's table, Miss Greer. Didn't you notice her last night ?"

"Oh yes," Dare wondered if his voice matched the indifference of his shrug. "Tall, pale, dressed in green."

"You've got it," Hobson said, helping himself to an olive. "I was nearly bowled over when she walked in, because she wasn't booked the day before, was she Jud ?"

Jud asserted that she was not. "Must have made up her mind terribly sudden, though that's like her too, ain't it, Jud ?"

"Have you known her long ?" asked Dare, hating himself.

Again the other men gave themselves up to abandoned merriment.

"Hob, there, he knows her real well, don't you, boy ?"

*To be continued.*

## Il Grillo

By T. A. Daly.

YOU like to go to Italy,
You weesh for veesit Roma ?
All right, you com' an' seet weeth me
To-night w'en I am homa.
Dough mebbe so da weentra storm
Outsi' ees nevva quiet,
Da keetchen fire weell be warm
While we are settlin' by it;
An' eef so be you close your eyes
You easy can pretanda
You are beneath da sunny skies
Dat smile upon my landa.
An' pretta soon, so sweet, so clear,
W'en evratheeng ees still, O !
W'at pretta song ees dees you hear ?
Il grillo, O ! il grillo !

Ha ! nevva mind da snow,
An' how da weend ees blow:
"Hoo-woo ! hoo-woo ! hoo-wee!"
For here eet's warm, an' O !
Il grillo seenga so:
"Cher-ree ! cher-ree ! cher-ree !"

How com's he to dees colda clime
To seeng so far from homa ?
I catch heem manny, manny time
W'en I am boy een Roma.
I catch heem een da fields an' tak'
Heem back eento da ceety,
Where reecha people try to mak'
Deir gardens fine an' pritty.
Dey are so glad for hear heem seeng
Dey no can gat too manny,
An' so for evra wan I breeng
Dey geeva me a penny.
Dough here hees song ees justa same,
Hees name I no can speak it—
Eh ? w'at you call hees Anglaice name ?
Ah ! "creecket," yes, "da creecket."

'Sh ! nevva mind da snow
An' how da weend ees blow:
"Hoo-woo ! hoo-woo ! hoo-wee!"
For here eet's warm, an' O !
Il grillo seenga so:
"Cher-ree ! cher-ree cher-ree !"

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# The Land of Promise

HOW AN ENGLISH LADY'S COMPANION DISCOVERED IT LAY IN MANITOBA, AS INTERPRETED BY MISS BILLIE BURKE IN THE CANADIAN PLAY THAT HAS SCORED THE HIT OF THE SEASON IN NEW YORK

By W. Somerset Maugham

Retold by
Burns Mantle

Illustrated from Photographs of the Play

Photograph by White
"YOU KNEW IT WASN'T LOADED"

Photograph by White
"YOU'D 'A' KILLED ME SURE"

Copyright 1914 by
W. Somerset Maugham

THE late Mrs. Wickham could think of more things for Norah Marsh to do, and fewer kind words with which to thank her for having done them, than seemed possible to any human being. But it was not Mrs. Wickham's object to be mean. Nor was it exactly her nature. She merely insisted on being certain, as an employer, that she was getting her money's worth. She paid Norah the extravagant sum of £30 a year. She provided her with meals that were, to Mrs. Wickham at least, considerably above the average and she permitted her to assume the genteel title of "lady's companion" and thus preserve her self-respect and standing as an English gentlewoman.

Furthermore, she had taken occasion to remark on more occasions than one that when she was gone Norah would still be provided for. Two years previous to the time of which I write there had even been a definite suggestion that as a reward for her eight years of personal service Norah was to have an annual income of something like £250. It was to be so stipulated in Mrs. Wickham's will.

Now Mrs. Wickham was dead, and Norah thought of these things as she stood looking across the formal garden toward the road down which any moment she expected the carriages to appear that would bring the chief mourners back from the services at her grave.

Norah had asked to be excused from these last rites.

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There was really no reason why she should have gone. She was not a relative, and her employer was not her dearly beloved friend. While Mrs. Wickham had lived Norah had done everything she could to make life easy for her. Now that she was dead her former companion felt that the matter was closed between them. Still there were tears in her eyes as she reviewed the passing.

"It seems so dreadful to die, and have not a soul to regret it," she mused. "She's been a hard-working and selfish woman all her life and there is now no one who cared for her. And yet I believe I care. I don't suppose one can live all that time with any one, and not be a little sorry to part with them forever, and I do think she liked me as much as she was capable of liking anybody."

She fell to thinking again of the will, and what £250 a year meant to her. To be no more at the beck and call of any person; to be able to take short trips, to go to the Italian lakes, or to Switzerland, for a brief and economical, but still glorious, holiday. She wondered if people would think her horrible if they knew how happy she was at the thought of her new freedom.

"OH, MY GIRL! MY GIRL!" HE GROANED, "I CAN'T THANK YOU"

*Photograph by White*

And then there came another thought—a disquieting thought that she had been preparing herself to accept.

What if, after all, she had been left out of the will?

What if Mrs. Wickham had forgotten, or changed her mind? What if everything had been left to James Wickham, the nephew, and Dorothy, his wife, who had been hovering about like two polite society vultures, for so many years, obviously waiting for Mrs. Wickham to give up her strenuous fight for life?

The thought was like a draught of chilling air and Norah shuddered.

Yet she knew she must consider that possibility. What should she do then? There was her brother Edward in Canada. She might go to him. He had offered her a home several times, though he had always taken pains to suggest that it was a home on a farm, and not at all like anything to which Norah had been accustomed.

No, she didn't believe farm life in a new country would suit her! If one's up-bringing had been gentle, one must go on heeding its dictation. She would be forced to go out in search of another situation—and be again at the beck and call of another crochety old lady.

She thought rather idly, too, of marriage, and shuddered again. Men didn't appeal to Norah. Oftentimes she had told herself that she never would marry. She could not marry a gentleman, and she would permit no man who was not a gentleman to marry her. No! Marriage was out of the question.

A dust cloud became visible up the road. Norah drew back from the window and hurried to her room. She would not like to have the Wickhams find her waiting for them as though she were eager to hear the will. She glanced hastily at the clock as she passed through the hall. It was nearly four and Mr. Wynne, Mrs. Wickham's solicitor, had agreed to be there at four with the fateful document.

She heard the Wickhams come in and smiled at the high, almost quarrelsome, pitch of their voices. Apparently they already were dividing the spoils. The

services they had just attended were an unpleasant obligation that they were glad had been met and passed.

She wondered if the spirit of Mrs. Wickham still lingered about the house, and if it did, if the old lady was listening to that discussion in the drawing room.

Ten minutes later Mr. Wynne was announced and Norah was called down stairs. She thought she detected a certain sympathy in the tone and manner of the solicitor. She knew, of course, that the other heirs were wondering what was in her mind. Probably they were fearful lest she should be given too much. She straightened her back—genteelly, but defiantly. She was twenty-six years old, and she had given the best eight years of her life to Mrs. Wickham for £30 a year plus board and lodging. Anything that came to her now she was entitled to.

Mr. Wynne was speaking. "Miss Marsh, so far as you know, there is no other will?"

"How do you mean?"

"Mrs. Wickham didn't make another will without my assistance so far as you know? Nothing of the kind in the house for instance?"

"Oh no. Mrs. Wickham always said you had her will."

He seemed disappointed with her answer.

"I feel that I should ask you," he explained, "because she consulted me about two years ago concerning another will. She told me then what she wanted to do, but gave me no actual instructions regarding the drawing of the paper. I thought perhaps she might have done it herself."

MISS BILLIE BURKE, WHO HAS SCORED A SIGNAL TRIUMPH IN "THE LAND OF PROMISE"

*Photographs by White*

"YOU'RE GOING TO WASH UP THE THINGS, MY GIRL, AND YOU'RE GOING TO DO IT RIGHT NOW"

Another ten minutes, and the cause for Mr. Wynne's solicitude was apparent. Mrs. Wickham's will, made six years before, and never changed, left £100 to the Propagation of the Gospel; £100 to the general hospital at Tunbridge Wells, and the entire residue of her fortune to her nephew, Mr. James Wickham.

Norah Marsh was not mentioned.

When Mrs. Wickham had consulted him two years before, Mr. Wynne explained, she had mentioned £300 as the sum she intended settling on Miss Marsh, and under the circumstances, he thought that Mr. James Wickham

and his wife would probably be very glad to——

They would indeed—they would be very glad to give Nora a year's salary, suggested Mrs. James Wickham—a year's salary and as many excellent recommendations as she could use in finding a new place. More than that, of course, they could not be expected to do.

In her own room Norah studied the sorry face in her mirror. "Eight years," she mused. "Eight long years. The best years of a woman's life. When other girls are enjoying themselves I was working for board, lodging and £30 a year. A cook does better than that."

She threw herself disconsolately on the bed. "And I was dreaming of France and Italy. I shall spend years more, with another old lady; then she too, will die, and I shall look out for another situation. It won't be so easy then, for I will be getting old, and when I am too old some charitable people will probably put me in a home."

After a time her grief was washed away in the flood of tears that followed. For Norah had youth and the spirit of youth—and these twain have ever fought a winning fight with disappointment and grief.

Norah Marsh was not a snob, as we use the word, but I truly believe the one thing that made her hesitate about going to Canada was the knowledge that her brother, born a gentleman, had married "beneath him." He had been in "the land of promise" four years, a worker among workers, and always with that broad hopefulness in the future that the day was close at hand when he would be master of his own estate.

He had filed claim to one hundred and sixty acres of as fine wheat land as any the sun shone upon, and his ambition was to see it under cultivation. The girl he married was not of his class. He knew that. But she, too, was a worker and it was their respect for each other and their confidence in the future of the new country that drew them together.

Ed wrote to Norah as his only living relative when he decided to take Gertie Miller away from the Winnipeg hotel in which she was employed and make her his wife. He explained that he was going out to his farm—that the life was rough, the work hard, and that no "lady" could stand it. He added that he had come to love the young woman he was about to take into domestic partnership, and the fact that she had been forced to earn her own living from the time she was thirteen years old did not deter him.

The letter he had in reply was brief but quite to the point. He was, Norah wrote, first of all an English gentleman, and he should not bring disgrace upon the name his fathers had given him by marrying one of Miss Miller's indistinct, not to say obscure, social rank. Ed laughed at that letter, because, like the pardon for the gentleman who had been hung, it came too late. He and the new Mrs. Marsh were already on their way to the homesteader's cabin that was to be their abiding place. He laughed to himself, and because he thought the joke so good, he showed the letter to his bride. The new Mrs. Marsh never forgot it.

The fact that Norah had later written a sympathetic and tactful note to Gertie, welcoming her into the family, or that Gertie had added her word to that of her husband's urging Norah to come to Canada, after they had heard of the death of Mrs. Wickham, had in no sense obliterated Mrs. Marsh's memory of the previous offense.

Her hurt feelings were frequently suggested in her none too subtle references to those who "put on airs," and felt above their more common, but equally worthy associates. On two or three occasions, when she was generally out of sorts, her remarks had been particularly irritating, not to say insulting. But Norah had either pretended not to hear, or had allowed the sudden flush her rising temper drove into her cheeks to be the only witness of her displeasure.

There were two reasons why she should not resent these open invitations to a breach. Her brother represented the first, her dependence on him the second. She had just £8 left after she had bought her steamer ticket at Liverpool. And when Ed had swung her off the train at Dyer, two weeks later, her worldly possessions consisted of a very modest wardrobe and $7.30 in actual cash. So she was not exactly independent. That she could obtain employment in Winnipeg she doubted. A lady's companion in a new and growing country was not exactly a necessity, and she lacked the physical strength, as Gertie often suggested, to do any "real" work.

So she tried to make the best of the conditions she found. She tried to do her part of the work, for all that she was conscious of doing it badly, and she made a special effort to be "nice" to her sister-in-law.

For three of the four weeks she had been there she had been happy. She was living in a new atmosphere and under new conditions. The novelty had delighted her. There was exhilaration and health in the air that swept across the wonderful prairies, and as she filled her lungs with it her whole being responded. Youth was hers for the asking, she decided. She even caught herself singing in competition with the birds in the morning. She forgot the late Mrs. Wickham. She forgot the soft tread and threw off the oppressive anxiety of a lady's companion.

Then the reaction. With the feeling that she was not altogether welcome in her sister-in-law's home had come a sense of resentment at the absence of those bodily comforts to which she had been accustomed. The mirage she pictured in the clouds at sunset was filled with porcelain bathtubs, daintily furnished bedrooms, silver tea-sets and fragile china. She began to think of England, and English people.

This morning she glanced across the littered breakfast table from which she was removing the dishes and looked full into the eyes of Frank Taylor. Her lip curled contemptuously despite her effort to control it. His glance was easily analyzed. Admiration for her bodily attractions was mingled with good-natured contempt for her shortcomings as a housekeeper. She hated Frank Taylor.

He had proposed to her the third week she was there—he, little better than a hired man—had dared suggest that she marry him and go to live with him on his own farm as soon as he had earned enough to go on with the developments a lack of funds had compelled him temporarily to abandon. And she had spurned him as quickly and as contemptuously as she would have done a grocer's clerk in Tunbridge Wells. Which had abashed him not a bit. He would stop in Winnipeg, he laughed, and visit one of the employment agencies on his way to the farm. There he would pick him out a good girl who was strong and willing and offer her the job.

"You're not expecting there'll be much love lost between you and the girl you'll honor with your choice," snapped Nora on this occasion.

"What's love got to do with it?" he had queried blandly. "It's a business undertaking. I'll give her board and lodging, and the charm of my society, and in return she's got to cook and bake and wash and keep the shack clean and tidy. If she can do that, I'll not be particular what she looks like."

"I beg your pardon," Norah replied ironically. "I didn't know it was a general servant you wanted. You'll spend $1.50 on a marriage license and then you won't have to pay any wages. It's a good investment. O, I'd like to see you married to some one who'd give you what you deserve. You're overbearing, supercilious and egotistical."

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# Meat Eaters and Meat Growers

## By Philip R. Kellar

Illustrated from Photographs

EDITOR'S NOTE—*Our increasing population—all hungry for breakfast bacon in the morning and dinner steak at night—has shot far ahead of the meat production of the West. The old ranches have been cut up into farms; the range and the herds are gone. The new farmers have not yet begun to raise enough beef animals to take their place. Not only is this true of Canada, but it is also true of the United States. It is only a matter of a few years when instead of exporting meat to fill Canadian mouths, the United States will not have enough to feed her own. Those who know conditions prophesy a meat famine, unless present conditions are remedied. In this article Mr. Kellar gives some informative facts and figures that the western farmer would do well to study.*

IT has already come and something worse is on the way! Several years ago the farmers of Western Canada were warned by government officials, cattle men, dealers and others, that unless they increased their live stock growing we would be importing meat from the United States, even into Alberta, instead of exporting it. The reasons given were very simple and quite unanswerable—the breaking up of the great ranches and the large range herds, and the rapidly increasing population to feed.

That event took place some time ago. Now the worse thing that's on the way is the practical certainty that in a short time there will be no cattle to import from the United States! In less than fourteen years there will be no beef cattle in America either for export or for local consumption, if the rate of slaughter continues as it has for the last two years!

The daily papers' live stock market report for the day preceding the writing of this read as follows:

"Chicago, Sept. 8—Cattle—A generous supply of thin and half-fat cattle off dry pastures reached Chicago. Choice steers sold steady with late last week, but it was a peddling trade on an irregular basis for kinds selling under $8.25. Heavy beeves of ripe class stopped at $9.10 and best yearlings sold at $9.10, with two head at $9.25. *Few range cattle arrived and they sold steady.*"

### *Live Ten-year-old-Cow Worth More than $15 per Hundred Pounds*

This little paragraph, printed in small type, in the back pages of the Chicago Record-Herald, was full of meaning to the one who has been puzzling over the increasing cost of beef and the future supply source.

The price quoted was not the top notch reached in the last three years by $1.00 per hundred pounds, but the fact that "inferior to fair steers" were quoted at from $6.75 to $7.75 in the face of "a generous supply" was eloquent testimony to the status of the beef cattle industry in the States. That generous supply was the result of the prolonged drought during the summer in the corn growing, cattle feeding sections of America. Their owners were forced to ship them to market, for lack of feed or good pasture to fatten or keep them through the winter. Despite the heavy shipments that had prevailed for several weeks prior to that day, the prices remained steady and high, and the prices were kept up because there are practically no reserve stocks in the States. The year 1914 will show practically no exports of American cattle, while in 1906 the exports amounted to approximately half a million head.

Alberta and Western Canada need not look to the States for much beef this year, or the next, or the next, unless they are willing to pay a great deal more than the Americans, and the American beef appetite is a strong, healthy appetite that won't be appeased so long as there are enough dollars in the strong box to buy a steak or a roast.

In 1907 there were 51,566,000 head of beef cattle in America, to furnish meat for about 88,000,000 people and leave some for hungry mouths in Canada and other countries. By 1912 there were 37,260,000 head to furnish meat for some 96,000,000 people and leave nothing for export.

It requires two to three years to grow beefsteak, and a ten-year-old cow to-day is worth more to the Canadian farmer who owns her than the money he could get if he should sell her for $15.00 a hundred pounds, live weight. For we cannot increase the cattle herds without cows—*and they're selling their cows for beef in America.* Kill the goose that lays the golden egg if you must be foolish, but hang on to the cow that will produce three golden calves in the next five years!

### *What The Cattle King of Calgary Says About the Cattle Question.*

If you've got eight or ten big, fat steers ready for market, Mr. Canadian Farmer, sell them *and invest the proceeds in cows.* It may require a little close figuring for you to keep the first calves for three years, but think of what you'll have at the end of that time! And then think of what you'll have at the end of the five years!

Can't do it, you say? Must have all your land for wheat? What sort of people do you think your children and grandchildren will be if they live in the bracing climate of Canada on bread alone? What good will it do you for beef cattle to go to $11.00 or $12.00 or $15.00 if you have none to sell?

Here is the opinion of one of the biggest cattle feeders in Canada, Pat Burns, "The Cattle King of Calgary." He butchers nearly 50,000 head every year, and he has nearly half that many on his own ranges:

"Some farmers want to sell all their cattle, to be relieved of the trouble of caring for them. They say they are crowded out and want all their land for grain. That's ridiculous. The country is full of grass. If a farmer keeps only a few cattle, so he can sell even ten head a year, he will realize a handsome sum yearly. What would it cost? The cattle graze all summer and can be carried through the winter

months on straw and rough feed which would otherwise be lost.

"Years ago the statement was made and generally accepted that cattle could be raised with profit only by owners of very large herds who obtained grazing privileges over large areas of government lands at a very small cost. There was perhaps a time when such a statement was hard to dispute. The large ranchers exported their own cattle or sold to agents purchasing for export or for the abattoirs of eastern Canada, knowing that the local abattoirs could not handle their entire output. They thus left the man who raised a few cattle each year to supply local requirements. But as villages grew to towns and towns to cities, the local abattoirs required practically all the cattle that were raised.

"The development of the western provinces, and the steady influx of settlers and homesteaders seeking land for occupation, has made necessary the release of much of the land recently held under grazing privileges. The result is the breaking up of the large cattle herds, throwing the demands of this country, as well as the demand from England, upon the smaller stockmen and the general farmers, giving the latter a chance to engage in a profitable business from which they had long believed themselves shut out.

"It is imperative for the farmer to take advantage of his present opportunities. Whatever be the farmer's allegiance to wheat, it is in his best interest that he should not neglect his cattle. The demand for beef cattle in a growing country is as steady as the demand for wheat."

Oh, he's just a big cattleman, you say, and he doesn't know how much it costs to raise cattle on a small farm, Then listen to these facts, given to the public, as the results of experiments in feeding cattle in the open air, through the winter, at the Experimental Farm at Lacombe. The cattle were such as any farmer can buy at the ordinary market. The test was carried through three winters, on three different herds. The cattle were fed frosted wheat, barley, and oats, ground and mixed, the feeding trough being a flat-topped table with an edging to prevent waste. The roughage was straw, oat sheaves and hay, placed in racks formed partly by the corral fence. This was their only shelter.

### *Does It Pay To Sell Frosted Wheat at $1.28 per Bushel—on the Hoof?*

In the winter of 1909-10 there were eighteen head fed for 109 days at a cost of $16.30 per head. The value added amounted to $30.65. The net value amounted to $14.35 per head, or $258.30 for the herd.

In the winter of 1910-11 the number fed was twenty; the cost was $26.06 per head for 155 days; the gross value added was $54.96, and the net value added was $28.90, or $578 for the herd.

In 1911-12 there were twenty head fed for 155 days at a cost of $24.95; the added value was $40.51, and the net value was $15.56 per head, or $295.64 for the herd.

There are very few farmers in any country who do not have some low-grade or frosted grain which could be used to feed and fatten twenty or more head of cattle; and practically every farmer has the land to furnish this number with spring, summer and autumn pasture.

And would it pay? The report of the experiment says in cold figures that as much as $1.28 for a poor bushel of non-marketable wheat was realized by its sale in the form of manufactured product, of beef. Would it pay? Figure it yourself. Would it?

Three tons of alfalfa would be worth $60.45 per acre; the timothy at a ton and a half was worth $14.70 per acre. A ton of alfalfa has a feeding value about equal to a ton of wheat bran for dairy cattle feed, and is more palatable. Alfalfa, oats and barley make an ideal combination for feeding cattle and I am sure that cattle can be fed on this ration to as high a degree of finish, and more economically than on corn. With alfalfa for roughage, the raising

CATTLE IN A BIG ALFALFA FINISHING PASTURE NEAR CALGARY, WHERE INTENSIVE CATTLE-RAISING HAS TAKEN THE PLACE OF THE OLD RANGE METHODS

But what would be the matter with having an alfalfa field instead of planting all the land to wheat and oats and barley? Alfalfa is a great legume. The farmers of America are just beginning to realize its value, and its importance to general farming is so great that the International Harvester Company is spending a fortune in a campaign of education among the farmers of the States to induce them to plant more alfalfa. Under the direction of Professor Holden, the great corn expert, formerly of the Iowa State Agricultural College, special "alfalfa trains" are touring the Middle West, reaching as far as Colorado and up into the Pacific Northwest.

The growing of alfalfa in Western Canada is no longer an experiment. It is a proven crop. J. D. McGregor, of Brandon, who has devoted a great deal of time to the study of Western Canada agriculture, is an alfalfa convert, raising crops of three tons per acre on his own land.

"With beef at six cents a pound," said Mr. McGregor, "alfalfa has a feeding value of $20.16 per ton with a yield of three tons per acre, and timothy hay has a feeding value of $9.80. of more cattle, sheep and hogs, and the manufacture of more butter, will come as a natural sequence."

How many bushels of wheat would your land have to produce to enable you to get as much out of it as the $60.00 worth of beef which the alfalfa would produce? And remember that figure is based upon beef at six cents a pound, $6.00 per hundred and that "inferior steers" are selling at Chicago now for $7.00 a hundred.

### *What Has Happened to the Big Ranches That Used to Grow the Beef.*

Perhaps another quotation from P. Burns might not be amiss here.

"Division of the large ranges into homesteads should not mean the extinction of the cattle industry," he said. "The grasses are just as nutritious, the climate is just as favorable for the raising and fattening of cattle as ever. When the years come—and they do come in every portion of the world—that the crops are not altogether successful, if the farmer then has a few head of stock which he can turn over to the buyer, it will be the means of providing him with ready cash at a time when it may be very necessary. Alberta is a great wheat country. It is also a great cattle country. There is no reason why this should not be a mixed-farming province. It has

changed from a cattle to a wheat country. Let the change not be too complete, or the effects may be far from what its best friends would wish."

How radical the change from a free range cattle country to a fenced grain farming province has been is graphically told by the passing of the great ranch companies in the last ten years.

The Cochrane ranch, west of Calgary, covered half a million acres and ran 12,000 head of cattle in 1905 when the herds were broken up and the land disposed of to the Mormon Church for colonization purposes.

KILL, IF YOU MUST, THE GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS, BUT HANG ON TO THE COW THAT WILL PRODUCE THREE GOLDEN CALVES IN AS MANY YEARS

The Waldron ranch, on the Old Man River between the Porcupine Hills and the Livingston range, was owned by Scotchmen who ran 12,000 head of cattle on the 50,000 acres of freehold and extensive government leases, but in 1907 the last of their herds were sold and the ranch broken up.

Fifteen years ago the Allans of Montreal started the Bar U ranch west of High River in the Porcupines, and a few years later sold it to George Lane. The Willow Creek ranch was added to it, and half a million acres were leased from the Canadian Pacific Railway on the north side of the Bow River, and at one time they were running 30,000 head of cattle. The herds are rapidly decreasing and there are not half as many as there once were. Lane has gone in extensively for mixed farming.

W. Roper Hull owned the Oxley ranch west of Nanton on the edge of the Porcupines, and at one time had 12,000 head of cattle running on the 10,000 acres of freehold and large government leases. The settlement of the province forced a reduction of the herds to fewer than 5,000 head.

The Circle ranch, owned by W. G. Conrad & Company, of Montana, was established in Canada thirteen years ago in charge of Howell Harris, and at one time ran 18,000 head here, but this number has been reduced by 10,000 or more.

There was a time, not ten years ago, when the Turkey Track ranch herds numbered 28,000 head, on the White Mud River south of Swift Current. The ranch was owned by the Creswell Cattle Company of Trinidad, Colorado, and was in charge of Tony Day, a pioneer cowman from the Texas Panhandle. Creswell died in 1907 and the herd was broken up.

The 3 U C ranch was owned by the Spencers, Sam and John, who came from Montana. Their range was along the lower Milk River and they ran 15,000 head in the old days, but the number is not more than 9,000 now. Sam Spencer died in 1908 and his son-in-law, Billy Taylor, took up the reins.

One of the big old ranches is still in existence. That is the Milk River Cattle Company's ranch, owned by A. E. Philps and the Honorable Clifford Sifton. The herds have been reduced from 8,000 head to half that number.

Some thirteen years ago Pat Burns bought the Oxley ranch from W. R. Hull. The P. Burns Company bought and leased lands in various parts of Alberta to grow cattle for the butcher business, and now owns or controls in addition to the Oxley ranch, the Mackie of 150,000 acres on the Milk River in Southern Alberta; the Quirk of 6,000 acres, southwest of Calgary; the Imperial, 5,000 acres, north of the Big Red Deer river; two ranches twelve miles east of Olds and Didsbury, of 3,000 and 5,000 acres respectively. In addition this company has many acres of leases. Burns feeds from 17,000 to 20,000 cattle every winter, but he cannot be called an old cattleman. He does not maintain a breeding herd, but uses his property for fattening purposes only. The P. Burns company has a number of butcher shops scattered through the west, and slaughters about 50,000 head every year.

The herds of the I. V. ranch, owned by Maunsell Brothers, of Macleod, between the Belly and the Bow rivers, have been reduced from 12,000 to 8,000 head.

The Matadore Land & Cattle Company, of Trinidad, Colorado, has ranches in Texas, Colorado and North Dakota in addition to their ranch about a hundred miles north of Swift Current. This company runs about 7,500 head in Canada, shipping 2,500 every year from their Texas ranges.

There is nothing left of the herd of 10,000 cattle which once ran under the Conrad-Price Cattle Company brand in the sandhill country north of Maple Creek. And Lem Pruitt who drove 6,000 head from the Texas Panhandle into Canada in 1905, and ranged them sixty miles south of Medicine Hat, is out of a job.

### *Why Pork and Mutton Are Quicker Crops Than Prime Beef.*

There are many other companies and individual ranchers who have "quit the business" because the farmer has forced them to get off the range. The few instances cited however, show a decrease of more than 100,000 head of cattle in a few years, while the population of the provinces has been increasingly rapidly.

It's up to the farmers of Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba, to step into the breach, give us beef to eat, and incidentally line their pocket books with gold.

So much for the cattle. But beef isn't the only meat that meat eaters want and meat growers can grow in this country. There are hogs, and there are sheep. Pork and mutton are quicker crops than beef. You can grow them in the same length of time it takes for you to grow wheat or oats or barley—and the profit is bigger.

Wheat fed to hogs for fattening requires 420 pounds, or seven bushels, to make 100 more pounds of pork. You know that pork hasn't been lower than $4.50 a hundred pounds, in Alberta, for a good many years. It hasn't gone below $7.00 for three years. Sixty

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# Greater Love Hath No Man

## By James B. Connolly

Illustrated by Howard Heath

CHARLIE WING SAID SOMETHING IN CHINESE, AND TURNED—A QUICK MAN, BUT NOT QUICK ENOUGH

THERE was a boarding house in San Francisco—the roof could be seen from the tops of any ship in the stream, and frequented mostly by ship captains it was—a great place, with Mrs. Mangan always there to put the good heart into everybody.

A fine old lady Mrs. Mangan, and the prettiest girl, they say, when she married Mangan. A notably quiet man, Mangan, except for the twice a year or so when he exploded in the grand spree which kept his vessel in port for an extra week or two. But he was lost at sea, leaving a son, Bat, who grew up into one of the dare-devil skippers of the west coast.

Not a port from Magellan to Bering Sea that didn't have a story of Bat. A wild one, but great-hearted, too, who made and spent a half dozen fortunes in his time, and came home one day with a beautiful Chilean wife, not so very long before he was lost. A foolish thing, but he said he was going to make a port that night. Gale or no gale he would—he'd come to moorings. And so he did; and took all hands with him.

He left a little baby girl, which old Mrs. Mangan took care of, for the Chilean wife did not live long after Bat was lost; and Chiquita grew up, and was so pretty that the boarders went daft about her and spoiled her, as such men will. Great men of their kind, who gave, and took, easily.

Jack Gately came to know her while she was still little, because the house they lived in was owned by his father. Later, after the death of Jack's father, who drank himself straight into the grave when Jack's mother died, old Mrs. Mangan used to call him in to give him cookies; and, of course, any boy would like to be asked in there to see the big ship captains and hear them tell of the strange places they had been to. And the talk of these wide-sailing ship masters got into Jack's blood so that he enlisted in the navy to see the world.

It was when he came back from his first apprentice cruise that the beauty of Chick Mangan burst on him like a night shell on the target range. A flame of color and warmth it was; and not to Jack alone. On the street hardly a man passed, and women, too, but turned to look again. It used to make Jack quiver just to sit near her; and when she kissed him, that trembled even at the thought of it, and of her own accord—the two alone in her grandmother's parlor the day he was to sail again—it was like a torch to his soul.

And straight from that to the China station he went and put in three years there, regularly getting letters from her, scrawly letters, for she could not spell overwell, but more to make his heart jump in a dozen lines than in all the books of poetry in the ship's library. And he used to write her long letters, too. And not a thing he saw in the East but he would wonder what she would think or say of it; not a thing he bought but he wondered would she like it; and for weeks before he got his discharge he thought of little else but how she would look and act. Would she kiss him again? He was all of a tremble coming up the street from the dock, and arriving at the door of the old boarding house, he was gasping like a man who had just run a long race.

"She's upstairs somewhere," said Grannie Mangan, when she had done crying over him. And he went up to find her.

He imagined her as knowing that his ship was in and waiting for him in the same old parlor alone, and so he did not knock. But she was not alone, did not hear the door turn. It was a steamer captain with her, Prady, who was said to make out of smuggling—silks, opium, Chinamen, one thing and another—many times what his captain's pay amounted to. Prady, sidewise to the doors, was bending over her. And she let him take the kiss!

Jack's heart gripped small within him and he backed out and drew the door to, but not without being heard. Prady's challenging voice called out "Who's there?" and Jack, having it in his mind to beat up Prady, re-entered. But seeing her he forgot his resolution.

"Jack! Jack! O Jackie, but the man you've grown to be!"

"Yes, and the woman you've grown to be!"

She misunderstood, and gave him such a smile that, had it lasted, Jack could not have held out; but greeting his eyes fairly, she could not fail to understand. Such bewilderment, such shame to her—

"O Jackie!"

"O Jackie!" he mimicked her, cruelly. "And so you've struck your colors, Chick—my colors, too? And your letters, were they nothing but to blind me? How long has it been going on?"

It had all happened so quickly. She ran for the door as it closed behind him.

"O Jackie! Jackie! But I wasn't bad! No, not bad, Jackie! Don't

think that!" But he was already gone, running like one afevered.

Whatever Prady may have done before, he did the right thing now. "Look here, Chick, I see where that lad didn't get things right. What'll I do? Say it; anything to make it right. Anything, I say—and that means *anything*."

"Oh, go away, go away, Captain Prady," she sobbed.

That night, for the first time in his life, Jack Gately got drunk. Chick sent for Prady and he went out to find Jack; and, locating him, reported to Chick. "Go back there," ordered Chick. "I'll follow you."

Prady entered the drinking place and pleaded with him, as well as he could with so many within hearing. But no use; the lad was just that age. All the stories that ever he heard from fo'c's'le rovers were sounding in his ears and their one moral borne out. Women, women. Huh! He himself had not patrolled the far ports without knowing something of that. And from such surprising quarters! And not alone from those who had the name of it! What might have happened to him could surely have happened to others, as others had said, and not alone from those who had the name of it—O Woman!

"DO YOU REMEMBER THE LITTLE GIRL WHO USED TO LOOK FROM HER WINDOW ACROSS TO YOU IN YOUR WINDOW, MORNINGS?"

If the flooding tide of idealism had hitherto borne him in high, clean waters, so now its ebbing had left him on murky, wreck-marked shores. And Prady was the last man to influence him now. Prady! He recollected now that on his way up from the dock the day before he had met an old chum who had said, "Know this Captain Prady? Well, he calls around there pretty often, he does." No more than that; but enough now, remembering what he had seen and what he had had in mind. Since that day before, he had been wondering what weakness possessed him not to beat this man up. So now he flouted Prady, and Prady, not overtrained to deference, had to talk back to some extent. Enough. Hardly time for Prady to guard, after the word passed, before Gately was on him.

A powerful man Prady and wily as a serpent, but this boy could have battled toe to toe with the great John L. himself and made him break ground that night. He smothered Prady, hit him so fast and often that before the other well he knew was fighting at all he was a beaten man. From the corner Jack dragged him across the room, hove him through the swinging doors and out into the street.

Prady came as near to achieving heroism then as a man in his position might. He picked himself up and, bleeding and disheveled, carried the word to the waiting Chick. "You couldn't expect me to hang around after that could you, Chick?"

She, who had caught intermittent glimpses of it through the window, was thinking more of Jack than of Prady. What a man he had grown to be! "No, captain. I'll wait myself now. Good night."

And she waited, did proud Chick, lurking like an outcast in the shadows, with a patrolling policeman and the passing throng viewing her shrinking figure, speculatively. When he came out she would speak to him; and his companions, whatever sort of men they might be, could think what they pleased. And he came out at last, but she did not speak. No man, or men, but a girl with him! Poor Chick drew back, but not before the woman had seen her, and seeing, laughed. 'Twas plain enough, a discarded acquaintance of her handsome sailor's. She laughed again, and this time Jack took notice. He saw a woman's figure shrink into the doorway, knew not what kind she was; only that here was one woman jeering at another. He stopped.

SHE WAITED, DID PROUD CHICK, LURKING LIKE AN OUTCAST IN THE SHADOWS

"Here," he said to the girl at his side, and from a thick roll gave her a large bill. "Good night."

The girl eyed him and eyed the roll. He was good to look at, and he surely carried a lot of money with him.

"W-w-hy—what's the matter?"

"Nothing. You needn't feel bad now, you're all right; but good night."

Chick from her doorway saw the parting, and the tears came to her eyes; and she was not one to cry easily. She saw him continue his way, entering a street that led toward her home. In wild hope she followed, only to see him enter the door of what had once been

his home, but was now owned by Charlie Wing.

She knew of this Charlie Wing, as who did not? Chick went home, but her bed brought her no sleep that night.

It was next day that Dan Lappen came around to the boarding house. As wild, and in his way as foolishly romantic a fellow, Lappen, as ever beat through the Golden Gate. It was Lappen who once stood on the steps of her grandmother's boarding house after a successful cruise with a bundle of new five-dollar bills in the open palm of his hand, and blew them off one by one and kept saying, "Lord in heaven, see 'em sail!" while the wind was floating them down the street.

Foolish? Maybe. But if 'twas Chick Mangan looking at you from behind the curtains, and possibly thinking you a wonder for it? Lappen wouldn't have mourned a million five-dollar bills that day, for after it he performed the most thrilling deed of all his life—a kiss stolen from Chick. It was from that day he began to cherish the hope of sometime marrying her.

"Some day you'll be marryin,' I s'pose, Chick?" he said to her now, after some desultory conversation, as he had a hundred times before in just that tone. And in the same old words she answered, "Surely, some day," only now without the smile or the blush.

"And what kind of a man?"

"Oh-h, I don't know—" wearily—"a man with lots of money, I suppose."

Lappen leaped up. "Then I'll make the money—

O-ho, we'll sail in the morn
For the Golden Horn!

He danced a few steps to show how merry he felt. "Oh, those were the days, Chick! A man had a chance then with no everlastin' laws to crowd him."

Chick had to smile at him, which pleased him rarely. "Do you think I wouldn't, Chick? That's no joke, Chick. I would—to make a fortune for you."

"Yes?" Chick had been staring at him, absently. "Would you truly?" She nursed this newborn thought.

Then, "You can do better than make money, captain—and please me, too."

"Name it, Chick—name it."

"You know Jack Gately?"

"Jack Gately's boy? The lad that used to sit around here by the hour and never a word but listenin' while we were seein' who could tell the biggest lie—that little fellow?"

"Yes, but a big fellow now. And you know Charlie Wing's place?"

"On the other side of this block—silk store on the lower floor and gamblin' joint topside?"

"That's it. And you know Charlie Wing?"

"I sure do."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"You don't want to have anything to do with him, Chick."

"I know; but what kind is he?"

"M-m—a great fellow, Chick—in his way. Makes cargoes of money—and spends it. One quarter Chinese, though hardly showin' it. No Chinese laundryman kind, that chap. A swell dresser. Too swell, some say; but I don't know. And if——"

But Chick was speaking. "I want you to see if Jack's there to-night, and if he is get him away from there. You knew his father, his mother, and the great kind they were. He's the last of his people. A pity if he went wrong. Get hold of him, captain. Get him away, away from wrongdoing, till he comes to himself."

So Lappen went around the block to Charlie Wing's and found Gately. Even while Lappen stood by he saw the lad lose a year's rent of his father's houses, and Lappen, still standing by, saw Charlie Wing offer Jack his whole pile back.

He saw the young fellow's eyes narrow. "Why?"

"I knew your father," said Charlie Wing.

"A good many people knew my father. Some he'd better not known. That money? Not much. But I'll take a cigar," and he did, from off the sideboard. And lit up and went on, "Because I feel I'm entitled to it like any other customer," and snapped the burned match across the room, and Lappen noticed that it went where it had been aimed, plumb center into the silver-mounted cuspidor.

"Good shot, Jack," said Lappen.

Gately turned, and instantly remembered the sealing captain who had been one of his boyish admirations.

"What gets me," observed Lappen genially, "is to see a lad of your kind puttin' in so much time and money and gettin' so little action for it."

"Why, what's better going now?"

"Why don't you take a cruise with me?"

"Seal-hunting?"

"Wait, now—just a minute, now. Come over here where the whole room can't hear us. Listen, now. I'm goin' raidin'—rookeries or anywhere I find 'em—the len'th and brea'th of the Pacific, from the Japan coast clear on 'round. Season or no season, law or no law, but——"

"But what?"

"Warships, cruisers, gunboats chasin' you. Japan, Russia, England and our own country all on the watch. Maybe sink us, kill a few of us—whole crew, maybe. It's takin'—I want to warn you now—it's takin' big chances," and from the corner of his eye Lappen watched Gately's eyes, curiously.

"I'll go."

Lappen returned to Chick with his report but not telling her everything. "Seal-huntin', Chick," was how he put it. "And I'll come back with a pile to——"

"Never mind the pile. Come back with Jack Gately—the old Jack Gately. And good luck and fair wind, captain."

Lappen took her offered hand and held it.

"Once you—you once—remember, Chick?"

"Much I knew then. I couldn't—couldn't—nor ever again, Captain Lappen. 'Twasn't right."

"Not right? No? Well, as you say, Chick, though Lord knows if ever we'll meet again. Good-by."

At dawn he sailed through the Golden Gate, and with him was Jack Gately.

From the terrace of the great hotel where they had been lunching they could look out over the bay; though only Chick was looking out—Macron was looking at Chick.

"The Golden Gate!" murmured Chick. "The ships, and the fine men who have sailed out of here—and never come back!"

Macron heard, but he said nothing for a while. "Yes," agreed Macron; then, softly, "the grand, great-hearted men." And, after another pause, "I suppose the greatest-hearted men of all are sailors. There was your father, and your father's father, great men both. And now this great lad, Jack Gately; though he may not be gone after all."

"No, he may not. But three years now since Captain Lappen was lost, and if he is not dead, too, then he must hate his home—not to come back to it. And if he does hate it, who made him? And if he is dead, who drove him to it? Me, either way. If he lives, he hates my very name. If he is dead, then he died thinking I was—what I was not. And he had a right to think so."

"Well, but supposing he were to come back, why couldn't you tell——"

"N-no—I couldn't."

"Couldn't tell him, as you told me after that first time I asked you to marry——"

"I couldn't—I couldn't." He winced, but still she went on, "I know I couldn't. Maybe if I was dying I could. Because he'd know then I wasn't explaining to gain something for myself."

"Well, don't talk of dying yet, Chick. And don't be too sure he's lost."

"He is to me—I feel it—forever."

"Then why not try to forget it all?"

"And why should I try to save myself grief?"

"Well, then, grief to those near

you? Why not go away somewhere—abroad? You have only to say the word. Isn't there some place you'd like particularly to go?"

"No place. Sometimes though," she turned from her study of the bay, "sometimes I've thought I'd like to see my mother's city, Valparaiso."

"Why not? I'll take you — and Grannie with us. But you know what that means, Chick. I mean you'll marry or not, as you please only if you don't so many people will talk—even with Grannie along."

"They've talked of me before, I'm afraid—me from out of a sailor's boarding house."

"Then they never let me hear them, Chick. And if you would, Chick, I know it might save me, too, for I've had to try to forget things."

"And you can't?"

"I never could —quite—till I met you. Yes, Chick, we'll go to Valparaiso and look up your mother's people. And then we'll go across the country to Buenos Ayres, and then up the coast to Rio. There's a place near Rio, Chick, up in the mountains; Rio's hot, but this is up about three thousand five hundred feet, cool always, but never too cool. You ascend by a little cable railway. And as you go up the mountain peaks keep opening up before you, sometimes only a little of the sky to be seen. Looks like a Japanese flower garden when you get there—groves and walks.

So different from the rough hills about, all finished, polished; an artificial river running through the center, with little bridges——"

"Do you like artificial things?"

"Well, I don't, to tell the truth. But it's a lovely spot and I thought it might please you, being in that same South America where your mother was born. But there's Paris, Rome, Venice, Vienna, and a place in Switzerland—a little chalet looking down on a valley where there are cows and babies and sheep running around loose, a green place where mill wheels clack and the water runs on like bells ringing. And listen, there's a place I know, a little hamlet away up in Norway, where the midnight sun is. You can see it fall down there, as if 'twas going to drop, sizzling, into the Arctic —but it doesn't. It swings down and swings up, but doesn't dip in—not for a whole three months.

JACK LOOKED BEYOND CHARLIE WING, AND THERE HE SAW CHICK, RESTING HER HEAD ON THE TABLE AS THOUGH SHE WERE WEARY

"And listen. It would salve the sorest soul. It blooms there, the spray blots out the very heavens at times. And there's a little church on the mainland set up on a green knoll —the only green among all that gray rock—and a white cross above the white steeple, and on Sunday mornings the old bells toll for the people of the islands and they come rowing across the fjord, men and women both to the oars, in boats like they used a thousand years ago.

"And you can sit there and watch all that, the tide racing between the two rocky islets, and the ocean rolling, rolling, always rolling, so that, before you know, you're trying to count the pulse of it, and between the beats of it your own heart quiets—and you forget. I've gone there, Chick, feeling like—" He stopped, smiled slowly, and then, "A queer place, Chick, the veranda of a hotel, to be making love —that is, making it so you won't scandalize a dozen people almost within hearing and a hundred within easy eyeshot. But you don't give me many chances, Chick, and I must make the most of one when I get it. But"—his searching eyes noted now the tired look

Continued on page 427.

# Concerning Greta Greer

## Part II.

### IN WHICH THE LITTLE SCHOOL-TEACHER PADS A PAIR OF PALE-BLUE CORSETS THAT NEVER WERE MEANT FOR HER SLIM WAIST-MEASURE

## By Madge Macbeth

Illustrated by Elisabeth Telling

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Hobson blushed a little and laughed. He explained that he had known Miss Greer by sight for a long time; his business took him every six months to London, and the rest of the year he spent in New York. "I am always running into her somewhere," he said. "One day it will be in Curzon Street or driving in the Row with no end of swells and the next, she'll be in some low looking joint, and alone. Once on a trip crossing, I tried to speak to her, she seemed so much alone and—er—queer, you know, but—" Judson burst out laughing again, "—but she froze me so I had a bad attack of influenza as soon as I got to London. Oh dry up, Jud, don't be an ass!"

"How interesting!" murmured Dare, "and what of her family?"

"Damned if I know! Don't seem to have any, though I have heard it said that she isn't received by them, has an assumed name and all that. She seems to have plenty of money however, and with that you don't need much of a family."

Seeing Dare's face, he checked a laugh and rose from the table. "Have a smoke with us, Doc.?"

"Some other time, with pleasure," answered Dare, rising too.

A heavy sea and a very high wind were responsible for deserted decks all the afternoon. Many vacancies at the dinner table made it an easy matter for Dare to have a few words with the captain.

"Your passengers are not very good sailors," he said, pleasantly.

"Oh, give them time," laughed the other, "we are not fairly out you might say, and anyway it is not always *mal de mer* which keeps them to their staterooms, you know, Doctor. There is nothing like a ship for bringing out people's idiosyncrasies! Why, a lady once told me that she stayed in her cabin the whole trip across because the man who was put next to her at the table wore creaky collars. Another time, a gentleman asked to have his seat changed because his neighbor's bangles got on his nerves. Now in an ordinary hotel dining room these things would pass unnoticed, but in a ship—well we all are a little mad in spots, aren't we?"

Billy Cunningham joined them and the three walked a few moments in silence.

"Where is the stately girl reminding one of foaming absinthe—if there is such a thing?" he asked at length.

"Miss Greer?"

There never seemed to be any conjecture as to the person meant after one had described Greta Greer.

"I suppose so. Greer—yes, that's the name. I have a great many friends who know her, unless she is not the girl I mean—daughter of the late Horace Greer?"

"She's *not*!" answered the captain shortly, and with a few perfunctory words turned away.

Billy loooked after him in puzzled surprise.

"My, I wonder if his mother knows what an awful temper he's got," he said, lighting a cigarette. "Guess I'll go talk to Judson and Hobson."

It occurred to the doctor to watch his retreating figure, half resentful of the coming conversation with the two travellers. But instead of turning into the smoking-room Billy moved steadily in the direction of the wireless station and Dare saw him no more that evening.

Maggie Kelly spent the following morning in her stateroom. Since it had pleased the famous Mrs. Solomon Threckmeyer to gaze with favor upon her, and since Mr. Cunningham had seen fit to single her out for his attentions, it was incumbent of her to make the most of her opportunities. She dragged out her steamer trunk and went carefully through the contents. It did not take long.

There was a cream colored crepe trimmed with bunches of coy little pink rosebuds made of silk; a few of these looked crushed; Miss Kelly pinched them into shape with skilled

SYNOPSIS.—Dr. Dare, specialist in insanity and crime cases, has shipped as surgeon on a transatlantic liner, and meets Greta Greer, a tall, reserved girl invariably gowned in green. She is strangely moved on learning his chosen profession, and he becomes aware that she has some mystery weighing on her mind.

The second day out he learns that there has been a daring robbery of emeralds at Montreal, by some woman, and that they will be searched on arriving in England. Mrs Threckmeyer, a cheerfully ungrammatical matron, Miss Kelly, a little schoolteacher, who gives the impression of looking particularly well before she leaps, and Billy Cunningham, a former classmate of Dare's, and now a detective, discuss the case excitedly. Dare feels instinctively that Cunningham, at least, has his eye on Miss Greer, and determines to protect her if need should arise.

GRETA GREER'S DOOR SWUNG OPEN, AND TO CUNNINGHAM IT SEEMED AS THOUGH THE ROOM WERE BLAZING WITH JEWELS

fingers and smiled a little as she did so. There was a wine colored poplin made in the latest mode although by an inexperienced hand, for the many drapings of the skirt gave it an awkward rather than a graceful appearance. It had a full and puffy look, but the owner smiled still more kindly upon this creation and laid it upon her berth, spending quite fifteen minutes adjusting the gathering at the knee by means of a piece of elastic. Even then it did not look smooth. She next took stock of her under-clothes—not a very tedious proceeding, for she intended to reduce laundry as much as possible and bought an outfit of cotton crepe for travelling. So far it had proved extremely satisfactory. Ah, a pair of very nice corsets. It would appear that Maggie knew something of corsets as well as minerals and nebular theories. She looked at them with a seriously critical eye. The smile had vanished completely.

They were blue satin corsets laced with elastic half way down and with blue ribbon laces the rest of the way. Around the top was a frill of wide valenciennes, made into Frenchy little rosettes here and there. The rosettes received the most careful scrutiny, and then Maggie Kelly rose from the floor and held the blue corsets up to her slim self. They seemed too large.

"A few pads," she said in a whisper, "will fix them all right."

It took the rest of the morning to make suitable pads for the corsets, but when the last thread was bitten off, there seemed even greater cause for satisfaction than before, and as Miss Kelly locked her trunk she hummed a little tune.

During that same morning Greta Greer had tossed miserably in her bed. She was very ill. Since the first night at dinner she had eaten nothing and even now the thought of food nauseated her. Once the stewardess had knocked more loudly than was her wont and had insisted upon handing the invalid a cup of coffee and some toast, but she closed the door resentfully, finding that even as ministering angel her presence was not desired, nor was it tolerated an instant longer than necessary, at the door of the stateroom.

She could do no more than enlarge to Mrs. Threckmeyer upon the fact that she feared the poor young lady was one of the band of iniquitous women who bartered their souls to the devil and smoked cigarettes.

The stewardess herself had been brought up in a family of shouting Hornerites, and had a penchant for mild gossip.

Upon awakening, the girl looked around the stateroom and shuddered. It was so sordid and cramped. Her

MISS KELLY PINCHED THE ROSEBUDS INTO SHAPE, AND GLANCED AT THE PALE-BLUE CORSETS REFLECTIVELY

eyes were attracted by the glitter of jewels on the dressing table. She remembered having got them out, chains, pendants, necklaces, bracelets, even an old fashioned tiara, which had been picked up on the continent; she remembered putting them on—all. And now there was nothing but a memory!

Someone knocked.

"Who is there?"

"The stewardess with coffee. The captain sent his compliments and hoped that Miss Greer was better."

With a nervous look about the room the girl rose unsteadily to her feet and opened the door just wide enough to take in the tray. Then with a sigh she sank back on her little lace pillow and closed her eyes.

Languor did not last long; the old aching, gnawing misery returned; the pitiful, helpless feeling a woman has when she looks a struggle in the face, shudders, and knows herself unequal to it.

"I can't go on alone," moaned Greta Greer into her pillow. "I can't go on! Five more hideous days and still more hideous nights! I am haunted with the feeling that they all know! God—the woman in the steerage was right, and I am wrong. She had not learned enough to make her miserable."

There were voices outside. Ah, those awful men, Hobson and Judson! She was sure that *they* knew. Well, what of it she argued; no one would believe them if they told. Yes, something contradicted, Mrs. Threckmeyer would; she was just the sort of woman who gloated over scandal and who loved telling choice bits of it when it concerned people above her walk in life. It seemed to bring them nearer her respectable level.

The girl writhed at her own impotence and lost the thread of her thoughts. She reached out her long restless fingers and took up a box containing many kinds of cigarettes. After a moment's hesitation she selected an expensive gold-tipped Egyptian, and lighted it.

Of what had she been thinking? Something horrible, of course. Remorse and horror are closely akin. Her eyes rested on the mass of jewelry and singled out a piece of chrysoprase—a particular favourite of hers; she wondered vaguely if Mrs. Threckmeyer knew the stone. Then it came back to her what she had been thinking, and she sat up trying to concentrate. If Mrs. Threckmeyer knew through Hobson and Judson, perhaps the jade, malachite and chrysoprase would buy her silence, at least until they reached London. After that it would not matter so much. She ground her teeth picturing Mrs. Threckmeyer's enjoyment as she gloated over the minute details to Dr. Dare. There was the seat of the trouble—she did not want Dr. Dare to know.

Then the uselessness of trying to barter her jewels to Mrs. Theckmeyer for silence forced itself upon her. The woman was rolling in wealth and what would equal the delight of doling out tit-bits of scandal? She went over and over the situation, sometimes staring with hopeless misery at the ceiling

and again burying her face in the pillow and beating the covers with her clenched hands.

Finally Greta Greer sent for the captain.

"I can't stand myself any longer," she said, "and I loathe the passengers this time. Nothing would induce me to leave my room now. Will you smoke ?" She offered him a jeweled cigarette case.

Captain Myles hesitated the fraction of a second, but just long enough for the girl to notice his uncertainty. "Benson and Hedges"—she said bitterly. "They won't hurt you—you can trust me now."

"Forgive me," his voice was penitent, pleading, "I am clumsier than ever."

She did not answer but lay back at full length on the leather couch.

"Will you do me a favour ?" asked the man, seating himself beside her and looking earnestly at her.

Though her hair was unbound, it clung closely to her small shapely head. The dull green of her embroidered dressing-gown brought out the bluish whiteness of her skin, her long, restless fingers fascinated him. He repeated the question, looking at the smoke which curled from her cigarette.

"You know I hate these unveiled mysteries," she answered a little petulantly. "Who wants to make a promise in the dark ? I can't think you are going to ask me to make this my last offence, Gregory, and the other thing—it is as impossible to-day as it was years ago. I'm sorry."

She held out her hand and the captain took it in a close clasp. Then he kissed it tenderly and let it fall.

"No, I know you too well to ask you either of those things—now. There is something different, quite different." he paused a moment, then said distinctly but quietly, "I want you to see Dr. Dare."

They looked at each other in silence for what seemed a long time, before the girl spoke. Her question was apparently irrelevant.

"What day is this, and what time of day ?"

Without seeming to notice the strangeness of the question, Captain Myles answered her.

"Is that all ? And shall we have a calm trip, Gregory ?"

He shook his head. "Who can say—it was rough this morning and yesterday, but there is no sign of an immediate storm. Will you let me send Dare down, Greta, dear ?"

He leaned close to her and laid his hand on her blue-black hair. The touch seemed to quiet her, for she closed her eyes almost, and ceased fingering the gold dragon on her gown.

Encouraged, the man bent still closer, until he could feel her breath on his cheek. Then quite suddenly he slipped to the floor on his knees and gathered the girl in his strong arms.

"Greta !" he whispered, brokenly.

Unmoved, unstirred by his passion, she looked at him through half closed eyes.

"I wish I could, Gregory—I wish I could ! You are my only friend and you have been everything to me. But I can't give it up, dear boy, I can't. Won't you leave me now and I will think over what you have said while I am dressing for dinner ?"

Gregory Myles rose unsteadily to his feet. He hated himself for his loss of control, and for a fleeting instant he hated the woman who had such boundless power over him, perhaps by reason of her very coldness.

"So you will come to dinner ?" he forced himself to say. "I am very glad. Is there anything more I can do ?"

The girl shook her head listlessly. "I am better now, thank you, you always chase away the blue devils——for the moment," she hastened to add, seeing him hesitate on the threshold, and move towards her.

Billy Cunningham passed the door just then.

To him it seemed as though the room glowed with the light of many jewels, and he frowned.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE little school ma'am made a sensation in her wine colored dress—at least Billy Cunningham told her she did. But Dare would have said it was because she immediately preceded Greta Greer into the saloon—in fact he did not see Miss Kelly at all.

Dressed in green of course—velvet, heavily embroidered in a raised design of grapes and vines, the pale, unusual-looking woman caused more of a stir than she did the first evening at sea. Green chiffon covered her neck and arms and an over dress of it fell in clinging lines nearly to her knees. On her neck, under the chiffon, gleamed emeralds set in oblong bars of gold. These were caught together by strings of tiny pearls, and from the centre of the chain hung a single stone, shimmering like a drop of the green sea. Long ear-rings to match caught the light at every movement of the girl's head, and at times Dare fancied he could see a pale, translucent shadow on her neck.

Mrs. Threckmeyer was glittering from head to foot, and that fact alone prevented her from falling a prey to the pangs of jealousy. She admired the jewels Miss Greer wore and said so. She would like to see the stones at close range and compare them with her own, although the setting of the Threckmeyer collection was less artistic.

"Mrs. Beaufort had magnificent emeralds," said Dare's companion, with a look in her eyes which told him that she dreaded yet felt impelled to speak of the robbery. He felt he must ascertain the reason for her peculiar attitude.

"You know Mrs. Beaufort ?"

"N-n-o, I don't know her, but I know what her jewels are like. Oh, Dr. Dare," she blurted in a frightened whisper, "I'm in awful trouble and I want your help. Will you get Mr. Cunningham and bring him to my stateroom to-morrow morning ? I will have thought out what I want to say by then."

Without giving him time to answer Mrs. Threckmeyer rose from the table and lurched unsteadily from the room.

Dare was not the only one who looked covertly at Miss Greer while trying to put intelligent interpolations in the conversation addressed to him. Billy Cunningham and Miss Kelly were equally interested, though they meant to hide the fact from each other, and when, separately, they were discovered by Dare, flushed with obvious annoyance. After dinner both Cunningham and the claret-clad school teacher went to their several staterooms, the one to busy himself for the rest of the night in his own peculiar way and the other to sit very still, chin on hand, and think. Finally she got out a manicure set, but instead of beautifying her finger nails, she ripped the trimming off a perfectly new hat.

Mrs. Threckmeyer did not send for Dare, on the following morning and he disliked the idea of intruding upon her in case she had changed her mind. Cunningham had disappeared since dinner time the night before and most of the passengers seemed to have followed his example. There was a heavy sea rolling and the barometer predicted a bad storm. To the doctor the morning was uneventful. So had been the previous evening.

He had lingered at the table with the hope of having a few words with Greta Greer, but she had risen, and left the room with the captain. He had purposely passed close to her on deck only to receive an abstracted stare. Her companion was speaking earnestly, evidently urging a distasteful course of action upon her, and she had gone to her stateroom early without giving him a chance to bid her good night. Her attitude and the captain's puzzled him, and the stormy morning brought no solution to the mystery. Throwing away the end of a cigarette, Dare rose from his chair in the smoking room.

"It must be lunch time," he said,

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WHERE THE ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR GO THERE IS NO PARLOR-CAR, AND MOVING CAMP IS A PRIMITIVE SORT OF CEREMONY

# Ahead of the Tracklayer

## VIGNETTES OF THE LIFE AT THE RAILHEAD AND THE CONSTRUCTION CAMP

By Denis Crane

Illustrated from Photographs

SOME of the most interesting features of great human undertakings are those that are impermanent.

Whereas the biggest wonders in the world become stable by familiarity, that which is transient at once strikes the attention. It bursts upon our consciousness, shouts a genial "Now or never," and then disappears.

And with it often disappear brilliant pages of romance. Your modern railway, for instance, with its ordered life, its rules and regulations, its scheduled rates and uneventful runnings, may have its astounding aspects, but the whole thing is so integral a part of our life that it ceases to attract. It is like porridge every morning.

Yet what a thrilling story might be told of the days of its construction. How the Durham folk must have marvelled when Puffing Billy, with much snorting, made his first trip. (By the way, why have locomotives since changed their sex?) And how the prairie pioneer must have watched for the approach of the grading gang as the first railways began their revolutionizing work in the khaki West and brought steel to grain.

In England, the home of the steam-engine, even construction work has reached the prosaic stage—there are no forests to penetrate, no vast unpopulated distances to span, no simple folk to astonish. The navvy is an accepted member of his community, his work being now chiefly that of repair and maintenance.

In Canada, on the other hand, railway building is still in its infancy, or at the most its early youth. Feats as great as any in the past have yet to be achieved. Thousands of miles of bush, scores of rivers, hundreds of mountains and hills, have still to be pierced, or bridged, or tunnelled, before railway communication can be said to be equal to the need.

And these gigantic tasks are every week being essayed. Thus, away up at the steel-head, and in the construction camp, life is still more or less rough, and more or less romantic.

It is worth a trip to either to study human nature under conditions entirely free from pose and artificiality. Suppose that a section has been built and twice or thrice a week a train is running. It will be what is called a "mixed train" and its time schedule will be both generous and elastic. There will be freight cars of sorts, carrying goods to the pioneers and material for the contractors, and at the tail, a passenger coach. Here will be found picturesque men of every kind on every sort of business—laborers, drummers, prospectors, sportsmen, managers, immigrants, and,—clearly out of their environment—perchance a tourist or two.

The pace is leisurely, and at a score of points you drop off and wander about the track, chatting with a nearby settler, or heaving a stone at a prairie chicken or a chipmunk that ventures into view. Sometimes the engineer and his fireman stretch themselves in the shade until the signal comes to proceed.

At the journey's end is a scene animated and unique. A big shack or two have been run up by enterprising individuals, who, for some time to come, will hold you in the hollow of their hand.

These shacks form a kind of embryonic station and exchange and mart. The business of the district is done here, from the cashing of a money order, to the serving of a "quick lunch" or the purchase of a horse and if the distance from the nearest town is considerable, prices will be proportionately high. A "lunch" of vegetable soup, mountain goat (it may be) and fruit tart, with a cup of indistinguishable tea or coffee, served *en famille* and "everybody help themselves" will cost from fifty to a hundred cents.

The arrival of the train is an event to which settlers ride or drive in for miles around. A grey old-timer, who has neither rig nor hack, perhaps tramps in on foot. The ranch boy comes in with his gun slung across his saddle. The ranch owner honks up

in his automobile—a machine that has a short and exciting life on these hazardous roads. Other folk drive up in laden democrats, drawn by wiry teams.

There are cheery salutations and unexpected recognitions, and then the contents of the baggage cars are flung to earth pell mell. There are His Majesty's mails, game traps, a mattress, a gun, a cycle wheel, sundry boxes of fruit, sides of beef, a gramophone, a child's rocking-horse, a bag of nails, a brace of birds—all in an incongruous melange. The crowd strolls up and sorts it over, each man picking out anything there may be for him.

But mark that fellow with the big cigar and the well creased trousers. He is obviously more interested in the men than in the goods. Quiet in manner and movement he picks out his man, taps him on the shoulder, and, after a brief conversation, gives him a little ticket. All the men he accosts are swarthy fellows and most of them are young. They chatter contentedly enough in a strange tongue. They have their kits in homely bundles.

At length they move in a body towards the unfinished track—all save one, a raw hand evidently, who speaks broken English.

"Ten mile?" says he. "How we get there?"

"You didn't expect an automobile to meet you, did you?" retorts he with the cigar, with a touch of not unkindly irony. "Some of you can ride in the wagon and some of you can walk, by turns."

This man knows his business. He is one of the company's foremen, at once firm and human—considerate to honest workers who do not expect all the advantages of civilization in the bush, but with no use for slackers and "jumpers."

Let us follow the gang to the construction camp.

Behold, on a piece of rising ground, partly cleared, a cluster of tents, log huts, and houses of unpainted pine. Scattered about are articles of domestic use, cooking utensils chiefly, while from sundry subsidiary camp-fires a blue shimmering column of smoke ascends. Certain articles of male attire are stretched to dry between convenient trees.

Those little shacks removed a stone's throw from the rest, with the good-wife at the door, and perchance a child or two playing with the dog, are the married quarters, and to these pertain the camp-fires aforesaid.

The single men live and eat in common. The big square building yonder is the bunk-house, where they sleep, tier upon tier. That, is the dining room and kitchen. The food is plain, but plentiful and well-cooked. Every camp has its own cookee, an expert, who draws big wages; for without a good cookee there would be no camps.

Occasionally the camp consists of a string of box cars, of which one is fitted as the store, another as the kitchen, a third as a tool and general utility shed. The eating-house is denoted by a length of rail suspended by the door. This is the dinner-gong, whose clamorous tongue, reverberating through the solitude, summons the toiler from his toil.

Life in these bachelor quarters is not hard. The interiors are often not less home-like than that of a gypsy caravan, allowing, of course, for the general absence of the feminine touch. The men get no little fun in the evening out of a ball game, a stroll with a gun, or, when the nights are cold, yarning round the glowing stove or the blazing fire.

The fires in the open give stimulus to the imagination. When the filmy smoke rises, wraith-like, against a background of purple hill or sombre pine; when the logs crack asunder and the sparks fly wildly skywards; while the bark of the coyote breaks on the ear, or the call of a startled bird—then a man grows reminiscent, his tongue is loosed, his heart expands, and he brings forth from the storehouse of memory things new and old. Then it is, too, that he sees in the flames, with moistening eye, the old home and the old dear faces.

THE RAILWAY'S SURVEYORS CONSTRUCTING A BED FOR STEEL FLUME AT HORSE THIEF CREEK

All the same, it is no life for weaklings. Here, above everywhere, one has to play the man. Social prejudices and foolish imaginings have alike to be put aside. The hours are long, the work is hard, there are none of the gaieties of town. A real deprivation sometimes is the lack of washing facilities, though where the camp is pitched by a stream there is the luxury of the out-door baths.

For the rest, the life is healthy and the pay good. As there are few opportunities of spending, a man can save more than out of twice as much in the city.

Of course there are camps and camps. One hears of leaky roofs and bunks

Continued on page 430.

# THE WOMAN OF IT

## By Alan Adair

*Author of* "THE APOSTACY OF JULIAN FULKE," "JOAN," *etc.*

## *Illustrated By Katherine Southwick*

SYNOPSIS.

This novel of English society opens with a prologue showing Robert Sinclair as a boy in Rome. He angers his father, a cashiered captain, by wanting to become a singer, and is brutally beaten. Mother and son leave Rome that night, the boy regretting only his parting with his playmate, Denzil Merton.

The scene changes to London. Lord Merton is giving a box party at the opera for the family of a Canadian railway man, with whose daughter, Valerie Monro, he is deeply in love. When the new tenor who is to make his premier in the role of the Knight Lohengrin comes on, Merton recognizes him as his boyhood friend, Robert Sinclair. Valerie is strangely impressed by the tenor but chides herself for being as silly about him as the other women of the party. Merton tells her he is going to call on Sinclair the next day, which he does, and finds Sinclair eager to renew their boyish acquaintance. Merton tells him that Valerie wants to meet him, but he laughs and intimates that Lohengrin's armour has dazzled her a little. Merton disclaims this, saying, "She is not like that," and when Mrs. Monro sends the singer a card for her next ball, Merton persuades him to accept. Valerie perversely snubs him. Later in the evening a lighted candle falls on her, and Sinclair puts out the fire, burning his hands. Valerie attempts to thank him, and ends by a gust of hysterical tears which washes away the coldness between them. They start afresh on their acquaintanceship, and she invites Sinclair to come and see them. However, their next meeting is at the Duchess of Northshire's musicale, where Sinclair is a lion. She promises him three dances at Lady Merton's ball. Feeling intuitively that Merton will ask her to marry him, she tells herself, "To-night I will be happy. After that, the deluge!" She coquettes with Sinclair, and provokes him until at last he takes her in his arms, and admits that he loves her. Then, coming to himself, he puts her away, saying, "There is Denzil, my friend—and yours." She tells him, "He will ask me to marry him, to-night. What shall I say to him?"

### CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

He straightened up as if he had been stung.

"Denzil is going to ask you to marry him—to-night?" he repeated. "Did you know that before—before— Did he tell you that?"

"No, of course not," said Valerie, shrinking back before the sudden hardness of his tone. "I—I just felt it."

"And so you tried to capture two scalps in the same evening? Is that it? Valerie! I can't believe it of you."

"Oh!" she gasped. Then, "No, Robert," she said, quite gravely. "I did it because I couldn't help it. Truly." She met his eyes levelly, but his tone was still impersonal when he spoke.

"Why do you tell me of it now?" he demanded.

"Because—because—" She hesitated, groping for words. "Before this happened—before you kissed me—I was going to tell him yes. But—but now I—I don't know."

The woman of the world in her had vanished. She rested her weight on one foot, her head bent, her fingers very busy pulling petals from a rose on her breast. There was something very girlish, very appealing in the young awkwardness of her pose. She seemed like a child of fourteen timidly looking for pardon from someone beloved. He shook his head like a swimmer emerging from deep waters.

"You are asking me to decide?"

Dumbly she nodded. He stared at her, and the blue of his eyes flamed suddenly into the passion of possession. He leaned forward and gripped her by the shoulder.

"Then you aren't going to marry him. Do you hear me?"

It was the first time that anyone had laid rough hands on her, but although his fingers hurt her cruelly, she did not protest. Something primeval was stirred within her, and her eyes glowing in answer, she swayed slowly forward into his arms.

"Do you hear me, Valerie?"

"Yes, Robert." She leaned against him without movement, her head resting against his shoulder. For a moment he held her, and then pushed her gently away with something very like a groan. She clung to him, and he loosened her little hands.

"No, dear," he said quietly. "I have no right. I had no right to kiss you, I have no right to be here with you. We can't go back, now, can we?" She nodded assent soberly. "But at least we needn't go further. I will take you back to the ball-room now, and you can let Denzil ask you to—to marry him, and give him what answer you like. I'll go back to my work again."

"Why must we?" demanded the girl mutinously.

"Because I won't steal what is Denzil's."

"It isn't Denzil's."

"And I won't make you unhappy. You don't know me, Valerie. I am not sure that I could love any woman as much as you would want to be loved. It will be much better for you to marry Merton and forget about me. I shan't see much of either of you. A singer is only a glorified sort of tramp."

"You will go away and forget me," said Valerie bitterly. "You will meet hundreds of women whom you can take in your arms and kiss—I shall be nothing to you."

"Do you really believe that of me?" he asked sternly. "If you do, how can you possibly manage to love me at all? I am not made of that kind of stuff. I should lie if I told you that women did not take fancies to me—you can call it love if you like, but it is really only that they are dazzled with the armour and the spotlight and the tenor,—but I have cared for none of them until I saw you, and I would not make love to them for any sum of money in the world—what nonsense

am I talking ? Money has nothing to do with it. But you must believe me that I would not say a word of love to a woman for whom I cared nothing —not if even you yourself were the bait held out to me. I can't say more."

"Then why—"

"Because, Valerie,—oh, I've told you once. Don't you understand ?"

"I suppose I would be jealous," said Valerie, with one of her sudden changes of mood. "I know I hated Mlle. de Beaunay like a perfect fury, until I found she was married. Don't you think we would be happy ?"

"My dear, if things had been a little different, we would have been gloriously happy, both of us. But—you have no idea how much my profession demands of me, nor how much I love it. You are so used to being a queen that you couldn't bear a rival. Come, you know you wouldn't like banging about hotels and drafty dressing rooms and catching horrible trains. Now Denzil will take proper care of you, and you will adorn his town house and his country house and be a force in society, and make him very happy. I tell you, I am not fit to tie his shoestrings."

"Do you love him as much as all that ?" asked Valerie curiously.

"Very dearly," said Sinclair.

"I wish I knew exactly how much you love me," said she slowly.

"Do you ?" His voice dropped half a tone. "Then I will tell you. I love you with all there is in me to love. I love you too well, Valerie, to marry you."

She turned her head away from him, so that he should not see the trembling of her lips.

"Valerie, should I not have said that ? Should I have kept it to myself ?"

"No," she said a little uncertainly. "You have given me the greatest joy that you could have given. You have told me that my heart was not given to—to a man who did not care for me."

"You never doubted that?"

"Yes, I doubted it, and I was ashamed; but now I am proud."

She held out her hand. "Good-bye, my dear—my dear," she said very softly. " It *is* good-bye, you know."

"Yes, I know." His face was white, but he held his head up gallantly. "Good-bye, my British Columbia girl."

And then they walked side by side, back to the lights and the music of the ball-room.

Denzil was looking for her. It was his dance—the last dance. His face was anxious, and when he saw her with Sinclair he gave a sigh of relief.

"Oh, you've been with Bob," he said. "I was worried about you."

"Yes," said Valerie with a smile. "This is our dance, isn't it ?"

"Shall we go to the long corridor ?"

"No, not there," Valerie answered, with a little shiver. The long corridor would always be haunted by the memory of Sinclair for her.

"Come into my study, then—we shall not be disturbed there."

His study lay on the other side of the house and Valerie sank into one of his heavy, soft-cushioned chairs with a sigh of relief. The mere physical contact of the cool, yielding leather gave her a sense of relaxation. She closed her eyes for a moment. When she opened them, she met Denzil's wistful brown gaze fully.

"You are tired ?" he asked solicitously.

"A little," she smiled. "I've danced too industriously this evening perhaps. But it's nothing—your lovely soft chair is making me feel rested already."

"Do you know why I brought you here ?"

For a moment she was tempted to evade, and then wearily she agreed to her fate. It is better when the block and the axe draw inescapably near to hasten the end rather than postpone it.

"I have a guess," she said, inclining her head.

"It has come to this," he said passionately. "I cannot go on this way any longer. I suffer too much, Valerie. I hope and fear and go through a thousand agonies. If you say 'No' to me, I must put my life on another basis. I must go away where I cannot see you any more—not even hear of you—to South America, perhaps, or Australia. I tell you, life has become too much for me."

"You know that I do not love you," said Valerie gravely.

"I know you have always been goodness itself to me."

"Would that content you ?"

"Content me ?" There was such a look of joy on his face that for the moment it was not plain.

"Would you not want love ? Would you not fear that at some time in my life I should love some other man—or you some other woman ?"

He looked straight at her. "No. For the first, I should trust you," he said—and she winced inwardly. "For the second, I have no fear."

"But love is a thing beyond our power to control. If I could, I would love you now, as you should be loved—but I cannot."

"I know," he said very sadly, and then was silent.

"But," said the girl, "if it would content you that I should be your wife—I will come to you."

"Valerie ! It is not true—it can't be true."

"Yes, my dear," she said gently, very much touched. She bent towards him. Somehow she felt that he would never kiss her if she did not take the initiative."

"May I ?" he asked in an ecstatic whisper. She smiled at him. With closed eyes, he pressed his lips against hers, and to the girl that kiss seemed in the nature of a sacrament.

## CHAPTER IX.

"I may just as well tell you that there is no occasion for Mrs. Wayson to crow over you," said Valerie to her mother as they settled themselves in the motor.

Mrs. Monro bent a sharp glance on the girl. "I don't comprehend you."

"Neither do I," rejoined Valerie, with a little laugh. "Lord Merton has proposed to me, and I have accepted him, subject to your approval, like a dutiful girl." She seemed very gay, and wore a little air of triumph that perplexed her father. It was not like Valerie to be triumphant because she had secured a peer for a husband.

"My darling girl !" cried Mrs. Monro, untroubled by such analyses. She bent forward and kissed Valerie effusively, and Valerie returned the kiss with interest. "If you do a thing, do it graciously," she said to herself as she rearranged her mother's scarf, and listened to her congratulations and plans for dressmakers and trousseaux.

Monro, however, said nothing, and when they reached home he merely suggested to Valerie that she come in and give him his usual soda.

"Of course, Jonathan," she answered, after a minute's hesitation. She had not intended to come, and he knew it.

She walked over to the buffet, and at once was very much absorbed in measuring the whiskey and shading it with just the right degree of soda. Monro watched her, and when she handed the glass to him, he took it mechanically.

"Is this all right, Val ?" he asked her.

"Quite right, dad—two fingers of Scotch to a hair's-breadth," she smiled at him.

"Child ! don't play with your happiness."

The color ebbed from her face. "I can't help myself," she said. "He is a very perfect lover and a loyal gentleman."

"He is all that," agreed her father, "but he is not the man you love."

"Well ? Does that matter ?"

"It matters everything in the world where my girl is concerned."

"I cannot help myself, dad. Denzil is not the only loyal gentleman in the world."

"You mean there are claims of friendship—"

She nodded soberly. There was a silence between them.

"That is a fine thing, Val," said Monro, "but when I was young, love

came first. It always does when it's worth anything."

"No," said Valerie quickly. "I won't allow that, dad."

"You are quite sure ?"

"Quite."

"Then," said the millionaire quickly, "the world is a finer place than I thought it was."

"The world is a fine place," said Valerie proudly, "and he is the finest man in it—and he loves me. Good-night, Jonathan," and she slipped swiftly away.

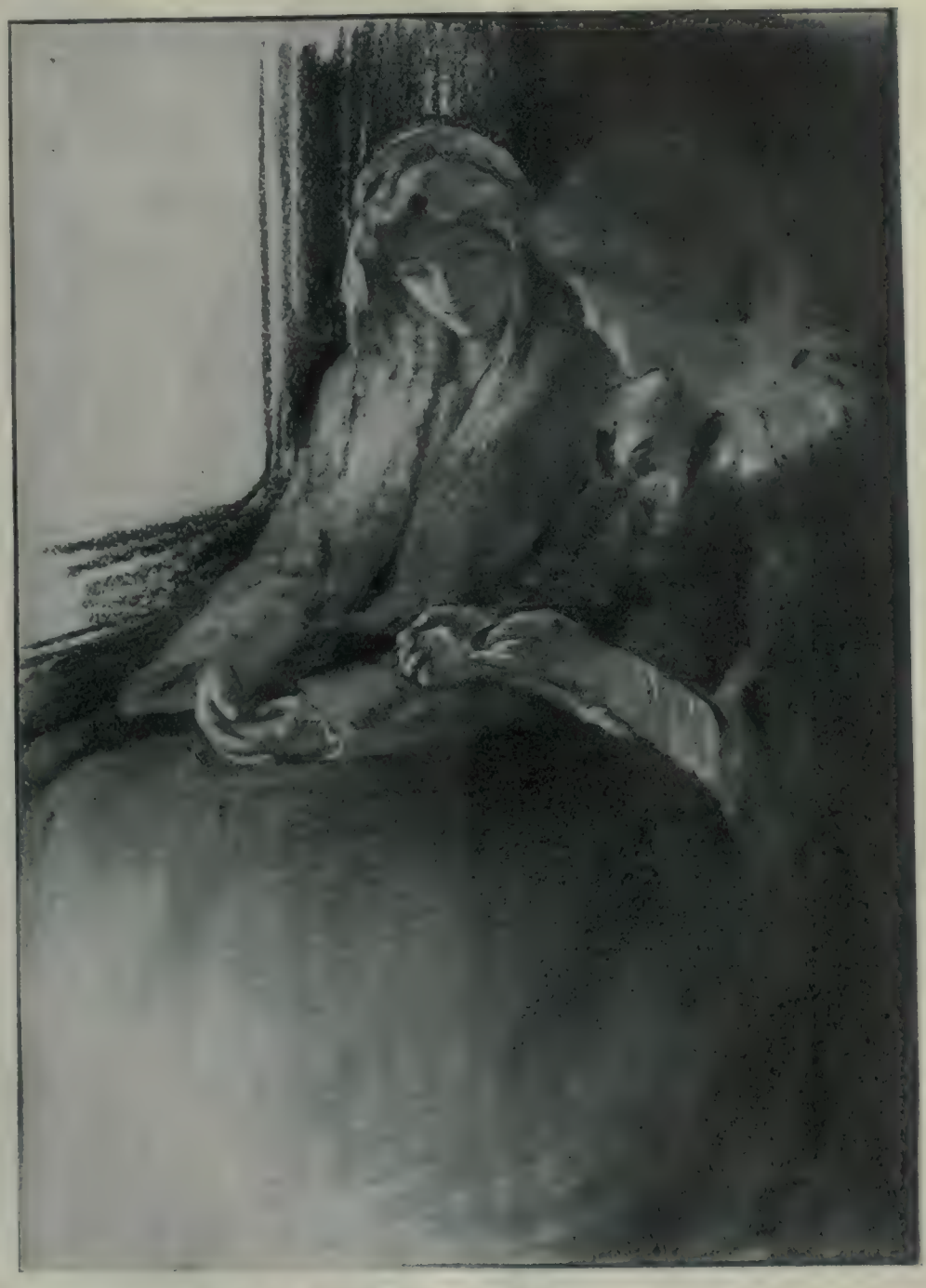
But Monro, without heeding the impertinent dawn, sat and looked straight before him. "Is she strong enough ?" he wondered. "My poor girl. It is fine of both of them—but it is superhuman."

. . . . .

Sinclair had left the house when Denzil claimed Valerie. He was walking home through the deserted streets, walking home swiftly, but for once there was no song on his lips.

He was thinking deeply of the woman he loved. He had always loved her, he said to himself, from the first moment her eyes had met his—he had always known that he could win her—and now that he had made his sacrifice even in the moment of victory, a feeling of exultation came over him. It was with that glow in his heart that he walked into his sitting-room, where the dawn was struggling to overcome the remains of the night. As he opened the door, the sound of loud breathing met his ear. Some one was sleeping in the room.

The single light burning on his desk showed him instantly a long, thin figure lying in a long chair—a figure shabbily dressed, with hands and feet hanging supinely over the edge of his improvised couch. The hands were flabby and cruel—the boots broken,—and sleep had shown the mouth in its real expression of weak malevolence.



"I MAY JUST AS WELL TELL YOU THAT THERE IS NO OCCASION FOR MRS. WAYSON TO CROW OVER YOU, MOTHER"

Sinclair had not seen the man before him for more than twelve years, but he knew him at once. It was his father.

A kind of blind rage seized him. How dared the man come and sleep here in his room, full of his mother's memory ? It seemed desecration to him that this battered wreck should lie snoring there where the marble bust could look down on him so peacefully. For a moment he stood irresolute, and then he looked up at the picture. *She* had done her best for this man. She had helped him to the last out of her poor earnings. For her sake, he must help his father, too. For Robert knew quite well why his father had looked him up.

He went up to the recumbent figure, and put his hand, not ungently, on its shoulder. Instantly Geoffrey Sinclair sprang up, a look of fear on his unshaven face—a look that one could not behold unmoved. It was the reflection of penniless nights on the Embankment, the shadow of countless orders from policemen to move on, the ghost of lost self-respect and lost honour. For a moment or two he did not know where he was. His son waited for the space of a minute, and then said quietly, "How came you here ?"

"My dear boy!" said Geoffrey Sinclair in a husky voice. "My son ! my son !" He held out both flabby hands. Robert stood and looked at them. For the life of him he could not touch them. The man put on a hurt look. "Don't you recognize me, my boy ?"

"I know you well enough," responded the young man.

"Your father, your father who has been parted from you for—how many years ?—a lifetime, my boy."

"Stop that !" said the singer curtly. "I can't stand that."

Captain Sinclair looked at him in aggrieved fashion. It was evident that he had rehearsed this scene, and felt injured that Robert did not respond to it.

"That is scarcely the way to speak to me," he said.

"It is the only way I can speak," answered his son. "I bear you no malice for what you did to me. You are my father, and you were acting according to your nature, which is brutal—but I will never forgive you my mother's long martyrdom. She was a broken woman when she took her life into her own hands."

Geoffrey Sinclair looked at his son out of the corner of his bleared eyes. Probably he saw that he had better change his tactics if he wanted to reach his goal. "You don't know how much I regret the past," he said, with a break in his voice. "I appreciated her when it was too late. I fear that I have behind me a sadly misspent life. The truth is, Robert, that I have always been cursed with a weakness for whiskey—and when a man drinks whiskey, he goes under."

The younger man made no answer. He was beginning to feel very tired. The dissipated, cruel-looking man before him brought back the past to him—the old life and the old dreams in Rome. He saw the golden sunshine, heard the plashing of many waters, saw again the kindly face of the melon-seller that last day, before he and his mother had fled—and beyond it all he saw the ugly little boy who had rescued him that day when his father's wrath had been wreaked on him. Well, that little boy had his reward—to-day he had repaid him in full. He shook his yellow curls impatiently, brushing the dream away, and turned on his father a hard, practical voice.

"What do you want?" he asked. "Money?"

"I have—er—come for a little loan," said his father suavely. "You know, Robert, I shall not be in this position for long now. Sir Fulke is very old, and both his sons have predeceased him."

"Sir Fulke?" asked Robert bluntly. "I don't know whom you mean."

"You do not know Sir Fulke Sinclair of Abbott's Wood? Your uncle Fulke? You don't mean to say you haven't put yourself into communication with him?

"No," said Robert shortly. "I have not. I did not know I had any knightly relatives, and if I had I do not think I should have made up to them."

"There is no question of making up," said Captain Sinclair loftily. "He is my uncle, and I am the next baronet. Naturally, you succeed me. Nothing can alter that. He can will away most of his money, but the estate is entailed, and must come to me—and in the future to you."

Was he speaking truth? Robert looked at his shifty, cunning old face, so marked and scored with dissipation and poverty, and wondered whether this was not all some fabrication to wrest money from him. His mother had never spoken of these Sinclairs, but then it had never been her way to speculate on dead men's shoes.

"And in the meantime, I am in want for the barest necessities," said the man in something approaching a persuasive whine. "Look to what extent I am reduced! I ask you, are those the boots for a gentleman, and the heir of the baronetcy of Abbott's Wood? He stuck out one disreputable foot in the light of the lamp.

"When did you come to England?"

"I came when I heard of the death of my cousin, Sir Fulke's second son. I always knew that his was a bad life, and that the property must come to me, so when I heard of his death, and knew that only Sir Fulke himself stood between me and the baronetcy, I thought it wiser to come over.

"You mean, I suppose, that you tried to raise money on the reversion."

"I had to live," said Geoffrey Sinclair with a snarl.

"Then why have you come to me now?"

"I have as good a right to see my son as any other man."

"Especially when he has presumably made some money."

"I did not realize that it was you who were famous—you were just a small boy when I saw you last."

He had been a small boy—quite true—and he had said that he wanted to become a singer, and had been unmercifully beaten for it.

"You can answer me a question," said Robert. "Why did you leave the army?" He did not remind his father when that question had been put.

"Oh, they court-martialled me for some ridiculous charge, and asked me to send my papers in. The fact was, I was a poor man, and they did not want poor men in the army."

"That was before you married?"

"Oh, years before," said the captain testily. He did not like talking of his past now, any more than he had done years ago.

"My mother never knew of it?" It was hardly so much a question as it was a statement. Robert knew quite well that, whether she had been in love or not, Jean MacDonald would never have married a dishonoured man if she had known of his dishonour.

"I really cannot remember these insignificant details," said the captain with hauteur.

"It does not matter," said Robert, suddenly weary of it all.

"No, it does not matter," agreed his father eagerly. "I suppose you intend doing something for me—it is hardly decent that I, the heir to a baronetcy and the father of a celebrated man, should go about like this."

"Why don't you go back to your money-lenders?"

"Their terms are prohibitive."

"It is easier to beg from me?" said the young man cynically. He had no intention of making things easy for the degraded creature before him.

"I knew it was your duty."

"Duty! I owe you no duty whatever. You did nothing for me—you ill-treated me—you broke the heart of the dearest woman on earth—and it is only for her sake, not one atom for yours, that I will do something for you."

"I knew I should not come in vain," cried the captain effusively.

"How much do you want?"

The captain looked warily about the room. It was not luxurious. Still he knew the sum that a celebrated singer may command. "A hundred or two would cover my most pressing necessities," he ventured, and was sorry the moment after that he had not doubled the amount.

"Very well, said his son negligently. "I will instruct my lawyers to pay you that amount annually, under one or two conditions. The first is that you never try to come near me. The second, that you do not try begging from me again. That two hundred a year represents all that I will ever do for you; and that you owe entirely to my mother.

"Two hundred a year!" said the captain. "Why, it is preposterous. You must earn as much as that every time you sing."

"You will not starve on two hundred pounds a year," said Robert grimly, "or if you do, it will be your own fault. My mother might have starved for all you cared, and I will do no more than this for you."

"It's an absurd sum," said the captain, who had not thought to get more than ten pounds out of his son. "There is no filial sentiment in these days."

"There is no question of filial sentiment between us. Can you go now? I am tired, and I have to keep myself fresh."

"Yes, I'll go," said his father. "You had better have my address to give to your precious lawyers. You couldn't let me have a fiver on account, could you?"

Sinclair plunged his hand into his pocket and drew out a handful of silver and gold. He picked out the gold, and passed it to his father, who shovelled it into his pocket without looking at the amount, or breathing a word of thanks. It struck Robert instantly that in like manner he had taken all his mother's pitiful little savings. With a stump of a pencil he wrote out an address, and laid it on the piano.

"I'll be going now," he said, with an attempt at jauntiness. He did not attempt to hold out his hand to Robert, and the young man stood aside as he shambled out of the room. When he walked, you saw the wreck he actually was. His self-assertive air only served to make his look of dissipation the more marked. An immense sadness came over the young man. So this was his father, the only being in the world related to him—the only creature to which he was tied at all—this wreck, this object-lesson of the payment exacted by the degrading vices.

At that moment there swept over him a keen longing for love, for a little sympathy. He looked up at the marble face of his mother. That face had never looked at him except in love, and he remembered suddenly the evening when he had made for her a renunciation of all other love, and her gentle smile as she listened to his youthful assurance of what he would do in after years—that youth that knows nothing of fate.

For a moment, too, that lovely face with its tantalizing lips that he had kissed so passionately—this evening, was it? yet how long ago!—floated before him. He had given her up, for Denzil. And in giving her up, he had given up Denzil, too. Although the little man had always put his beloved Robert first, he would do so no more. Although he had come with stories of his adored he would never come with stories of his wife. There would be something different in their relationship, something that would make him step down from his place in Denzil's heart. He would be so entirely absorbed, so given over to Valerie that his friend would unconsciously be neglected.

It is to be doubted whether in the length and breadth of the land, t' ere was a lonelier young man than the handsome tenor whom everyone delighted to honour.

*To be continued.*

# On The Lass' Rope

## By Victor Macdonald

IT was a flying column, not a wheel in the outfit, except under the guns. The officers took nearly the same fare as the men. Tents and beds were unheard of luxuries. The cooking was done on an ordinary camp fire, and it usually consisted of making tea or coffee. The rest was bully beef and hard tack, unless some farm yielded potatoes, chickens, or eggs.

There had been a sharp fight that day, and a number of officers around a fire were listening to a Canadian telling of his men's fine work.

"They are," he said, "the best body of men that ever got together in one place, and I am the proudest man in South Africa to-night to be their captain."

"Martin, you make me tired," said a captain of infantry, who, with his company, had been remodeled in an hour into a troop of horse. "You have the idea that yours are the best men on this column. Why, they are not trained ! ! They don't even look like soldiers."

"No, they don't look it, I'll admit, but they are trained; trained as no other body of men in the army. It began when they were just able to walk. Trained not so much to do as they are told, but to take care of themselves, and to look for the unexpected in a country where the unexpected is the rule rather than the exception. I enlisted these men myself. You know I am of the east. I started in Victoria and worked eastward; and it was an education for me. In Kamloops, a town in the interior where I had taken some forty men, I was walking on one of the side streets and was stopped by a man on a pony."

" 'Say, mister,' he began, 'are you the man that is taking this bunch to Africa ?'

" 'Yes,' I said.

" 'Well, I kinda reckon I'd like to go.'

" 'Were you at the Town Hall this morning ?' I enquired.

" 'Yes, I was there all right, but I didn't get to see you. The doc. said I was too short.'

" 'What is your height ?' I enquired.

" 'Five foot five. Thought may be I could raise on my toes a little, but doc. wouldn't stand for it.'

" 'My instructions are that men must be at least five foot six,' I answered.

" 'Oh, hell ! What difference does an inch make ? The short man is much easier on a horse, and a smaller mark to shoot at. You want men that can shoot straight, and do some hard riding; do you suppose that any man is better than me because he is an inch taller ? Not on your sweet life.'

" 'Are you a good rider ?' I asked, much amused. For answer he yelled, 'Look out !'

"He jabbed spurs to his pony, clearing the sidewalk into a lot where a cellar had been dug. Into it his horse landed clean, the rider frozen to the saddle. He got him out of there, too, still on his back. Then he threw the pony, and when he got up, the man landed in the saddle without touching a stirrup. He put his horse at me full speed, and reined him in the length of a blanket."

" 'I'll make him buck if you like,' he cried.

" 'No,' I said. 'It was very fine. Are you a good shot ?'

"Like a flash he drew a revolver. It cracked three times, and three of the street lamps were broken.

" 'You'd better take me,' he grinned, 'or I'll be fined a hundred for that.'

"I took him. And it was he and four others, who with just a nod from me made that hill yesterday morning, and held it against fifty Boers all day, and joined the troop after dark without the rest of the column knowing it."

"Don't you suppose that any of my men could have held that hill ?" exclaimed Captain Cope.

"Oh yes, they would have held it all right, if they could have got there

Continued on page 407.

# The Mission of the Patchwork Quilt

## By Grace Hudson Rowe

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant

"SHE pieced up every block of it with her own hands, Malviny did." And the proud mother spread abroad the gorgeous folds of the patchwork bedquilt before the eyes of the bewildered young minister like a triumphal banner.

"She thought at first she would have it a album quilt; but, finally, she decided on a blazing star, as Malviny says to me, 'It looks so kind o' heavenly.' You know stars are a bright yellow, and the sky is a blue ground-work jest like this. She is dreadful religious, Malviny is. I have said to her father, many a time, 'If she is ever snatched away from us, Pa, I hope he will be a religious man that snatches her.' A good many told me, when she was a little girl, that she was just cut for a minister's wife, she was so equinomical and industrious. She is an awful worker; there's seven hundred pieces in this bedquilt; that shows some industry, don't it, Mr. Thurston ?"

"I beg your pardon, madam; I am afraid I didn't quite understand you !" His rather dreamy, gray eyes were looking out of the open window, down the emerald, daisy-empearled meadow, stretching away to the green woods.

"I was saying there is seven hundred pieces of calico in this bedquilt; I didn't begrech layin' out the calico for her—not a bit; she cut 'em all out in one day."

"Kitty helped her cut 'em out, for I seen her; n' I want a piece of pie, or bread n' butter."

Sammy, the fearless, had entered the room, and stood before the authoress of his life, with pleading in his tone, and utter indifference in his demeanor toward his visitor.

"Yes; Kitty helped her a sight," said Mrs. Ross, commencing to fold up the quilt, and adding severely, "Little boys should be seen and not heard."

"I am tired of bein' seen; I want to be heard a spell; m'eant I have the pie or bread n' butter ? I want some strawberries on it. H'ain't Kitty got back yet ? I seen her start for 'em more'n a 'nour ago."

"When Kitty gets a book in her hand, or gets out doors, there is no knowin' when she will be seen again. She is so different from Malviny. Why, if you will believe it, Mr. Thurston, if the girl should tell you the truth to-day, I believe she would say that she thought a little bit of moss out of the woods was prettier than this blazin' star bedquilt."

As she gave utterance to this astounding atrocity on the part of Kitty, she stood by the table, folding the article in question; and her last-born, standing opposite her, gazing at her keenly from beneath his torn straw hat, said, "Malviny's crosser'n a bear, and Kitty h'ain't. She don't order a feller round. What are you steppin' on my feet for, mother ?"

"Samuel Ross, do you go right out into the kitchen, and wash your face. I should be ashamed to come into the room where there is company with such a looking face." He did not move, and she continued, with a threatening glance at him, "Do you want me to have a reckoning with you ?" Evidently he did not, for this question was potent; he left the room immediately. Mrs. Ross laid the quilt in the bedroom, saying as she came back "Malviny will be in, in a few minutes."

Again the young minister's eye wandered out of the open window.

"Isn't that your youngest daughter coming up through the meadow ?"

"La, no ! She h'ain't my daughter; that is Kitty Ross, my husband's brother's girl. I took her though when she was an infant babe; brought her up on a bottle and done for her as if she was my own."

"I have noticed her in church," said he.

He did not say that her face in the family pew reminded him of a mountain daisy in a bed of hollyhocks. Neither did he find it necessary to tell what an inspiration she had been to him; that when some noble truth came warm from his own heart, the sudden light that would spring up in those shy brown eyes had shown him that, though strangers they were near kindred. And, if the whole two hundred of his congregation had been absent, and those appreciative eyes present, he would think he had a full house. These thoughts were still in his mind, when two doors opened simultaneously, and Malviny and Kitty entered. Malviny had, in her virgin bower, attired herself in her best to do honor to the young minister, and she sailed in through the hall-door, just as Kitty entered through the kitchen door with her basket of berries. She had on a print dress and a sunshade hat; she had found a great bunch of wild-flowers and grasses, and her cheeks were as rosy as her strawberries, and her eyes fell shyly as they met the earnest look of admiration the minister directed at her as he shook hands.

"Malviny, you go right into the parlor with Mr. Thurston. I have been waiting for you to come down; and Kitty, you go out into the kitchen porch and look after your strawberries. And Malviny, "the mother called after them, "you show the minister your feather flowers, and the hairwreath you have just done."

The young minister, as in duty bound, respectfully examined the handiwork of Malviny, but his attention seemed to be wandering.

"I noticed you had some beautiful flowers in your kitchen garden as I passed this afternoon."

"Oh ! they are some of Kitty's. Father gave her a little piece of ground in the garden; he don't make any difference between her and me, though she is only a girl we took, and is dependent on us for a home."

The color flushed up into Mr. Thurston's face, but any remark he might have wished to make was cut short by the entrance of Sammy, the terrible. He came in with an air of boldness, but a close observer could see that he was inwardly ill at ease, as if he expected his sojourn would be short in that land of promise. His presentiment was doomed to quick fulfillment, for scarcely had his little tow-breeches touched the chair when Malviny asked him with much sweetness, "Sammy, won't you get me a drink of water ?"

Sammy being the age that stood in awe of nothing, arose in his wrath. "Yes, gim'me drink of water! That is always the way! Gim'me a drink of water, an' then, when I go out after it mother won't lem'me come in agin. When a feller is here can't he sit a minute? It makes you awful dry to have me jest step into the room."

"I shall tell mother on you, Samuel," said Malviny, with a red face.

"Yes! there it is again! Gem'me into more trouble!"

"She will have a reckoning with you."

Sammy had no fear of man, but before a "reckoning," even his iron courage faltered. Whatever this "reckoning" might be he had evidently learned from past experience that the loss was sure to be upon his side, so the mention of it was enough to ensure a speedy departure.

"I am so ashamed of him, Mr. Thurston; but we all humor him 'most to death and it has just ruined him."

"Oh, I know a boy's proclivities for mischief making," said Mr. Thurston, "but speaking of your flowers, Miss Ross, I think I noticed a rose that was exceedingly beautiful and rare, suppose we go out and see them."

Miss Ross of course was delighted with the opportunity of being seen with the handsome young minister; and as she told her mother afterward, "As we walked through the front yard, the faces of the three Talmadge girls were so flattened against the window panes opposite that their noses looked like the pictures of the Hottentots in the old geography." And Malviny further remarked to her mother that "It was shameful the way those Talmadge girls was after the minister, and the Methodist girls too, and he an Episcopal."

"Yes," cried Mrs. Ross, "I don't see how folks can act so bold; but it does seem as if some people h'ain't got no pride."

With the exception of a kitten, delivered in its weakness into the hands of children, nothing deserves more sympathy than a good-looking unmarried young minister. He is the target of gossipy old ladies, designing mothers with marriageable daughters, and even impossible old maids smile on him. However, the Rev. Floyd Thurston, although both rich and handsome, was not vain, consequently he passed unnoticed many things that would have affected another.

Malviny must have forgotten that the old kitchen porch opened directly on the garden or she surely would have engineered things differently, but the young minister evidently did not, because his first glance was in that direction.

Down in the meadow that afternoon, Kitty had not been very gay, though she loved every flower and bird: but when her cousin was imperious, and her aunt cross, she felt herself to be more than ever an alien and an intruder, as their words often made her feel. But this afternoon she was too busy to give way to sorrowful thoughts, for her aunt had ordered her to pick five quarts of berries. She worked diligently, and had gotten her basket nearly full when down in a corner of the rail-fence she found a bird's nest full of little ones almost ready to fly.

"Oh, you darlings!" she murmured, looking down into it with soft wistful eyes. "You happy darlings, that have someone to love you." Then she wondered if anyone would ever care for her as that old constant bird did for her little ones. She meant really to care for her as Frank Thompson did for Prudence Hayes. Prudence had just become engaged, and it was very wonderful to Kitty to see the attentions Frank showered on her. She would ask nothing else on earth, she thought if she could only be adored like that.

Lately it seemed as if Kitty's knights all looked down on her with dreamy grey eyes, and a good many of them wore clerical clothes.

When Kitty's aunt had dismissed her so summarily from the room, she did not feel at all badly because had her eyes not looked into those wonderful gray ones, and read a hint of admiration in them. The memory of that was enough to make the hulling berries an enviable job.

Sammy rudely driven from the parlor, had, as he always did, taken his wounded spirit to Kitty; and such solace did he find in her society that he had forgotten his grief. Still smarting, however, under a sense of the injury his sister had done him, he was in the corner of the porch giving a theatrical representation of a scene to come off, when he was a wealthy garbage man, and Malviny a beggar at his gate. Kitty knew she ought not to laugh; but her sense of humor was very keen, and Sammy was a zealous, if not a finished performer. His hand was just stretched out, waving Malviny scornfully from his palace door, when suddenly he dropped his tragic air and exclaimed, "By jiminy there they are now!" and, by one of the master strokes for which he was famous, tripped over the basket of berries, and getting tangled up in a trailing clothesline tumbled headlong to the ground. The minister was convulsed, but managed not to let Sammy see him laughing; in the meantime wiping the sand out of the poor laddie's eyes and mouth. Then he insisted on helping Kitty pick up her berries.

"Oh, no!" said Malviny, "Kitty can very well do it." But Mr. Thurston insisted. They were the most tantalizing berries, and upon finding themselves free had scampered into unheard-of places of concealment.

The acquaintance thus begun, Mr. Thurston did not allow it to cease; his visits to the farmhouse were frequent and lengthy. Mrs. Ross openly and friendly, Malviny demurely, accepting them as tributes to her charms, both as a rich man's daughter, and an attractive maid. So time went on, until one evening Mr. Thurston walked home with Kitty. That night while good uncle Thomas slept the sleep of the just, Mrs. Ross lay awake in deep thought. Finally, she hunched her husband in the side, changing an incipient snore into, "What's wanted, mother?"

"I have been thinking, Pa," was the answer, "that Kitty would like to go away somewhere this summer, and mebby we had ought to let her go."

Kitty was beloved by her uncle, as well as by Sammy the terrible, and the mother felt that she must be wary.

"You know she has worked pretty hard," she continued, "all the spring, and I s'pose folks will talk if we don't do well by her. Her aunt Huldy has been writing to her time and again to come and visit her; and she is well off and getting pretty well along in years; and she might leave Kitty something. I don't know as we had ought to stand in her light."

"I thought you couldn't spare her last summer when her aunt wrote for her."

"Thomas, you little know the feelings a woman has for a child she has brought up. I am willing to spare Kitty this summer."

"Well, well! you women folks must have it your own way; you will anyway; only she hadn't better stay long."

In this philosophical frame of mind, uncle Thomas turned himself to the wall, and resumed his nocturnal music, seemingly taking up the broken not just where it was rudely interrupted.

So it chanced that the next Sabbath the young minister missed the shy brown eyes that he had learned to look forward to seeing. That day he preached to empty seats, and the next afternoon he found it convenient to call at the farm house. Malviny met him at the door smiling radiantly; her mother also was in fine spirits, but they both seemed afflicted with a sudden loss of memory. Neither one could remember the name of the place where Kitty had gone; neither did they know how long she intended to stay. Mrs. Ross added, however, with some show of sentiment, that "Though Kitty was so hard to manage, and so different from Malviny, still when a woman had brought a child up, and done for 'em like her own, she couldn't help missing 'em."

Mr. Thurston was not very sociable, Malviny thought when her mother left them alone. He could not stay to tea and wsa drawing on his gloves preparatory to leaving, when Mrs. Ross, who in her loneliness had wandered up stairs, rushed into the room with frightened eyes, and waving a paper which she had found in Sammy's room. Then they both remembered that he had been missing since the early dinner. The paper which the young man took out of the mother's trembling hand was written seemingly with much effort, and each line commenced with a capital letter like poetry.

"I am agoing to run away
Where Kitty is I love her oh to
Be where sweet Kitty is I will
Nott stay where foaks are
Kross and will not give a
Feller 2 peaces of py
When he Are Starvin Hungry
So no moar at preasant
U need not look for Me for
Deer perints I will not be took
Alive So no moar from yure Sun
Samuil
ps I Hoap Malviny wont
Be dry now when she has a Bo."

The premises were searched unsuccessfully, and as Mr. Ross was absent, Mr. Thurston volunteered to walk to the village in search of the fugitive. About half a mile from the village he discovered Sam, who was resting from his fatigue on a stone heap, but with his bundle suspended from a long pole still upon his shoulders. This bundle, as after search revealed, consisted of a flaming cravat, a paper collar of his father's, a pair of thin Sunday trousers, a jack-knife, six jell tarts, a sponge cake, the remainder of the pie from dinner, a few rusty fish hooks, and several other such treasures dear to a boy's heart. He scornfully refused to return home, strictly affirming that to Riverdale he would go, to aunt Huldy's to see Kitty.

"Riverdale ? Aunt Huldah Bliss ?" The young minister's face was radiant. But by putting forth all his powers of persuasion, which so few could resist, he succeeded in bringing the young prodigal home, where, for that night at least, he found there was pie enough and to spare. Mrs. Ross and Malviny overwhelmed the young minister with gratitude, which he received with good nature; in fact, he seemed to be in such a blissful state of mind, that he could stand even that. But he could not stay to tea; his vacation was so near at hand, he was exceedingly busy.

"His vacation ! They didn't know he was to have one.

Yes; he was to have three months' vacation—the church needed repairs; it had been arranged at the last vestry-meeting.

After he went away, Mrs. Ross assured Malviny that when it made a certain person so happy to do another certain person a good turn, she thought that certain person had better be in a hurry for what might happen. Malviny blushed, shook her head playfully at her mother, and betook herself to her patchwork, for she was now piecing up a sunflower bedquilt.

The third day after the hegira of the terrible, Kitty Ross looked up from her sewing at the mild face opposite her, which beamed out from its lace ruffles, like the moon from fleecy clouds.

"MATVINY, YOU GO AND BRING OUT A BREADTH OF YOUR NEW RAG CARPET"

"I shall be just as glad to see him as if he were my own son," said the old lady, impressively, as she folded up her letter, took off her spectacles and wiped them, and looked up at her niece. Little Kitty was sitting in a rocking chair before the window, and aunt Huldah thought she looked like a picture in her white muslin dress, There was a wonderfully pretty color in her face, too, as she asked shyly, "Why does he happen to come here visiting, aunty, when you are no relative of his ?"

"His mother was the best friend I ever had in my life, and when she died, his father was 'most distracted. They lived next door to me then, and I took Floyd; when he was nine years old, right here, and kept him a year. His father died too, a year or two after that, and Floyd went away to school, and then to college, and finally got to be a minister. But he has always considered this a sort of home, and has been here every little while ever since; and if he were my own son he couldn't be more welcome."

Aunt Huldah gave the letter a final fold, previous to its life-long seclusion in her bureau-drawer, and then exclaimed triumphantly:

"How glad I am, Kitty, I made you take that sage-tea last night. You looked dreadful pale when you first came. Sage is an excellent herb. I haven't seen such a color in your cheeks before, and your eyes shine just like stars."

Aunt Huldah's sage-tea was indeed marvelous in its effects if it were really the cause of the brown eyes lustre; at least so the Rev. Floyd Thurston thought as he sat by her side in the vine-shadowed portico through the long sweet twilights, or wandered through the fields teaching her so many things. Why, he knew everything Kitty thought, and what a marvel it was that he could care for her enough to take such pains to teach her, little ignorant thing that she was. Thus Kitty thought in her humility. But Floyd Thurston thought wonderful the bright eager eyes she raised to him when some new truth dawned upon her; her quick sympathy as he read a choice bit of Ruskin or some other favorite of his. So through those long bright days the young minister taugh Kitty the sweetest lesson on earth.

And in blissful unconsciousness through these very days aunt Ross the schemer, rejoicing in her master-stroke bought bright colored calicoes for Malviny to cut into fantastic shapes, and at the same time taught her lessons of economy, befitting the chief lady of the parish.

Continued on page 414.

# *On the Lass' Rope*

Continued from page 403.

alone. But they would have got away. You have trained them to do nothing but what they are told, and you have to be there to tell them all the time. As far as physical courage goes, your men are quite equal to mine. But string them out on a hill, at night, without an officer; or send a few to do something that requires the exercise of some judgment, and they are lost."

"Rot ! I'll wager you twenty pounds that my men can do anything that yours can."

"Very well, but you'll lose," said the other laughing.

"Not him," interjected a lieutenant. "And by the way, Martin, your men fail to salute me when we meet."

"What is your rank, Harrington ?" asked the Canadian.

"Junior lieutenant, but entitled to a salute."

"And I am senior captain," said Martin, "and they don't salute me. I don't ask it out here, but in town they do, just to show me respect among other officers, because I have been lucky enough to have become one of them. To them one man is as good as another—if he makes good. Tell them that it is the uniform, and not the man that they honor, and they will want to know the difference between theirs and yours; for it is disgraceful the way some officers return a proper military salute. And mark me, when they do salute, it is to the man, and he must be a man all the way through.

"You can't drive those fellows," he continued. "In their own country when things don't suit them, they simply roll their blankets and pull out. And they would do it here if they were held in too much, but I have no fear of that as long as the fighting lasts."

At that moment a trooper rode up, dismounted, brought his heels together, and saluted.

"Well," said the English captain, "what is it ?"

"Sir," began the trooper, "about those pigs that were taken to-day, there is one that we can't catch, sir. Shall we shoot him, sir ?"

"No. Take more men."

"They are all there now, sir, that is all our company. It is a big boar, sir, and very wild, sir."

"There you are, Martin," broke in one of the others. "Take up Cope's bet. Send your men to get that pig."

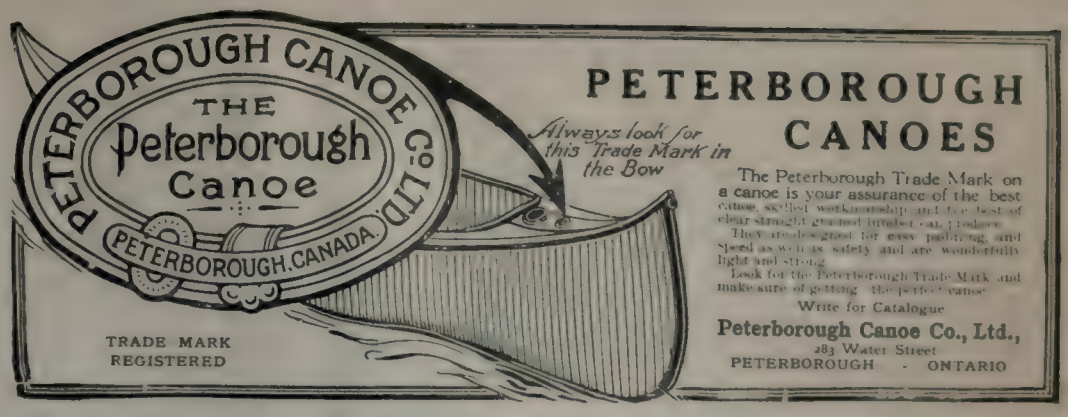
"Yes," said the Canadian, "my boys will get him for you."

"Right. How many men; and how long ?"

"Two men, and thirty minutes."

"Done !"

"May I have this trooper as a messenger ?"

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"Yes."

"Thanks." Then to the man he said, "Go to my lines, and tell the first two men you meet that their captain wants them."

"Better have them come mounted," said Harrington, "it will soon be dark."

"When they know I want them, they will come ready for anything."

Presently three men approached on horse-back. One sat stiff and uncomfortable, the others as if in rocking chairs. They had horse-feed tied to their saddles. Their rifles were in a home-made casing that left their hands free, but so arranged that it could be brought into use in a second. Their great-coats were strapped in front of them. A coiled rope hung beside each and they both wore gloves. As their captain had said, they were ready. On reaching the group, they did not dismount, as did the other.

"You sent for us, captain?" said one.

"Yes. You hear that pig over by the corrals?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want him here, hog-tied, in twenty minutes."

Two pair of spurs hit the horses' sides together; as they plunged, they were swung by the bits, and were gone.

"What do you reckon he wants the pig for?" said one of the men, as they loped along.

"Search me; bet, I guess. I'll lead him. I want a chance to try that Dutchwoman's clothes line that I got the other day."

"Sure, but don't that give you a pain in some places?" said the other, pointing towards the men that were after the pig.

"No. I'm tired cussing them. I just pity 'em now."

"Well, what do you Canidians want?" said a red faced sergeant.

"That pig," said one, untying his rope. The other was rolling a smoke.

"I bet you can't get him."

"How much?"

"Half a bar."

"Make it two quid, and I'll take you."

"Right ho," agreed the sergeant. He turned to the men. "Halt! stand back there."

"Bring him down this way, Fred, and keep him moving," said the one with the rope.

"Yep." The other Canadian turned the pig, and brought it up to the left. The first had his rope swinging as they passed; following, he dropped the loop over the pig's head and forefeet, and spurred his pony. As they neared the officers the leader turned sharply, and the pig rolled over. The other man was now on the ground, and in a minute had him hog-tied.

Their captain came forward. "That will do very nicely, boys. Thank you

very much. Give this note to the quarter-master sergeant."

As the men rode away, he turned to the delighted group. One of them said between convulsions of laughter.

"Martin, I'm curious to know what was in that note."

"That," he answered smiling, "is an order to the Q. M. S., to issue to the troop an extra ration of—er—medical comforts."

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## *Greta Greer*

Continued from page 396.

stretching his long arms above his head.

He walked slowly down the corridor toward his stateroom, intending to put aside the volume of "Burton's Anatomy," which he was forcing himself to read as a diversion! The thick carpet gave forth no sound as he stepped, and the corridor was very dim. To gain his room Dare had to traverse a little passage leading to the suite occupied by Mrs. Threckmeyer, at right angles to the main corridor. Just before reaching this he heard a door close carefully and obeying the impulse of the moment he stepped into the passage leading to the room next to Mrs. Threckmeyer's. He did not wish to be cornered just at that moment by her, neither did he care to make an appointment for the afternoon. There was just a chance that Miss Greer would be on deck and he wanted to be there too.

There was no sound of steps as Dare stood close to the corner waiting, so he ventured to peep from his hiding place. At the same moment he saw the back of a woman's head appearing from the next passageway—that is to say the one leading to Mrs. Threckmeyer's room. In the dim light, and with so fleeting a glance, it was impossible to say positively who the person was, but Dare was absolutely certain that it was not Mrs. Threckmeyer, herself. He decided that it must be her maid carrying on clandestine flirtation—and was about to step into the corridor, when a noiseless shadow passed his own retreat, and Miss Kelly hurried toward the music room.

The doctor stepped into the passage, looking after her, then slowly walked to the place where she had hidden. It was certainly the passage leading to Mrs. Threckmeyer's room! Another impulse prompted him to knock at her door; there was no reply, so he retraced his steps slowly in the direction of the smoking room. It was when he had climbed the first part of the stairway that he heard a rustle of silk, a jingling of silver vanity bags, and turning, saw Mrs. Solomon Threckmeyer and her maid coming from the opposite end of the boat toward their rooms.


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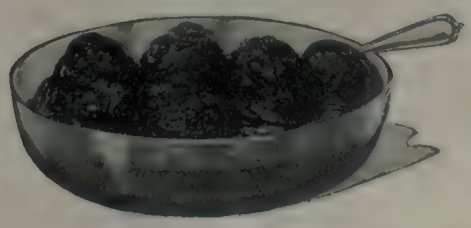

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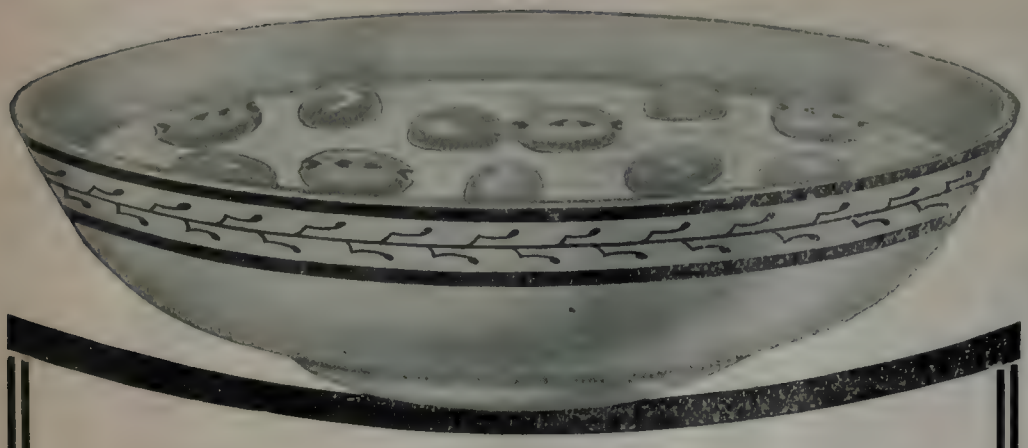

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*Except in Extreme West.*

## No Suppers Like This

And we had in those old days no suppers like Puffed Grains served in milk. We had bread and crackers, but no dainty morsels, thin, toasted and crisp, with the nut-like flavor of Puffed Grains.

Now, at a million meals or more each day, folks serve these delightful dishes. But even now countless children don't get them, just because their mothers forget.

**The Quaker Oats Company**

**Sole Makers.**

The storm broke upon the ship at luncheon time, with the result that only five passengers—all men—occupied the dining room. It was an exciting meal and one which Dare enjoyed; he was very sensitive to climatic and atmospheric conditions, and a storm strangled all the civilization in him and left him the primitive man.

He went on deck afterward to fight something, even if it must be the wind, for the baffling mystery surrounding Greta Greer and his apparent inability to make any headway in his investigations began to fret him.

It was there on deck, drenched to the skin, that Cunningham found him and delivered Mrs. Threckmeyer's message.

"I have just seen her," he told Dare, "and the poor old girl must have the hump in its most aggravated form. She wants us, at once, in her stateroom," shouted Billy between his hollowed hands. "Will you come?"

Dare went to his room to change, and a little later the two men knocked at Mrs. Threckmeyer's door, which she opened herself; but so altered in appearance, that Ellis Dare made a wry face as he allowed Cunningham to precede him. He feared that Billy was right about "the hump" and that he had been called in his official capacity to listen to a long story concerning the conditions of Mrs. Threckmeyer's various organs. She looked weak and ill.

Billy spoke—he always adjusted unbalanced conversational pauses and seemed to say the right thing; except his catechising of the captain.

"Your maid has suddenly decided to marry the steward, my dear Mrs. Threckmeyer," he said, waving her into a chair, "and you want me to find out whether or not he has already a wife and seven children, on an Alberta farm. Is that it?"

Lucilla Threckmeyer looked with wide open eyes at the big athletic fellow squatting on the floor beside her. She gasped incredulously,

"How did you know?"

Billy laughed.

"Because it is my business to know things," he said lightly. "But," with a change of expression and a recurrence of the tired look which Dare had noticed before, "that is not why you sent for us this afternoon, is it? Tell us that now, won't you?"

Dare, watching the two with unsympathetic, uninterested eyes, felt something akin to comtempt for a person who had so little control over herself as to ache and burn to tell something and still be unable to couch it in intelligent language. He looked at the shapeless mass of trembling flesh coldly, and waited.

As though having discarded many

beginnings and feeling far from pleased with this last one, she stammered:

"You know Sol told me that if ever I got buncoed in New York to send for Billy Cunningham—" She appealed to Dare, and he nodded. "Well, I'm not exactly buncoed, but—you see—I—know who stole—Mrs. Beaufort's jewels!"

The three sat silent for a space. Minute things impressed themselves on Dare's mind and memory. The pattern of the carpet affected him with a savage desire to return it to a butcher and say he did not care for kidneys. There were specks on the window which mechanically he began to count, and he became acutely conscious that he was not thinking at all of the matter at hand. His mind turned to Greta Greer, and he wondered if she might not be thinking of him, thus drawing him so strongly to her. He wished that *she* had sent for him instead of Mrs. Threckmeyer, he wished that she would let him hear from *her* lips the story.....Mrs. Threckmeyer's spasmodic breathing irritated him so that he fidgeted in his chair. He wondered just what he would do if she said—I know who stole Mrs. Beaufort's jewels—it was Greta Greer!"

Should he frame a quick defense providing her with an imaginary motive or should he stubbornly deny the charge? Should he plead insanity or kleptomania—or should he appeal to the girl herself?

Then he became aware that Cunningham was speaking. His voice was gentle, persuasive, coaxing. He even laid his hand on Mrs. Threckmeyer's knee and occasionally patted it.

"Of course you do," he said as though speaking to a frightened child, "I knew if there was one person who could help me, that you were the one. Now, tell us all about it, won't you? Don't be so nervous, you may be sure that we will understand."

Dare echoed these words and drew his chair nearer. Instead of shrinking from hearing the story he now veered to a longing for it, in fullest detail, and perhaps the woman felt this change in his manner for she lost something of her distracted nervousness and began:

"I had a younger sister who married a scamp of an artist and went over to Italy to live. There they had a child, a daughter, who was as good as her mother outside and as bad as her father inside."

Dare smiled to himself at the woman's description. He fitted it aptly to so many people he knew, who were 'good outside and bad inside.'

"Italy didn't agree with Jennie, my sister, and she died. The man sent little Jean back to us in Winnipeg—that was long before Sol made his pile."


# The Prudential

## A National Institution of Public Usefulness

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| Assets, over | 323 Million Dollars |
| Liabilities, (Including Policy Reserve $260,000,000) | 297 Million Dollars |
| Capital and Surplus, over | 25 Million Dollars |
| Amount Set Aside for Holders of Deferred Dividend Policies, over | 31 Million Dollars |
| Dividends Payable to Policyholders in 1914, over | 6½ Million Dollars |
| Paid Policyholders during 1913, nearly | 34 Million Dollars |
| Total Payments to Policyholders, since organization, over | 300 Million Dollars |
| Number of Policies in Force, | 12 Million |
| Real Estate Mortgages and Farm Loans, over | 92 Million Dollars |
| Voluntary Concessions Paid Policyholders to date, nearly | 18½ Million Dollars |

## New Business Paid for During 1913, over 481 Million Dollars

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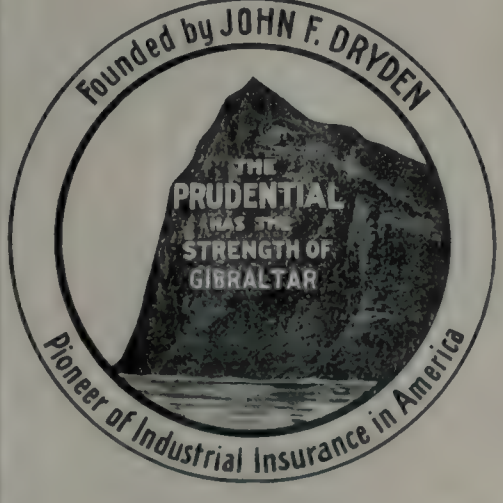


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She waited a moment as though expecting them to say something.

"Poor little girl," said Ellis Dare softly, and Cunningham nodded.

"Afterward the doctor realized that this was not news to Billy, but at the time he did not stop to think about it.

"She must have been a great comfort to you," he went on, but Mrs. Threckmeyer interrupted with a laugh that was half bitter and half sorrowful.

"No, she wasn't—she don't live with us now at all. She hasn't done much worth bragging on."

"What did she do?" asked Dare suddenly alive to the whole situation and feeling that he knew the answer.

"*Stole*," replied Sol's wife in a sort of choked whisper. "Oh, they didn't call it that," she cried as Billy was about to interrupt, "they called it kleptomania, but to Sol and me there was no difference. We couldn't let her go out alone; she'd bring home

Continued on page 415.

*Have You Ever Tried*

Ingersoll Cream Cheese? Often and often you have seen it at your grocer's, but—have you ever *bought* a package to try out this delicious cheese for yourself?

**Ingersoll Cream Cheese**

is quite different from ordinary cheese. You'll find it creamier—more digestible and nourishing—and it has a delightfully distinctive flavor of its own. Makes dozens of tasty dishes. Send for our little recipe folder.

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*Sold by Grocers everywhere —15c and 25c a package*

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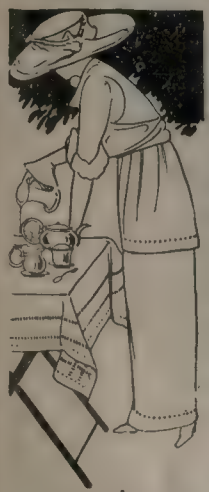

Think how much they will add to the attractiveness of your home—imagine your table set with snowy, hemstitched cloth and napkins, fancy your guest room equipped with hemstitched linens, sheets, pillow-slips, and so on!

And it isn't a bit costly either — if you have us do it.

Our facilities are such that we are enabled to do this work, as well as pleating, scalloping, making covered buttons, etc., at little cost, and quickly.

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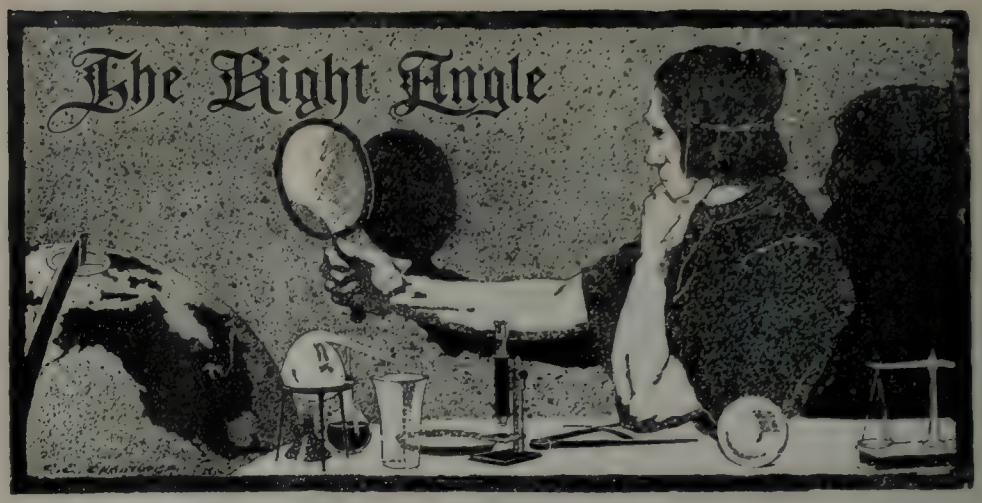


### THE FIRST WARM DAY

"IT'S a right pretty day," remarked Moses, as he brought in the wood, more with the air of one who performs a rite than one who is about the necessary business of the morning's work. "Yassuh, it's not azactly wahm, but it suah acts like it was fixin' to be."

"We must really take a walk," said the Missus, glancing from the coffee-cups towards the gay sunshine.

We never saw so many lovers as we came upon that afternoon. Strolling along the side streets—the girl's white plumes nodding and a pretty pink flush on her cheeks, the lad's eyes adoring, doubtful, eager. Idling among the leafless trees, where the first cinquefoil and strawberry shoots pushed through the winter's mulching. Perched on a damp log, discussing the eternal verities, with long pauses that disturbed neither of the two young creatures. Careering abroad in automobiles, a lilac or rose veil fluttering wildly in the wind. The first warm day had brought them all out, as surely as the experimental blue-bottle fly trying his wings in the sun, and the pointed pale-green fingers of the wild iris.

We cut off the beaten trail, and struck down a disreputable side-road that wandered ruttily down-hill, strayed among willows, and climbed, a faint pale ribbon betwen misty purple trees, to the top of a far hill—and was gone.

"There's a comfortable dry haystack over yonder—" we suggested, with a reflective glance at the Missus out of the tail of our eye.

"Indeed, and there's nothing of the kind," she declared. "How can there be a haystack when there is a road—" She pointed at the distant end of the pale ribbon.

"Are you a sport ?" said we firmly. For answer, she swung off down the hill, her muddy boots leaving small prints in the clay.

The fields were full of meadow-larks, the ditch was full of pussy-willows, and beyond us the ruddy sun sank in a wraithlike woodland, and the high arch of heaven turned to gleaming gold. Shadows darkened the valleys, and wild ducks settled quacking to the pools. We waved comradely salute to the engineer of a passing freight, and exchanged a good-evening with an Irish section-hand trudging homeward with light dinner-pail. Lamps twinkled out here and there.

"Oh, I'm so hungry," suddenly reflected the Missus aloud. "Isn't that a street-car moving over yonder ?"

It was. We could catch it if we ran. We did run, and piled breathlessly aboard a rickety old contrivance that we didn't even know existed in town. Miles from anywhere, we had walked off our map entirely, and the laboring street-car took a full hour to bring us back to any familiar land-marks. With the return of civilization, we had returned also to the lovers, unnecessarily close together in the narrow seats, the world forgotten in each other's eyes.

Spring had arrived, while we weren't looking, and settled down to stay.

### TAINTED CIRCULATION

WE had something to say recently about smut as exemplified in the debasing stories published by a certain class of magazines. And we said that we didn't believe in the kind of success that such stories apparently achieved.

"Advertising and Selling," a magazine devoted to the interests of advertisers, recently ran an article called "The Morbid Sex Story and Undesirable Circulation Building," which contended that circulation which is built on a reputation for printing dirty stories was not as valuable as circulation built on good, decent editorial matter. The article dealt with the subject purely on a business basis, setting aside all moral considerations. We quote from it the following:

"It is up to us not to withdraw our advertis-

ing from these publications if they have a good reason to exist, but rather to demand that they better their editorial standard. Let me reiterate that this bettering of the editorial standard is a business proposition for us who buy advertising space, and a business proposition for the publishers who sell it. If clean, manly and womanly stories build the circulation of a magazine, the things which clean men and women want will pay when advertised in its columns. Advertisers will continue and increase their patronage for those magazines which keep the faith. Cleanliness, like charity, should begin at home and the magazine which lacks clean-mindedness in its editorial matter is putting up the weakest sort of a front when it says to the advertiser: 'Your copy must be clean and it must not harm any other advertiser's copy. We won't permit it—that shows you how strong and good we are.'

"Give us honesty in advertising and honesty in editorial treatment. Then, and only then, we will have resultful publicity."

Previously, we have dealt with the moral phase of the subject rather than the hard business dollars-and-cents side of it; but the latter is nevertheless worth consideration. That an honest business is best built up by honest methods is a truism each new generation has to relearn.

### WAKING UP

BRITISH COLUMBIA has been a giant asleep for many years, but its nap is being interrupted. According to the official reports, 650 miles of new railway, exclusive of double-tracking, were laid in the province last year. Of this, 285 miles are credited to the Grand Trunk Pacific, 212 miles to the Canadian Northern, and the remainder is divided between the Canadian Pacific and four other provincial lines. Transportation being to a country what lungs are to a human being, the next few years will undoubtedly see the inauguration of great changes in our sunset province.

### GOOD WORK

WE do not know anything that pleases us more than observing the handiwork of a good workman. Stamped unmistakably with the intelligence and conscientious nicety of its author, it is a dumb witness to the faith he has kept with himself and his Creator.

Last winter, when the first soft snow fell fleecily upon street and hedgerow, we chanced to look over into our neighbor's back yard, and observed his woodpile. Now the average woodpile is a casual heap of knots and sticks and branches, hastily flung together by whatever meal-hunting odd-job man you can inveigle into a session with the saw-buck and the saw. But this was a workmanlike and orderly edifice, built between four stakes firmly driven into the ground, and squared up rectangularly, split length neatly piled on split length, ready for the fireplace. Not a chip was visible. The kindling was stacked under the steps, away from damp. The rose-bushes were jacketed trimly with straw, the strawberry plot mulched, the English ivy protected from frost, everything shipshape for the winter. That back yard spoke eloquently of the industry, forethought and workmanship of its owner.

Seventy years old, bright-eyed and humorous, he has kept faith with his work for a lifetime. We cannot imagine him planing a careless edge. If good work is a religion, he ought to be at least a deacon in its church.

In Spotless Town this teacher rules
The new Domestic Science Schools.
"A little loaf is good," she said.
"It helps to make us better bred."
We soften crusty natures so
By polishing with
SAPOLIO

TRY this on your dirtiest, greasiest pan:

Rub just the amount of Sapolio you need on a damp cloth. Scour the black surface of the pan.

Sapolio quickly drives the grease and grime

Sapolio keeps your hands soft and works *without waste.*

Out!

FREE SURPRISE FOR CHILDREN

DEAR CHILDREN:

WE HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU A TOY SPOTLESS TOWN—JUST LIKE THE REAL ONE, ONLY SMALLER. IT IS 8¼ INCHES LONG. THE NINE (9) CUNNING PEOPLE OF SPOTLESS TOWN, IN COLORS, ARE READY TO CUT OUT AND STAND UP. SENT FREE ON REQUEST.

Enoch Morgan's Sons Company, *Sole Manufacturers,* New York City


### INSIDE INFORMATION

I PULLED the canvas dust-cap over my hair, and crawled up the ladder into the narrow shaft, following the dimly-seen legs of the tuner.

"Now don't jump when the spieler turns her on," he warned me. "If you can't stand the racket, cover your ears."

Far up above the dizzy staging of the passage board towered the pipes of the great organ, far down they descended into a black abyss. The tuner's candle shed a tiny circle of

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HAVE you a washing machine and a churn at your house? Do you pump water, saw wood, grind feed, run a cream separator?

Do you do this work by hand? If so, you will be able to save yourself much time for other work by letting an International oil or gas engine do this drudgery for you.

An International engine will last many years working for you economically and without trouble because of such features as these: Accurately ground piston and lapped rings, offset cylinder head, large valves, detachable valve guides, fuel pump, etc. The engines are of all styles—vertical, horizontal, stationary and portable; air and water-cooled—sizes from 1 to 60-H. P. They operate on the cheapest or most convenient fuel.

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light. Below us, the unseen organist began a soft, slow theme on the little flutes. It spread and grew like a new day coming. Now the double-mouthed flutes—those mellow birds—joined their more delicate brothers; and then the diapasons counded. Then the wizard at the keyboard began to call out the troops—the cornopians and trumpets swung into line, and the music marched away like an army off to war.

By now, it almost choked me, but I clung to my perch and waited. At last, with a click of engaging couplers, the whole great organ burst into a deluge of tone. Overwhelmed, I struck my colors and fled, slipping incontinently down the ladder, landing, bruised and dusty, on the janitor's mop; and the overture to Tannhauser arrived on the ground floor at the same time.

---

## *Patchwork Quilt*

Continued from page 405.

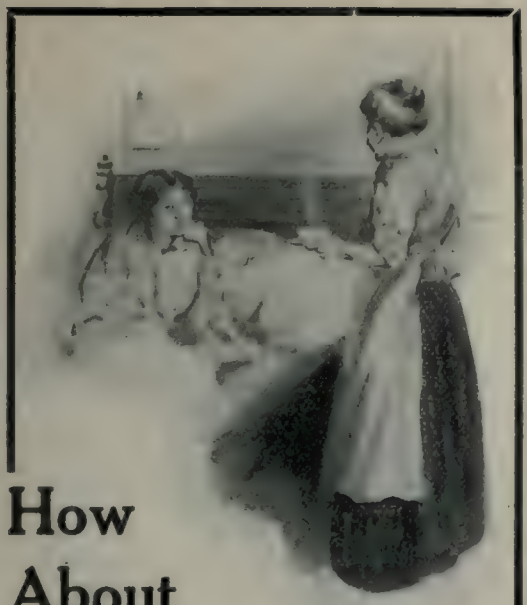
But, as the last Sabbath in September drew near, the parish became suspicious that there was something mysterious about the work going on at the rectory. Carpets were visible under the plum trees; curtains were known to be taken down and washed. This might it is true betoken the return of the minister only. The motherly old lady in charge who had been Mr. Thurston's nurse was reticent. The best pumper in the neighborhood had plied her pump in vain.

Mrs. McCoy called on Mrs. Ross one Saturday afternoon, and "mistrusted the minister was going to bring home a wife for himself."

"Oh, pshaw," said Mrs. Ross, "I guess I know which way his mind is sot. Malviny, you go and bring out a breadth of your new rag carpet, and show it to Mrs. McCoy. Hain't that copperas color splendid? Malviny colored it herself."

Mrs. McCoy praised the carpet, but coldly. "Fer her own part, she wasn't partial to copperas color, she preferred but'nut."

Within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, the congregation in St. Peter's church had not met at so early an hour; and the fans which so wildly fluttered were but faint symbols of the agitation that shook the breasts of their flutterers. But Mr. Thurston appeared no sooner than his wont. At ten thirty though, there was a breathless hush; it was known that he was coming—the interminableness of the seconds to those in the front seats who in decency couldn't stay facing the door was terrible. He came, and beside him Kitty Ross Thurston



# How About the RAINY DAY?

It's TOUGH on a girl to be UP AGAINST IT!

A man can hit the wall and bounce back—but it hurts a girl, a woman.

YOU, girl or woman, what are YOU going to do when the RAINY DAY comes? That's it—DO IT NOW—keep it from ever coming! You may not be educated or have money but you have sense, ambition, courage.

The Marinello System of scientific beauty culture offers the big openings for girls and women. To any girl or woman who learns it and qualifies, we guarantee a position at $15 to $25 a week to start. Practically all of our girls complete the course and qualify in a very few weeks' time. You surely ought to be able to do the same.

Can you see yourself trained in scientific beauty culture, in hairdressing, facial treatments, manicuring and the rest, in a trim, clean shop with short hours and pleasant lady customers? Can you see yourself in a year or two with a shop of your own? That's the picture we want you to see when you think of Marinello. Age, poverty, home conditions, nothing can stop you if you get the right idea of this OPPORTUNITY.

There are 1,100 successful Marinello Women all over the country, making up to $5,000 a year and more. We help a woman win and we STICK with her till she does win. The present time is the most favorable in years because we cannot supply enough operators in answer to the calls from our 1,000 shops. Sign and mail the coupon now for our book which describes fully this preparation of a few weeks for a guaranteed position in any part of the country. Here's YOUR CHANCE.

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I want pleasant work which will pay $15 to $25 a week to start. Send your book telling how I may prepare myself in a few weeks time to fill one of your guaranteed positions.

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"The Trained Woman Wins"



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Your full name on fast color thread can be woven into fine white cambric tape. $2.00 for 1 dozen $1.25 for 6 doz., 85c for 3 doz. These markings more than save their cost by preventing laundry losses. Required by schools and colleges. They make a dainty, individual gift. Orders filled in a week through your dealer, or write for samples and order blanks direct to

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Cash's Woven Names TRADE MARK


## Greta Greer

Continued from page 411.

something. In stores, she'd pick up something, and she'd steal even from me. It cost poor Sol a heap of money to keep her out of jail and us out of the papers, and at last we sent her to a sort of sanitarium where, after a long time, they said she was cured. In the meantime oil had done its best for us and we were on Easy Street."

"And how was she when you got her home?" asked Dare.

"She was perfect at first—just perfect, our Jennie all over again. We both thanked God in our own ways that such a blessing had come to us, for we had no children. We were that happy!" She stopped a moment and covered her face with her hands. "But it didn't last long. They told us at the sanitarium to keep her occupied, and what do you think she chose as a business? She made jewelry!"

"Made it?"

"Yes, sir, made it! You never saw such pretty things as she made, putting a lot of old junk together. She could turn out some of the oddest, loveliest things you ever laid your eyes on,—she was a perfect genius for settings. That's why Sol makes me have everything set so plain, he can't bear to be reminded of it. Well, he used to buy her a lot of old gold and silver and semi-precious stones to tinker with, and many's the time I've worn her things along with my good stuff."

Added to the pain, there was a deal of pride in Mrs. Threckmeyer's voice as she told of her Jean's accomplishment.

"And then?" asked Billy quietly.

After his first few words the detective sat perfectly silent, scarcely appearing to take any interest in Mrs. Threckmeyer's story. In fact Dare, looking at him once or twice, fancied that the attitude of pained boredom was rather an inappropriate one for the occasion.

"Well, then—oh dear Lord, it's hard to tell it to strangers—I haven't ever said it exactly to Sol nor he to me—we began to miss things, and our friends missed them and we knew she wasn't cured! We had the best advice in the west, Dr. Dare—"she addressed him as though expecting a denial of the statement—"and they said to send her east, to make her earn her own living, to cut her away from us and our protection, and not to allow her much in the way of money, to try to remove temptation from her. She seemed to like the idea, in fact she was crazy to go—it was poor old Sol and I who hated it. She said we accused the wrong person, for she was innocent, and had not taken the things, she even claimed that some one who had known of her former trouble had taken advantage of that knowledge and fastened the suspicion on her, easily covering their own tracks. We wished we could believe her."

Billy Cunningham groaned, at least Dare thought he did, but perhaps he was mistaken for upon looking at the fellow, Billy coughed elaborately and seemed to resent the scrutiny.

"She said she would take elocution lessons," went on Mrs. Threckmeyer,


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Six Minutes to Wash a Tubful

This is the 1900 Motor Washer that is revolutionizing washday. It runs by motor power at a cost of 2 cents a week. Does the washing and wringing so swiftly and well that housewives can scarcely believe their eyes when they see the clean clothes out on the line hours ahead of the old way! It washes a tubful of dirtiest clothes in Six Minutes—or even less! Wrings the clothes with equal rapidity and better than by hand! It's more like play than work to use this wonderful washer.

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If your house is wired for electricity, you can use the Electric Motor Washer, which attaches instantly to an ordinary electric light fixture. If you have running water, of sufficient power, you can use the Water Motor Washer. Each style does perfect work.

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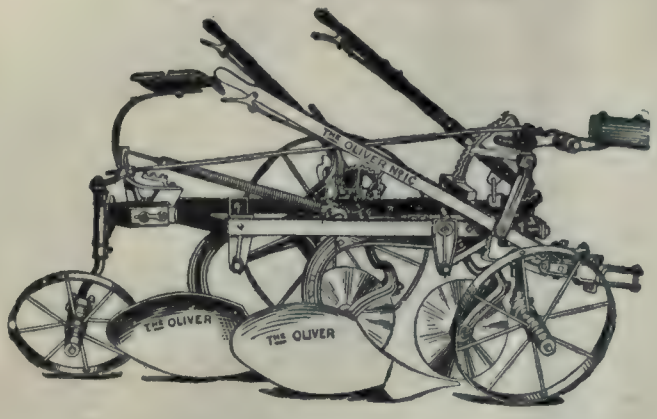
# Oliver Plows




OLIVER Plows for Eastern Canada stand in a class by themselves as satisfaction givers.

The Oliver plow line includes walking plows, three-wheel sulkies, walking gangs, hill-side plows, high and low lift gangs, and riding cultivators. There are plows in the line which are specially adapted for most Eastern Canadian conditions. Among these are the Oliver 1-C sulky and 1-C gang. In both these plows most of the weight of the plow is carried on the two furrow wheels which, of course, ride on a smooth surface all the time. There is a spring on the land wheel which, in connection with the two bails on which the plow is hung, insures an even depth of plowing.

You can see any plow in the Oliver line at the place of business of the I H C local agent. If you will tell him what kind of plowing you want to do, he can show you an Oliver plow that will do your work best. See him for catalogues and full information, or write the nearest branch house.

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and on many occasions owed his life and that of his companions of the "Minnie Maud" "to the wonderful precision and shocking power" of the .280 Ross Rifle which was his constant companion. Though "Unwittingly submitted to every test of ill usage, never once did it jam, break or become affected by the intense frost or rough usage." Mr. Tremblay's letter to us is a revelation of the hardships of a surveying expedition as well as a splendid testimonial of the value of the .280 Ross.

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**ROSS RIFLE CO., QUEBEC.**


"that she might like to go on the stage. We agreed to anything as long as she would keep straight, and everything *did* look that way—until—this !"

"How long has she been away ?" asked Dare professionally.

"Five years."

"And in the meantime, has the old trouble never returned ?"

"It didn't seem to, or else we never heard about it. Jean made wonderful progress in the school, and earned quite a lot of money coaching amateurs, you know. The girl must have worked hard."

"I'm *sure* she did," put in Cunningham positively. "And what makes you think—"

"Oh, yes, I'm coming to that ! You see, she was chosen to coach these people of Mrs. Beaufort's—and—don't you see ? It is so hard for me to say it—she was there with them and must have known about the jewels being taken out of the vault—and she broke out again. Oh, what, what *shall* I do ?"

Mrs. Threckmeyer wept bitterly.

Dare's professional interest as well as his sympathy was now aroused, and gladness lay deep beneath everything else. If Mrs. Threckmeyer was correct in her suspicious, then no stigma could be attached to the name of Greta Greer. But as he swiftly reviewed the facts, he came to these conclusions; First, that it was improbable after five or more years successful resistence that the girl should wish to steal; and second, that if she wished it, the habit of resistance would be sufficiently strong to help her effect a good fight. Hers had probably been a case of unawakened moral nature, and after going to the east (or perhaps before) the girl had seen her crime in its true light and with very little effort had crushed the temptation to steal. Further, if what she claimed were true—if some one in Winnipeg had made use of intimate knowledge with the Threckmeyers to throw suspicion upon her and cover their tracks—in such an event, it was highly improbable that the niece should have had anything to do with the robbery. Of course it was possible, owing to the magnificence of the Beaufort collection, but not probable.

"And why, Mrs. Threckmeyer, do you feel so positive that the girl was again tempted, have you no other reason than speculation ? Could some one else not have been guilty ?"

For answer she handed Dare a crumpled note. It read:—

Dearest Aunt Lucilla:—

I wonder whether if ever you can forgive me for this offence? Surely you will, when I tell you that your love and patience through all those other years, have made me no worse than I am, and have made this thing possible. I can't help it—I have broken out in a new spot!

If you could only know the temptation! You will see about it in the papers, and you will come to see me when you get back from abroad, won't you? I shall be "fixed for life" as they say, and if you and Uncle Sol still love me, my cup of happiness will be fuller than I deserve.

Yours,
Jean.

"Is she confessing that she has stolen the jewels?" asked Dare after reading the note aloud.

"What else?" queried Mrs. Threckmeyer, wiping her eyes.

"Is this the way she used—er—to—er—do— I mean, did she always tell you?"

"Never."

Dare shook his head. "I don't see even now why you should feel so positive—"

"Because—because—oh, Mr. Cunningham, don't *you* understand—because—this is such a big, daring thing, because if *any* one is capable of altering the settings—oh, it's horrible to think about!"

Billy looked strangely at the woman's bowed head, and the expression of pain in his eyes made Dare suffer. Concentration costs some people dear.

"She came to the steamer to see me," continued Sol's wife, "to say good bye, and she slipped this note into my hands as she was leaving. In the excitement and hurry that evening I forgot it and didn't read it until the following morning just before going on deck. It was afterward that the paper blew in Miss Kelly's face and I knew that my fears were confirmed. She paused for a moment, adding somewhat bitterly, "I must say she was radiantly happy over it, I never saw her look so well."

Happening to look at Cunningham just then, Dare was surprised to see a fleeting smile, a boyish gleam of happiness pass over his face. Coming as it did after the expression of misery and anxiety he was at a loss to account for it.

"She must have slipped the jewels into my bag too, for I found them there this morning," whispered Mrs. Threckmeyer.

These words had a magic effect upon the detective. Leaping to his feet, he bent over Mrs. Threckmeyer excitedly, trying to make her answer his catapult of questions all in one breath.

"When did you arrive on board?"

"At five o'clock."

"When did Jean leave?"

"About a quarter past—she was only with me a few minutes."

"Did she have your satchel?"

"I didn't think so, but—"

"Had you never looked in it since coming on board?"

"Yes, but I didn't see the chamois bag."

"Where are they now— the jewels?"

"Under the mattress of the upper berth!"

Although Dare rushed to the spot, Cunningham was the first to pull what looked like a harmless chamois skin bag from its place of concealment. He was as excited as Dare had seen him in the old days when everything depended upon half a length of a shell, or less than an inch in a high jump.

Mrs. Threckmeyer looked at him resentfully, as he danced around the cabin talking to himself and calling on all the saints to bless them. She turned to Ellis Dare.

"The papers said we would be searched," she sobbed. "What shall I do with those, doctor?"

"Give them to me," shouted Billy wildly, give them to me. Bless your heart, we are on the right track, and heaven bless dear little Jean! I'll take care of these—" he patted the bag— "and now I'm off to the Marconi man. Keep your own counsel, I beg, and believe me—it's awful to be in love!"

*To be continued.*

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*"Shadow and Sun for every one*
*As the years go on—"*

LIFE is very like April—a thing of shadow and sun, of hope and tears. No matter how old or sorrowful we may be there is always—while life lasts—that touch of spring we call Hope. Even when Death strikes his cruel blow—there is at least the hope of meeting again Somewhere. Without that we would go mad. That is why religion—faith—is the consolation, the comforter of the whole world. Well, April is here with its reminder of our journey along a road which seems at times to be the path to Calvary—April, the time of youth, of expectancy, of promise. Shadow to-day; showers—those tears of Nature—to-morrow, but somewhere, sometime the sunshine, the delicious warmth, the flowers. . . the perfume. . . .

### STORED SUNSHINE

THE sunshine of April is bright but cold, yet now and again a day occurs when across the April chills there flits the warm breath of May. Spring in her passage across the world but flicks Canada with a catkin or two when, lo, it is summer. The robin is singing in the first ecstasy of love-making. The buds are swelling and fattening upon the bare branches. A little colony of snowdrops has sprung up in the fence corner and presently a golden crocus will warm the border with its stored sunshine. By the way, do you ever think of the sunshine you stored up—if you be wise—during the years? or of the sunshine hoarded in apples and oranges and wine? All the colour and sweetness of the natural world may be regarded indeed as the work of the sun. The luscious honeycomb, the varying and glowing colors of flowers and foliage, the flashing plumage of tropic birds—all are so much hoarded sunshine. But the sunshine that is stored in men and women who have lived to a frosty, but kindly, old age is the best of all, for it is made out of the faith and hope and love garnered during a long life. Not all people mellow with the years.

Johnson used to say that he believed men might be generally observed to grow less tender as they advanced in years. He, himself, was sound at the core, but mellowness was not one of his characteristics. I think his dictionary hardened him somewhat. There is little stored sunshine in a dictionary. Clear frosty weather is more in its line—good, firm ground over which it is hard sledding sometimes.

### EASTER

BEYOND the general brisking up of people who feel that winter may safely be held to be over; new clothes and spring bonnets; the chocolate eggs of the children; the decorated churches and the beautiful Easter hymns, there is not much to mark the season. Eastertide has never been the centre of such a mass of folk-lore and customary observances and beliefs as Christmas. Christmas fare alone is a subject which covers a wide variety of topics, in which a poor Pedlar, picking here and there a scrap for his Pack, rejoices,—but the sole article of food connected with the spring festival is a concoction—now deceased—known as tansy pudding. What "tansy" may be, this chronicler knoweth not, save that it sounds like quinsy of which a cardinal story was once made.

If we have not the plum pudding and mince pies, however, we have the hare and eggs of the little South German children, many of whom believe that the good beast has a natural and maternal connection with the eggs. Legend has it that the hare was once a

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bird. To her there entered the goddess Ostara and presented her with two extra legs, making an animal of her. The hare appears to have been delighted with this dubious promotion, which cost her her wings, and ever after to have laid grateful eggs at Easter time, all of which is commemorated in the candy shops.

A minor Easter legend of a very quaint and curious kind is that of the dancing sun. This is a firm belief in certain parts of Ireland, and there never came an Easter Day while we lived there that we did not rise betimes to see the sun dance. And once the Pedlar saw it. There was old Phoebus whirling and lepping like an Irish hunter taking the ditches—all round the room from one corner to another, and small wonder, for while we stood gaping at the ceiling, the little looking-glass in our upturned hand set the sun a-dancing.

### DANCING SUN LEGENDS

THERE is documentary evidence, however, to prove it.

On the moring of Easter Sunday, 1884, a lady on her way to early service in London was stopped by a respectably-dressed person whose speech betrayed her Hibernian origin, and who asked, "Have you noticed the sun this morning? My eyes are weak and dim now, and I can't see it dance." Could anything be stranger than to find this old world fancy which carries one back to pagan days of long ago when sun-worship was specially connected with the festivals of the springtime—to find so picturesque and so old a superstition actually still alive and apparently believed in by an inhabitant of the capital of the world only sixteen years ago?

It is less surprising to find traces of the belief still lingering in country districts. Miss Burne, in her well-known splendid collection called "Shropshire Folk-lore" quotes a letter dated October, 1879, written by a Shropshire clergyman, in which it is related how the wife of a Brosely labourer said she had heard of the sun's performance but did not believe it true, still, as she said, "On Easter morning last I got up early and then I saw the sun dance, and dance, and dance, three times, and I called to my husband and said, 'Rowland, Rowland, get up and see the sun dance!' I used not to believe it, but now I can never doubt more." The neighbors agreed with her that the sun did dance on Easter morning, and some of them also had seen it.

A like example of faith from Devonshire. Some fifty odd years ago a clergyman of that country wrote that an old woman in his parish, who had been kept from church on Easter Day by sickness in her family, told him that she had looked out of her window and had seen the sun dancing beautifully. Seeing the parson's puzzled look, she added—"Dancing for joy, to be sure, at Our Saviour's resurrection on Easter Morning. Three or four years ago, Thomas Corney and Mary Wilkey, and a party of us went to the end of Kennicot Lane to see it; but Mary couldn't see anything. There was the sun whirling round and round, and every now and then jumping up"—and she indicated with her hand an upright leap of nearly a yard—"and Thomas would say, 'There, Mary, didn't ye see that?' 'No, fai', I saw nothing.' And so we came home again. Our little Johnny gets up every year to see it." In Devonshire, also, some


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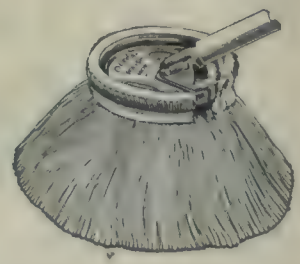

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country folk used to get up, not to see the sun dance, but in the belief that they would see the lamb and flag in the centre of the luminary's disc. The late Mr. William Henderson, equally known as an angler and a folk-lorist, said that poor women in the neighborhood of Dartmoor had told him that, as girls, they had been accustomed to go out in parties at sunrise to see the lamb in the sun, looking at it through a darkened glass, and always some had declared that they saw it. Great is the power of imagination and deception.

### FROM THE WEST TO THE EAST AND BACK AGAIN

MADAME LA MODE is busy these days sending her wares from Paris to Hong Kong. According to the Consular and Trade reports, Chinese women are taking to our fashions as cats to cream. Nor are the men behind. Why people who wear the most sensible dress of all races in the world, should throw it aside to don our absurd costume is beyond the imagination of even a poor Pedlar. Of course, the Chinese women of the diplomatic circle led the fashion of adopting foreign-style clothing, and Hong Kong shop windows are doing the rest.

The changes began with knit underwear and now end with the long coat. Formerly men and women in China obtained warmth in winter by additions to the number of their beautiful loose coats which were either quilted or fur-lined. What is called with us this winter "the Typewriter Coat" has supplanted the quaint beautiful Chinese fashion.

High heels have also found their way to China. Even bound-foot women have taken to wearing foreign made, leather shoes. French lingerie, valenciennes-edged, is likewise much used, while our girlie styles in hair dressing have been long since adopted by the fair Geishas of Japan.

Which reminds me of a story:

A lady, great in her own estimation, and of high social standing got up a fete—after the manner of Japan—in the name of sweet charity. The fete—in its native place—was or is one given in that quarter of a Japanese city which would be publicly denounced by Reverend Chadbands everywhere, and absolutely ignored by the polite society of Western circles. But to the dear, sweet society girls of Ontario, or Manitoba, or British Columbia, or where you will, it appealed as the most innocent of festivities, and each debutante-blossom, led by the Queen Rose of the society garden of girls—arrayed herself in the quaintest Eastern demi-monde toilette, and sold flowers for the poor little slum children—or was it the Aged Women's Home? The Pedlar, looking in at the doorway of the great hall, beheld two Chinamen conversing earnestly, and as nearly

smiling as Christian Chinks may permit themselves. And the Pedlar would have given an eyebrow to have understood ching-ching-cling Chinese at that moment. Here was the West—and the society westerners at that, aping the modes of Eastern naughtiness, and here to-day, are China and Japan taking to the ribbons and laces and lingerie of our virtuous West—even to our cigarettes and vanity bags.

But if the East has adopted our modes, we, through M. Poiret, have gone to the harem for some of our creations in which East meets West in violent contrast. Civilization and savagery are oddly mixed. A French Canadienne wore a gown the other day which was an extraordinary jumble of contradictions. There was a trouserette effect in front, but the Oriental touch was belied by the serpentine little train behind. An ethereal tunic of shadow-lace was embraced by a shaggy girdle of fur which somehow suggested the rape of the Sabines. Cabochon pearls encircled the coiffure, and with long coiles pendant over the ears, gave a Nubian touch. The decolletage revealed — everything. Altogether madame suggested Cleopatra, a Sabine maiden, a Parisian declasse, a great lady of society, and a cave-woman—all in one. What a triumph of Art!

### THE PASSING OF A FINE SOUL

ALL Canada knew the bright little pseudonym, "Lady Gay," under which the late Mrs. Alfred Denison veiled her identity. It was the pen-name of the creator of smart paragraphs, of sharp epigrams, of bright sketches of travel, and of mild adventure. She was the most joyous creature! the sort of woman you would count on to live to a hundred and keep her faculties bright to the end of her century. Yet she opened a door quietly and went out into the dark—or was it the light?—and returned not. I remember thinking of her at one time—before I got to know her well—as a very sensible woman, rather hard, perhaps—not very sympathetic—and given to spearing anybody for the sake of pointing an epigram. But that was her shell. We got under it—as those whom she loved and who loved her got under it,—and we found beneath, a fine humanity.

Tenderness for all who needed it, large understanding, sympathy that was worth having because it was sincere, and great "lovingness." Dignity "Lady Gay" had always, and the fine manner and sweet behaviour of the gentle woman. Misunderstood she was,—often, but that she let go by with a laugh. Her greatest virtue was that one so rarely found in woman, a sense of justice. She was unutterably just, and of a noble mind. Her greatest


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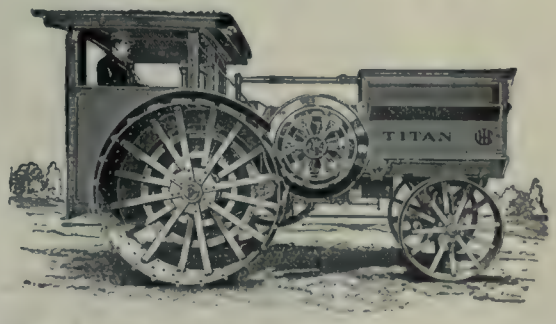


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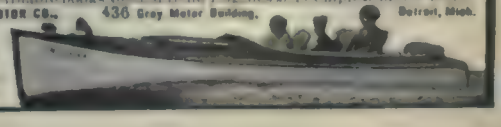

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gift was humor—also rare in woman. There was not a morbid ounce in her; she was never pathetic and rarely indulged in bathos. A childless wife, she had an immense maternity for anything that was small or suffering—or for the broken man or woman.

And she was a fine journalist. The word "newspaper woman" she detested, as she did "woman-reporter." These offended her sense of dignity. She was too much a lady to be a fighter, and too much a gentlewoman to be a coward. Keen of wit and frank, she was superbly honest. Some such words I wrote about her when she went away, and in memory of her and justice to that memory, I write them again in this widely-read magazine, that those who never met her may know that this Canadian woman was deeply honoured in her own country. She believed in the continuation of our efforts after we have lifted the curtain which divide this world from the next; she believed that when we shed the poor shell we call our body, we shall go on from height to height until we attain unto perfect being, perfect happiness. Now she knows, while we are left trembling here, toiling and hoping and suffering, under the weaving of shadow and sun.

### SUSPENSION OF MEMORY

THE recent case which excited all Canada of a professor who, losing his memory, therefore lost himself, brings to mind the story of the young clergyman who was accidentally shot in the forehead by a friend just two days before his marriage was to have aken place. For a long time his life hung in the balance. He recovered, but his mind was impaired. His memory retained nothing but the idea of his approaching marriage. Everything was absorbed in that one recollection; his whole conversation turned on that point. It was always two days to the wedding. Years went on. Youth passed away, and still in two days more his wedding would take place. In this condition he reached his eightieth year and sank into the grave with that one idea alone in his mind. What a life!

Sometimes the functions of memory recover after being suspended for a time, but they resume at the very point where they were deprived of their power. A lady was seized with an attack of some kind while she was playing cards. She was unconscious from Thursday evening until the following Sunday morning, when the first words she uttered were "What's trumps?"

We knew a man, who losing his memory for awhile, lost everything else with it but his Greek, and henceforth was alone in the world. A hunting squire who fell on his head "lost


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FROM the standpoint of *appearance*—the Overland has unusual grace and harmonious body proportions.

From the standpoint of *power*—the Overland is a big powerful smooth running 35 horsepower car; economical to operate; easy to drive.

From the standpoint of *comfort*—the Overland is luxuriously upholstered in genuine hand buffed leather, tufted over specially selected curled hair, made deep with tilted divan cushions; lots of leg room; ample for five passengers; no crowding.

From a *mechanical* standpoint—the Overland chassis is one of the finest and most finished pieces of mechanism in the world.

From the standpoint of *size*—the Overland has the longest wheelbase of any car at this price in the world; the largest motor, the roomiest tonneau, and the largest tires of any car at this price in the world.

And finally, and most important of all, from a *price standpoint*—the Overland costs 30% less than any other similar car on the market.

Now from *your standpoint*—can you afford and does it seem reasonable to pay *more* for other cars that offer you *no more* than you get in the Overland for $1250?

There is an Overland dealer near you. Look him up and see this car to-day.

Handsome 1914 catalogue on request.

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*Manufacturers of the famous Overland Delivery Wagons, Garford and Willys - Utility Trucks. Full information on request.*

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THE UNIVERSAL CAR

It's the Ford age—the age of dependable and economical transportation. More than four hundred twenty thousand Fords in world-wide service have changed distance from a matter of miles to a matter of minutes. Buy your Ford to-day.

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The Prophy-lac-tic is the ONE Tooth Brush in universal use today—everywhere

his talk," as they say at home, in the matter of names and nouns, but memory supplied adjectives very readily. If he wished to speak of any one, he would name him by the shape or color for which he was remarkable, such as "red" if his friend was red-haired, "short" or "tall" according to size. But "black" always meant his hat. He got along very well until one day his hat fell into the river, and shrieking "black, black!" he flew in after it and was drowned. The woman who stood looking at him from the bank thinking he called "back, back," did nothing!

### BRAIN FOOD

"IF she were to eat a whale," observed an ungallant man of a woman lately, "she would still have no more brains than an ass." No doubt the widespread notion that to eat fish is to develop the brain, is accountable for this statement as to the lady's intelligence. We find that a food expert in the employ of the Government at Washington derides this popular notion, but maintains that fish is as good as meat for purposes of supplying energy and heat to that complex engine called man. Fish food is rich in the ingredients which make and repair blood, muscle, tendon and bone. Yet a quart of milk contains as much nutrition for the stomach as a quart of oysters, or two pounds of codfish. The older the oyster, the more nutritious it is. Lobsters, crabs, shrimps and crawfish are mere indigestible delicacies. All the nice things, olives, caviar, anchovies, frogs' legs, are mere burdens we inflict on that interior bag, the stomach, which gives us so much trouble. Just think what a make-up is ours. The brain demands phosphorus; the blood, beef; the heart and liver something else; the stomach plain food of any kind; while the intestinal tract shrieks for buttermilk. And we give it deviled crab and a la Newburg, and caviar, and champagne, and then wonder why we have headache and cramp and heartburn. What we want to know is why all the nice things are bad for us and all the plain, unsavoury things are good? Why were oysters and lobsters made and chefs to cook 'em if we are never to taste them. The forbidden fruit always hangs before our eyes. And we are forever plucking and partaking of it. People call that "human nature"—just that way, in a pitying tone—"human nature—poor human nature." But why we should be expected to have any other kind of a nature, a cat nature or a wolf nature, when we are humans—nobody has ever tried to explain. All of which brings us far from our brain food.

But then it is a Pedlar's business

# HUDSON Six-40

# *Who Doesn't Want a Six?*

**If its *weight* is less, its *price* is less and its *fuel* costs less than any comparable car, who doesn't want a Six? Who wants to lose, and pay for losing, all the luxury of riding in a Six?**

THE fact that men want Sixes is too apparent to dispute. All the high-priced cars have been forced to Sixes. And scores of other makers have had to capitulate to a demand which proved resistless.

At the New York Show, 54 exhibitors —out of 79—displayed Sixes for best. Eighteen showed Sixes exclusively.

At the Chicago Show, 67 exhibitors —out of 104 making cars above $1,500 —featured a Six for their best.

Never in motor car history was anything more apparent than this swing to Sixes. It is coming about faster than came the abandonment of one- and two-cylinder motors.

## The Reason Is This

Men want to end vibration, and that means continuous power. They want flexibility, want less wear on tires. They want to avoid changing gears in slow traffic, or in climbing any reasonable grade.

And they want this luxury of motion. They want this smoothness which seems like constant coasting.

The only men content without a Six are men who never rode in one.

## The New Hudson Six-40 Takes All the Bars Down

Now the HUDSON engineers have taken from Sixes all that held men back.

Sixes were costly. Now the HUDSON Six-40 undersells all cars, whatever the type—size, power and class considered.

Sixes were heavy. Now the HUDSON Six-40 weighs 2,980 pounds. That's 400 pounds less than our last year's Four—the HUDSON "37."

Sixes consumed extra fuel. Now the HUDSON Six-40 consumes one-fourth less than did our HUDSON "37."

Think of that. A longer car than our "37." A higher-powered car. A car with two extra tonneau seats. Yet much less weight and much less fuel cost.

And largely because of a new-type motor—a small-bore, long-stroke motor —which has solved the economy problem.

Buyers of cheap cars can't get Sixes as yet. But men who pay over $1,800 will find everything—even economy—on the side of this HUDSON Six-40. And it won't depreciate like types which are going out.

## A Beauty All Its Own

Then here is the Streamline body brought to artistic perfection. Note the flowing lines, unbroken at the dash. This type of body is the coming vogue. It is now the vogue in Europe. But you will never see it brought out better than in this year's HUDSON Sixes.

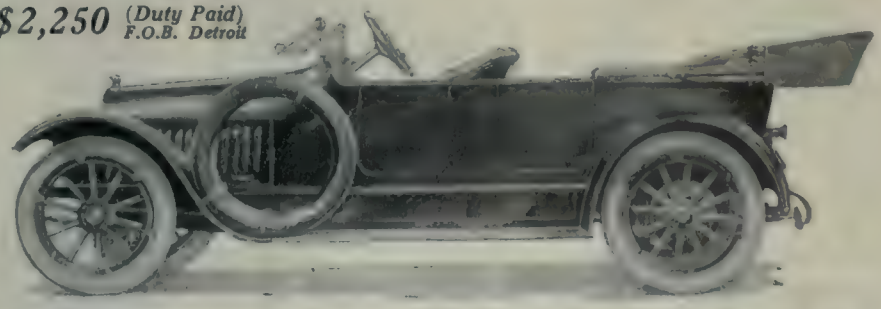
And note below the new ideas in equipment. Note how many of these attractions make their first American appearance in this car.

## The Hudson Six-54

Our larger Six—frequently called the handsomest car of the year—has the same design and practically the same equipment. It is for men who want a big car—big in size and power. The wheelbase is 135 inches. The price is $2.950, F.O.B. Detroit.

**Your local Hudson Dealer has these cars on show. They are the year's sensations, and even now we are way behind on orders. Go see them—ride in them—then do what you think best. Howard E. Coffin's 55-page book on 1914 cars in general will be mailed you on request.**

*HUDSON Six-40*
*$2,250* *(Duty Paid) F.O.B. Detroit*



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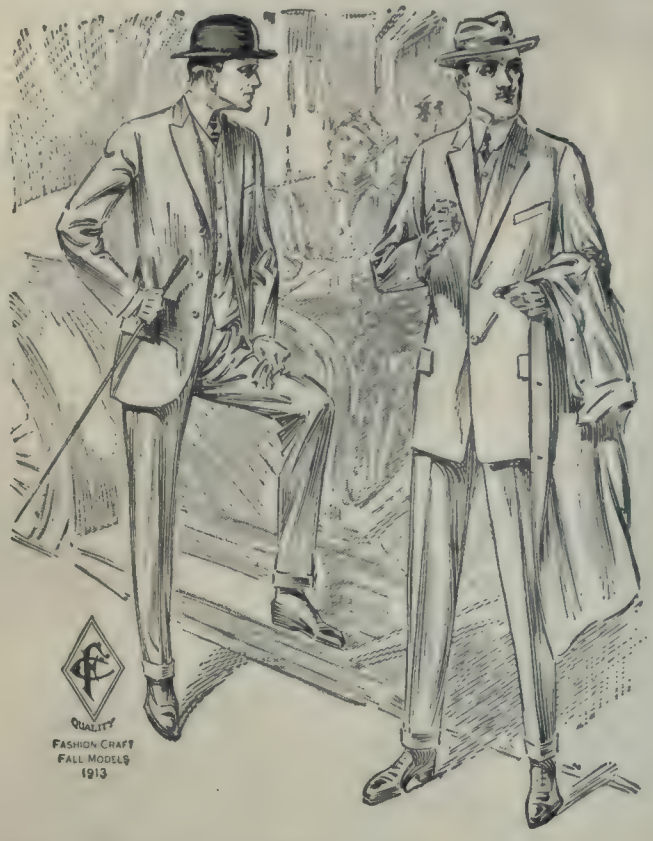


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*It contains no preparation of Opium or other Narcotic.*

For a healthy child, a small dose once or twice a day, mixed with the food, promotes perfect digestion and keeps the whole system in order.

**Of any Druggists. Be sure it's WOODWARD'S.**

to travel, not to stop gossiping with lobster and oysters, or walruses or carpenters.

### THE MAN AT THE CROSS ROADS

WE often meet him sitting idly with a leg over the stile at the cross roads that offers a short cut across the meadow, and he always has a story or two to tell while we take a shaugh of the pipe togethcr.

"Did ye ever hear the story," is the way he'd begin, or—"There was wan time,"—or, "They tell a tale of how,"—drifting into his recital easy-like between blows of smoke from the pipe.

"Talking of the suffrage for wimmin," he began, "sure the male suffragettes aren't without their own thrials. There was the time when Senator Flinn, of Pennsylvania, was a candydate for office the first time an' a friend who was workin' for him came up with ould Dan Toohey in wan of the Pittsburg wards. Flinn at the time had a partner called Booth, as nice a fella as ever lived. Well, the friend couldn't talk ould Toohey over noways. He kept wavin' him away with the stem of the pipe, an' devil a worrd would he say till Flinn's friend could stand it no longer.

"Then, 'No,' ses he, 'the divil a wote I'll ever wote for the man that killed Lincoln,'ses he.

" 'Arrah, what arre you talkin' about?' ses the friend, ses he—'It wasn't Flinn that shot Abe,' ses he—"twas Booth.'

"I knew 'twas wan of thim divils," ses Toohey—'an' I wouldn't wote fur ayther of thim,' ses he, 'not if you was to gimme all the whiskey in Murphy's saloon free,' ses he.

### THE RACE

"DID ye ever hear of the two Irishmen who were going to run a race to a certain tree?" asked the man at the cross-roads, after we smoked awhile in silence.

"Well, it seems they had to go be different rowts, an' before they started Mike slapped Pat on the back, an' ses he—

" 'How in heaven will we tell who gets there first?' ses he.

" 'I'll tell ye, Mike,' ses Pat. 'If I get there first I'll make a mark on the tree wid this bit o' chalk, an' if you get there first you can rub it out,' ses he."

---

Aristotle, wishing to cure Alexander of his hasty temper, which he was apt to display to many, wrote thus: "Anger is an emotion that is not felt toward inferiors, but rather against superiors. As you have no equal, there can be no fit object of your wrath."

## Greater Love

Continued from page 393.

—"but shall I drive you home now?"

They were almost home, whirling through the city past Charlie Wing's place, when Chick touched his arm. "Some day I want you to take me in there."

"But women don't go in there."

"But I've seen them."

"Oh-h—I meant—but why do you want to go in there?"

"I want to see—to see what it looks like inside."

"Well, to-morrow, I'll go in and look it over, and come back and tell you, Chick; and draw a plan of it for you. But I wouldn't take you there."

"Then I'll go myself—some day."

"Well, if you will, you will, I suppose. Well, here we are, and there's your grandmother at the window. Give my love to her—she's a grand old lady, Grannie. And good-by for now—and take care of yourself, dear."

Chick, standing by her grandmother, was looking after Macron's disappearing team. "Grannie, what do you think of Mr. Macron? Wasn't there a lot of talk of him in the papers once?"

"There was, but years ago that was, child—a bit wild maybe, then. But sure we can't all be perfect when we're young. What do any of us know when we're young?"

"That's it, Grannie—what do we know? O Grannie, Grannie, but sometimes I think I want to die!"

"Die is it? What trouble's come into your life that you talk like that—you poor girl that's never lost husband or babe?"

"That never had them to lose, Grannie—and never will. And why is it, Grannie, that a woman's allowed to love and never love come to her?"

"Why is it? Lord, child, whoever could answer that—he'd be the wise one!"

Chick's grandmother was crooning to herself when there came a knock at the door, and, before she could rise, the voice, "Grannie!" and then Jack himself.

"Oo-ra-lay, but you've come back at last!" and she cried over him. And Jack almost cried, too.

"And they didn't shoot you, boy? And didn't I feel, danger or no, you'd come back safe? But it's fine to see you and know it for certain. But the poor men, the brave men, that were lost! But you're lookin' older, Jackie."

"I feel older. I never thought I could feel so old, Grannie. But"—he had pulled himself together to ask it—"how's Chick?"

"Oh, the poor girl, but it will hearten her to see you. But I'm glad you're back, for she's worn to the thickness of a straw. And whatever you ever said to her, Jackie, unsay it, lad, before the day is over."

"And where is she, Grannie?"

"She's out driving. But she'll come flying back when she knows."

Jack shaded his eyes with both hands. "And who's this Macron, Grannie, they say she's engaged to?"

"Is she? Oh, a free-spending, handsome—a fine man of his kind, Jackie."

"I hear he's 'most old enough to be her father, Grannie?"

"Well, who knows that isn't in his favor? Bein' older, maybe he understands her— which everyone don't."

"And, of course, I don't. Though if I'd experimented with every heart that offered I might, too. But who's that moving upstairs?"

"Captain Prady. And go up, Jackie, like a good boy, and say a civil word to him. If you and him had some fallin' out, don't lay that ag'in' him now, the poor man. He's that forlorn about Chick. It's hauntin' this place he is since as far back as they said you and Lappen was lost. Go up and say a civil word to him, Jackie-boy.'


# Steamed Beans or Baked Beans

## *Which Do You Prefer?*

IT'S only a question of what you want. Only a question of getting what you ask for.

We have no quarrel with the manufacturer who offers *steamed* beans—or with the grocer who sells them—or with anyone who wants to buy them.

The Government permits no misrepresentation on the can. Only beans that are really baked may be labeled "Baked."

Steamed beans cannot lawfully be labeled "Baked." So, to be sure of the kind you are getting, you must *read the label on the can.*

Heinz Baked Beans are labeled "Baked" and they *really* are baked—in great ovens under intense dry heat; not simply boiled or steamed like most canned beans.

They come out of our ovens brown, mealy and tender—delicious—digestible, and with all that real Boston baked bean flavor that cannot be *brought out* by any other than the baking process.

That's why Heinz Baked Beans are preferred by all who understand the difference between steamed beans and baked beans—why they are today the largest selling brand on the market. They have no equals.

# Heinz Baked Beans

*There are four kinds of Heinz Baked Beans:*

**Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce**

**Heinz Baked Pork and Beans (without Tomato Sauce)—Boston Style**

**Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Pork—(Vegetarian)**

**Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans**

Try Heinz Baked Beans at our risk. If you don't prefer them to any other you have ever eaten, your grocer will refund full purchase money.

Others of the famous "57": Heinz Spaghetti—cooked ready to serve; Preserved Sweet Pickles, India Relish, Chili Sauce, Pure Vinegars, Cream of Pea Soup, Cream of Celery Soup, Cream of Tomato Soup, Tomato Ketchup, Fruit Preserves, Apple Butter, Grape Fruit Marmalade, Prepared Mustard, Olive Oil, Olives, Peanut Butter, etc.

**H. J. Heinz Co.—57 Varieties**

*More than 50,000 Visitors Inspect Heinz Pure Food Kitchens Every Year*

# It must be Bovril

Even were it double the price, Bovril would still be an economical and *indispensable* article in every home, for Bovril has been proved to possess a Body-building power of from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

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1 oz. 25c.; 2 oz. 40c.; 4 oz. 70c.; 8 oz. $1.30;
16 oz. $2.25.
Bovril Cordial, Large, $1.25; 5 oz. 40c.
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**Ask for Blue Ribbon and make sure you get it. It stands for the highest grade of tea.**

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So Jack went upstairs and said, "How are you?" to Prady, whereat the older man's face lit up immeasurably; and they set to chatting of one thing or another, of everything but Chick, when suddenly, unaccountably to Jack, Prady's eyes glowed. "She's coming," he said. Jack then heard the carriage stopping below, and presently the opening and closing of the street door, and then the nervous, quick stepping of feet below stairs. By and by—he knew the step now—she was heard ascending the stairs.

She came in and nodded to Prady. Jack, who was in the far corner, had also risen to greet her; but seeming not to see him, she took a position by the window, which opened onto the rear yard.

Jack saw how slender she had become. The old blazing color, too, was gone. Without warning she turned on him. "What about Lappen?"

"He went down with his vessel when it was shelled by the Japs. We'd been hunting seals illegally, off the east coast of Sakhalin Island. And he wouldn't have been lost, but he was trying to save his money chest. He wanted it for you."

"For me? And came near to bringing death and disgrace to you?"

"Me into disgrace? Me? Was I of a child's age or what? And what had he to do with me? 'Twas for you. He went to his death for you, and you say that. God, but you've grown to be a terrible woman, Chick!"

"Perhaps so. Perhaps so. But I've tried not to be, Jack. But come here, Jack. Let's forget all that. See," and she indicated the neglected garden. "Do you remember the little girl, Jack, who used to look across from her window mornings to you in your window, and you in your little nightgown leaning out to point to your Chinese John what flowers to cut for your mommer's breakfast table? Do you ,Jackie?"

The compelling voice drew him across the room. The nearness to her set his heart to thumping terribly. Were Prady not there he would have gathered her close. Pledged or no to Macron, it would not have mattered.

"And now it's a gambling house!"

"Only to think—a gambling house!" she repeated, and with that ran out of the room and down the stairs; another moment, as if for a brief word to her grandmother, and Jack heard the street door close behind her.

Prady exclaimed, "I'll bet she's gone around the corner to Charlie Wing's—to the silk store. There's a ladies' game there, you know. *Ladies*!" he repeated, and stepped across the room, and looked gloomily out of the rear window.

Thirsting to hear of her smallest

Continued on page 444.

# Meat Eaters

Continued from page 389.

cent wheat fed to hogs and the hogs sold at $7.00 would mean that you were getting $1.00 a bushel for your grain. If you help out the wheat feeding with alfalfa or rape pasture, you can get the 100 pounds of pork on less wheat and your profit is bigger. Barley is about as good as wheat

There's a man near Lethbridge, Otho T. Lathrop, who came from Afton, Iowa, in 1905, who banks on alfalfa for pork raising. Mr. Lathrop has 300 acres in alfalfa and cuts five tons an acre every year He says he can sell his alfalfa for hay at $15.00 a ton, or $75.00 per acre, but he doesn't do it because he can get more for it by selling it as hog flesh.

"We can raise twenty-five hogs per acre on alfalfa by changing them from pasture to pasture and keeping them always on green feed," says Mr. Lathrop. "We are turning off an average of 1,000 hogs per year which we sell for $18.00 per head at ten months of age. The cost of raising a hog is $6.00 counting full expense and interest at 8 per cent on our investment. Each hog gives us $12.00 profit, and the land we use to grow them yields us $300 a year an acre in hog meat. That's ten per cent interest on a valuation of $3,000 an acre. Improved land seeded to alfalfa is selling at $100 an acre and up. We finish our hogs for market with ground wheat and barley, which gives us a finished profit equal to Iowa's corn-fed hogs. The market for our pork is practically unlimited."

Mr. C. E. Mundi, formerly of Boston, now living near Strathmore, has found it very profitable to raise hogs on barley and oats. "I may say that with this method of farming there is practically no chance of failure," he says. "I am able to make a clear profit of from $11.00 to $12.00 per head on my hogs, good animals selling from $18.00 to $20.00."

And then there are sheep. There is always a good profit in growing sheep where sheep will grow, and sheep will grow in Alberta—sheep as well as cattle and hogs. George M. Hatch will tell you that. Mr. Hatch is located near Lethbridge. He "took a chance" on sheep when he saw his grain crop wouldn't fully mature one year, and this is the result. Instead of not making any money, as he had feared, he cleared $19,200 on his sheep.

"My experience has been with sheep," he says, "and I will say that with a supply of alfalfa as a base, and after allowing the sheep to glean the fields in the fall and so long as winter holds off, with the fodder to fall back upon, one is safe for profits notwithstanding any adverse conditions that

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may occur to prevent the full maturing of the crop."

He had about 400 tons of alfalfa hay stacked, which he used to feed and shelter through the winter the 3,200 sheep he bought in October. The losses, lambs, old sheep, and all, counted, amounted to just five per cent. The wool clip paid all expenses, and he sold the flock and lambs for $19,200 the next fall.

So, Mr. Farmer, there's cattle, and there's hogs, and there's sheep. And some men have proved that any and all of them can be grown on your grain farm and at a bigger profit than if you have nothing but a grain farm.

Besides that, you'll be wanting some meat yourself—you and your friends and your children and your grandchildren. If we don't raise it in Canada, we'll have to go without, for the United States is going to have a hard time feeding its meat-hungry mouths, and Europe is howling for all the Argentine can raise.

What are you going to do about it, Mr. Canadian Farmer?

## *Ahead of the Tracklayer*

Continued from page 398.

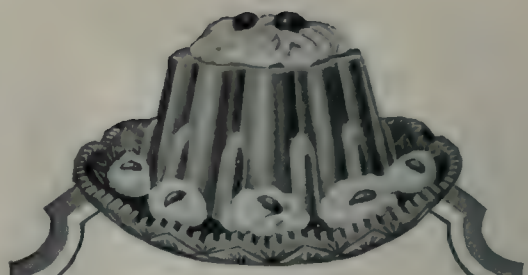
that are "crummy." But these are not the camps of the railways. The Canadian Pacific, for instance, has always been regarded as first in the treatment of its men, for whom extensive "welfare work" is carried on. While, like other lines, it has no patience with the born-tired and is obliged to secure any permanence of labor, to adopt the system of deferred payments, yet it does what it reasonably can to make the men's idle hours endurable.

Thus it has given ready encouragement to the Reading Camp movement. This movement aims to educate the frontiersman and brighten his evenings on mental and moral improvement lines.

Under the auspices of the Reading Camp Association nearly four hundred graduates and undergraduates have donned the rough dress of the workmen, and, while driving a donkey-engine, or "falling" timber, or "chickadeeing" or "bucking," by day, have devoted their leisure to night schools.

The Canadian navvy, including the French-Canadian, is fast disappearing from the frontier camps, his place being taken by Europeans. These "foreigners," as we too slightingly call them, are splendid workmen, and, on the whole, a better type than the average English-speaking laborer of the same class. They are not superior to the Canadian, the American, or the Englishman doing skilled work, but are decidedly better than the ordinary Anglo-Saxon who uses pick and shovel.

The graduates who take up Reading Camp work speak with enthusiasm of the life they lead. It knocks, say they, the silliness out of a man. Indeed, as one of them remarked to the writer, "Both as regards health and tact in dealing with men, twelve months in a construction camp gives a better equipment for life than two or three years in college."

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# *Land of Promise*

Continued from page 386.

"I don't know just what those long words mean," calmly answered the unruffled Taylor, "but I guess they ain't exactly complimentary."

"I guess they ain't," she echoed, and the proposal had ended. Ended at least, so far as Taylor was concerned.

As she caught Taylor's eye this morning she knew he was thinking of that proposal. Probably he was congratulating himself that he had been refused. Idiot! Why did he grin so? Did he think because he was six feet tall and good looking that he was conferring a favor on a woman by asking her to become his housekeeper? Idiot! Why did women ever marry? Why—

To get a home, of course. Poor things! Thank goodness she didn't have to consider such a step. She could take care of herself. She—

Crash went a cup on the floor. Taylor laughed. Gertie muttered something about "butter fingers." Norah winced inwardly at the embarrassment.

Even out of so trivial an incident may grow the important crisis of a life-time. Norah promptly offered to pay for the cup, but this only brought a sarcastic rejoinder from Gertie.

Now, the temper of a lady's companion is no more dependable under certain conditions than that of any other person, and I, for one, can readily forgive Norah for suggesting at this point that while Gertie might be a perfect jewel of a farmer's wife she still could learn something about manners.

But Gertie had a temper, too. And, being beholden to it, she accepted Norah's observation as an open insult and bounced out of the room.

The men went back to their work. Norah dried the dishes and took up the ironing. Then Ed came to her with Gertie's ultimatum. Either Norah must apologize for what she had said, and do so before all the men, or Gertie would leave Ed flat and return to Winnipeg.

Apologize to Gertie—and before the men! Especially before Frank Taylor! Never! And all the pleading of all the brothers of Christendom could not make her do it. Had she no feelings? Had she no right—

And even as she framed the question she knew its answer. She was helpless. It was, after all, her brother's home. What right had she to break it up?

"All right," she said, "I'll apologize."

The men were duly summoned and came trooping back, amused rather than stirred by the situation. Gertie took her place triumphantly in the center of the room, her arms folded above a capacious and restless bosom.

"I'm sorry I was rude to you, Gertie. I apologize for what I said."

The momentous moment was over, but the crisis had not been passed. Gertie sighed in satisfaction at her triumph.

"Let this be a lesson to you, my girl," she remarked patronizingly. Her attitude of arrogant triumph was the last straw. Norah's face blanched with anger.

"O, it's no use," she muttered. "I spoke just now of teaching you manners. I take that back. You can't make a silk purse of a sow's ear."

The men were leaving the room. "Frank Taylor, will you wait a minute ?" called Norah.

With an expression of surprise on his face, Taylor turned in the door-way.

"I've understood I am not wanted here," continued Norah, her voice cold, her articulation slow and deliberate. "I am in the way. You said just now you wanted a woman to cook and bake for you, mend your clothes, and keep the shack clean and tidy. Will I do ?"

"Sure," he replied with a grin.

"I am afraid you will have to marry me," she added, as coldly as before.

"I guess it would be more respectable," he admitted.

"Norah, what are you saying ?" interrupted Ed. "You and Frank have fought like cat and dog ever since you came. My dear, you don't know what you're in for."

"If he is willing to risk it, I am," she replied.

"It ain't an easy life you're coming to," warned Taylor, as though he half feared she would change her mind, but still wanted to be fair with her. "This farm is a palace compared with my shack."

"I'm not wanted here, and you say you want me. If you'll take me I'll come," calmly replied Norah.

"I'll take you."

"All right," she cried, throwing aside her apron.

"Can you be ready in an hour ?"

"I am ready now," she replied, and hurried toward the room that contained the few belongings she would want in the Taylor shack.

III.

To marry a man in a temper is one thing. Soberly to contemplate spending the rest of one's life with him is another. In the train that carried them from Winnipeg toward Prentice, Norah Marsh considered seriously the step she had taken. Opposite her sat her husband of an hour. For several moments he had been gazing at her with a curious smile on his face. She could see him from the corner of her eye as she looked out of the car window.

Presently he picked up a copy of the

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Free Press and resumed reading. Then she, in turn, studied him.

She did not love this man. She resented his attitude toward women. Whenever his rough hand had touched hers, she had instinctively recoiled. With all his physical masterfulness she felt she was repulsed by, rather than attracted to him. She trembled almost violently as she admitted that fact—and thought of the future. And yet she had no thought of turning back. She had made her bargain and she would abide by it.

Now they were off the train at Prentice. Already the sun had sunk gloriously over the rim of the prairies. Here and there, scattered miles apart yet coming together in the panoramic range of vision, lights were twinkling in the windows of farm-houses. The air was cool and fresh and she took deep draughts of it as though to gain strength to go through with the thing she had attempted.

"Neighbor Sharp" was waiting for them with the rig, Taylor told her. To the back of the neighbor's buckboard her own trunk and Taylor's grip were strapped and the ride toward the new home begun.

The men talked most of the time during that ride. Talked of the coming crops, the newest clearings, the most recent acquisitions to the neighborhood; the health of Mrs. Sharp and the little Sharps—of all manner of things interesting to men of short vision and narrow lives, thought Norah.

At their door, Sharp left them. Mrs. Sharp, who lived over a mile away, would be over in the morning to present her compliments, and see if she could do anything to help the new Mrs. Taylor, he announced.

There were two rooms in the Taylor shack. Frank had built it, he said, with the idea that some day he would be married and he knew any woman would appreciate the luxury of a bedroom in addition to a living room.

He called her attention a bit boastfully to the joining of the logs, and with the pride of achievement he explained that each log had been a tree, cut down by him and hewn to fit the particular place for which it was intended. The ceiling was low, and the room in such a state of disorder as might be expected of a bachelor's shack. Cooking utensils had been washed, but left on the stove where they might be handy for the next meal. Canned goods were stacked compactly on the shelves. Such pictures as adorned the walls had been cut from the illustrated sections of Sunday newspapers.

Norah noticed that the chimney of the lamp which Taylor found after a search, and lighted, was smoky. But the bigger thought with her at that

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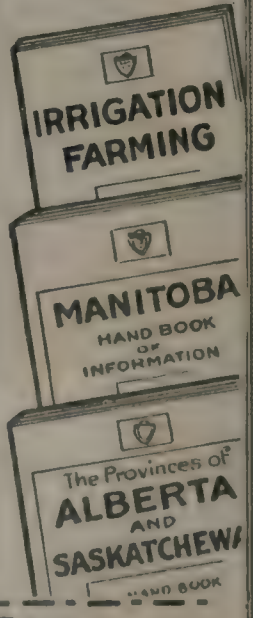


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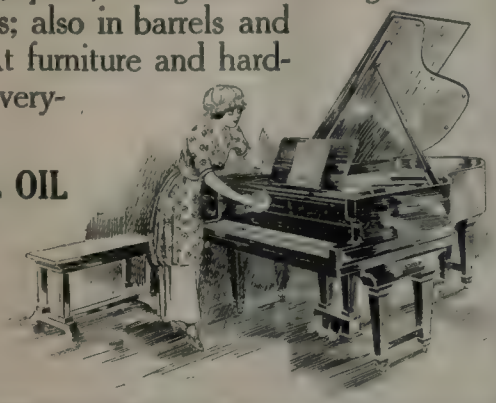

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moment was a wish that he could be satisfied to let the dark continue. She had seen enough of her new home to satisfy her, and the crisis in her life was sufficiently trying without any added illumination.

She was determined, however, to do her part. She had come to this man on a frank declaration that she would cook and bake and wash for him in return for the home and the food which he had offered to provide. But there her obligation ended.

At some time in every woman's life there comes an hour when under the force of a crisis the carefully accumulated varnish of ages of civilization is stripped off, leaving her as primitive in instinct and method as she was in the Neolithic age when she fought for her rights and was vanquished. In that hour, the gathered bitterness of those captive years—the resentment of centuries—wells up within her. She feels instinctively the unfairness of the battle she wages perpetually with man, the cruelty of the stronger for the weaker, and, despising the immemorial weapons of the snake and the slave, she fights in the open—generally to lose.

Such an hour was come to Norah, and the man, understanding better than she the primal revolt in her, felt the spirit of the cave man in him rise up to meet it. Instinctively, too, he sensed that this was a crucial moment in their relation—sensed it as an hour-old baby turns accurately to its mother's breast—and dimly felt, too, that he cared enough about Norah Marsh to break her to his way and in breaking her make her in the end content.

She was aroused by his saying, "We shall get along O. K. I reckon, when we've shaken down," and she replied quickly and not without a touch of spirit:

"You'll find I am perfectly capable of taking care of myself."

"When two people live together in a shack," he continued without seeming to take cognizance of what she had said, "there's got to be a good deal of give and take on both sides. As long as you do what I tell you, my girl, you'll be all right."

She stopped in the middle of the floor. The statement of their respective positions had come sooner than she had anticipated. So that was the attitude he was going to take. She should do what he told her to! She smiled at the thought of any man assuming the right to dictate to her! And her smile was knowing and confident.

"It's unfortunate that when any one tells me to do a thing, I have an irresistible desire not to do it," she replied simply. "I think we shall get

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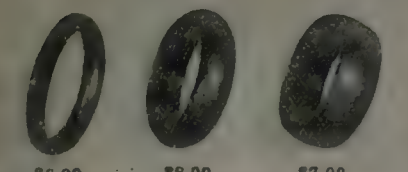

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on better if you ask me to do things."

"Oh, I'll ask you all right," he compromised, "but don't forget I can make you do them."

Norah's eyes flashed, as they met his, but she said nothing. It would be time enough to show him his error when he attempted to make her do the thing she did not want to do.

He asked her to get him some supper. She got out the provisions they had brought with them, and put the tea kettle over the fire he had lighted.

They ate in silence. Perhaps each dreaded the test of mastery that was as plainly imminent as though it had been written in letters of fire on the cabin walls. She noted that the lines had become set around Taylor's mouth, and she saw that there was an almost imperceptible squaring of his shoulders as he moved away from the table.

"Now you can wash up the things, my girl." He seemed to be toying with the note of challenge in his voice.

"Presently. I am going to unpack my grip first," she answered.

"You are going to wash up the things," said he, "and you're going to do it right now. You're going to do it because I tell you to do it, and because I'm going to make you do it."

He stood with his feet firmly set in the middle of the floor, like a man who is in the habit of preparing his defense at the moment he invites attack.

Norah did not look at him, but her answer was spirited. He dare not touch her, because she was a woman, and if he should touch her she would protect herself as best she could. He laughed and started toward her, and as he laid a hand upon her shoulder she wheeled and slapped him soundly upon the ear.

"That was a darned silly thing to do," he remarked. "You see, when it comes to muscle I guess I've got the bulge on you. Now, come and wash up these things."

A woman's dignity is her unbreakable weapon—so long as she has sense enough to keep it. Too late, the girl realized her tactical blunder. So long as she retained her serene courtesy, just so long would he have held off from her. She had, with her own hands, cast down the keystone to the arch of her fortress.

He held her two hands in one of his. She was furious. All the gentility of her English breeding was forgotten. She fought as the first cave woman fought, defending herself from the first cave man. She kicked and she bit him and all the time she was being forced nearer the waiting dishes.

When she ceased struggling he released her, and with one sweep of her arm she cleared the table. The dishes she would not wash went crashing to the floor.

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He eyed her menacingly for a moment. Then he walked calmly to the corner of the room, took up a worn but still serviceable broom and brought it to her.

"Now sweep up that mess," he said.

"If you want it swept up, you can sweep it up yourself," she replied.

He reached for a blacksnake whip hung between two nails on the wall. He was thoroughly angry now, with the anger that recognizes neither right nor reason. It made no difference to him now that their bargain only had

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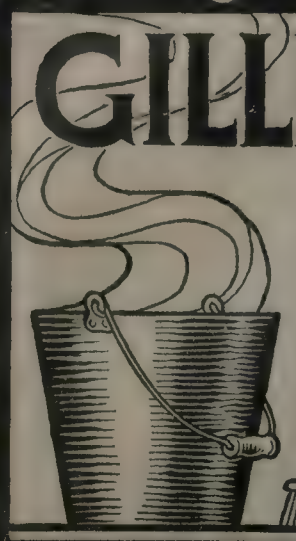

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included the terms of housewifely service in return for food and shelter. He intended to make it go further and while keeping the letter of the law to break its spirit, taking all that he could extort by force of arms. "If you don't clean that mess up at once I'll give you the biggest hiding you ever had in your life. I'm done with larking now."

Her cry for help echoed weakly back from the four walls surrounding them She threatened him with the law that protects women from the cruelty of brutes and he smiled. "There's only one law in this cabin, and that's the law of the strongest," he said. "Now, sweep up that mess."

For a second she stood defiantly before him. Then she slowly picked up the broom and did as she was told.

He watched her as she worked. When she had finished he laid down the whip. "Come, my girl, let bygones be bygones," he said. She shrank from him.

"I'm not in love with you and you're not in love with me." There was something very like a note of pleading in her voice.

"You're a woman and I'm a man," he answered with brutal logic, and added, as though he would fix their positions once and for all.

"I don't know what silly notions you had in your head, my girl, but when you came with me I intended you should be a proper wife to me. I know you've been educated like a lady and spent your life doing nothing. I never had no schooling, and since I was so high I've earned my living But out here we're equal. You are nothing but an ignorant woman, and I'm your master. You're my wife and I'm going to have you. If you don't submit, by God I tell you I'll treat you like the trappers in the old days used to treat their squaws."

She backed away from him, mingled terror and hatred flashing from her eyes. On the wall she noticed a rifle slung between wooden pegs. She reached for it, and aimed it at him.

"If you move I'll kill you."

He smiled incredulously. "Shoot then," he dared.

Deliberately she pulled the trigger. There was a click and she knew the gun was unloaded. Weakly it fell from her hands, and as she tottered toward the door the startled eyes of Taylor followed her with a new light of admiration. "She'd done it, sure," he mumbled.

"You knew it was not loaded," she sneered.

"Do you think I would have stood there and told you to shoot, if it had been ?" he laughed. "Come, give me a kiss, my girl." Before she could prevent him he held her in his arms, kissing her freely despite her struggles.

Her cheeks were crimson with the shame of the disgrace she felt.

"I'll kill myself," she said. But he only laughed again.

"I guess you won't." He held up his finger as though to attract her attention. "Listen," he went on, with a sort of rude eloquence, "listen to the silence of the prairies. Why, we might be the only two people in the world here in this shack. Listen!! There ain't a sound. It might be the Garden of Eden. What's that about 'male and female created He them?' I guess you're my wife, my girl, and I want you."

He picked up the lamp and walked slowly into the bed-room. She sank to her knees before the dying embers of the fire. At the door, he turned and called: "I guess it's getting late. You'll be able to have a good clean up to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" she muttered. A convulsive shudder ran through her whole body. The end of her fighting strength had come, and she knew that she was beaten.

IV.

Six months later Brother Ed paid them his first visit. On the table before Norah were two unopened letters that he had brought over with him. They were from England and she disliked letters from England—they made her sad and tearful. Almost reluctantly she opened the first one. It was from a Miss Pringle in Tunbridge Wells, and began: "I have just heard from Mr. Wynne about your good luck, and I have another piece of good news for you—"

Her "good luck!" What could that possibly mean? Hastily she tore open the second letter. As she did so a check fluttered to the floor. She picked it up. It was for £500 and made payable to her. The accompanying letter explained: "I have had a serious interview with Mr. Wickham in relation to the late Mrs. Wickham's estate," it read "and have represented to him that you had been badly treated. Now that everything is settled, he wishes to send you the enclosed check as some recognition of your devoted service to his late aunt."

She gasped at the wonder of it. Twenty-five hundred dollars! More money than she had ever had before in her life. Suddenly it seemed to make everything possible to her.

She could go back to England! She could forget all the unpleasant experiences she had known since she had left there. She could leave the hardships and discouragements of the pioneer in a new country and return to the ways of civilization. And there was still more good news! She returned to Miss Pringle's letter. Another position awaited Norah, it said; a position as lady's companion to a very dear old lady, "with practically nothing to do, but exercise the dogs." The salary was £35 a year.

She glanced at herself in the small wall-mirror as she passed it on her way to the door to call Frank. Her cheeks were flushed with the fever of expectation. Her brother and her husband were walking through the wheat. Her first impulse was to run to them as a child with a great happiness that must be shared. No, she would not do that. It was something that must be talked over. She must tell Frank alone. She turned back into the bright little living room of the shack. It *was* homey. Some way it never had seemed quite so attractive before. But it was not like England, nor was the life of a Canadian farmer—

Wouldn't it seem strange to go back to the old methodical ways of a lady's companion? To rise and have tea; to order the meals and take a drive; to take the dog for a walk; to have lunch


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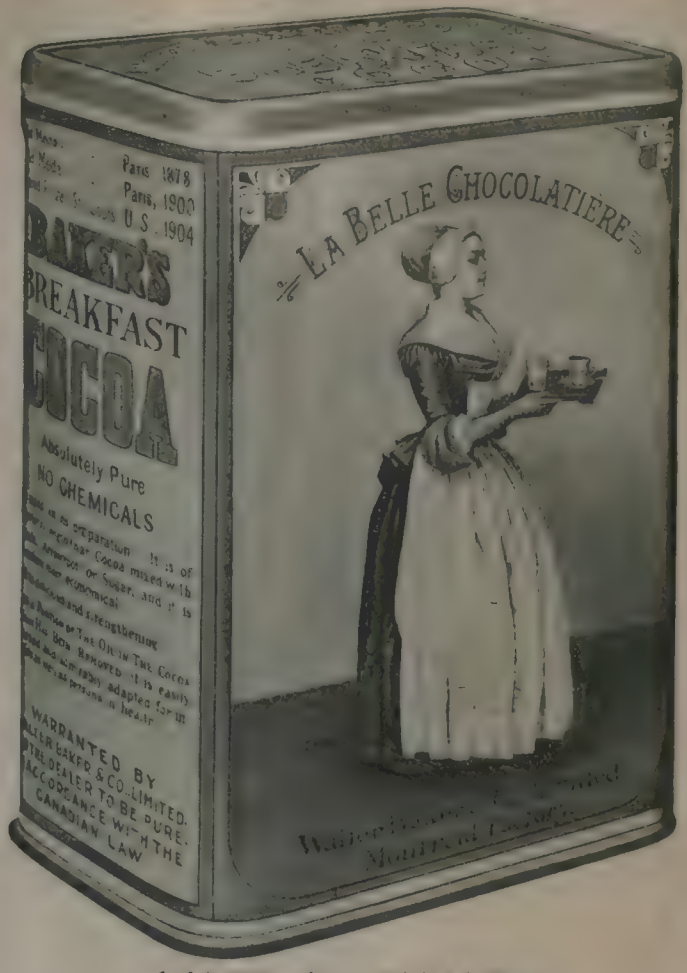


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and dinner and play bezique with one's employer, being careful not to beat her; to go to bed, and to rise next day at eight o'clock and repeat the performance.

She rather disliked the thought of leaving Mrs. Sharp and the five little Sharps, and she wondered how Frank would get along, and how their crop would come out. *Their* crop indeed. Of course, she meant *his* crop. She never had forgiven him the humiliation of their first night in that shack, and she never could! She wondered how Frank would act when she told him. If he would follow her to England if the crop turned out to be as large a he expected?

She turned. He stood in the doorway looking at her curiously, as though he knew what was in her mind.

"Frank," she said, but without the note of exultation she expected would be in her voice. "Eddie brought me some letters from home. I've an offer of a position in England."

She saw him start, and noticed that his jaw settled firmly, as though he knew what she was going to say and had made up his mind as to what his own attitude should be.

"I guess you'll take that quick enough," he remarked, calmly.

"Have you any objections?" She was a little surprised at his manner.

"I reckon it wouldn't make a powerful lot of difference to you if I had," he said.

No, she didn't know that it would. Is life always like this? she wondered. Do the things you want so dreadfully always seem only to bring you pain when they come?

"Are you going to quit right now with Ed?" he asked, striving to disguise the hoarseness of his voice.

"You seem in a great hurry to be rid of me." Why should she care? She bit her lip to help her control herself.

"I guess, we ain't made a great success of married life, my girl," he said, simply. "It's rum when you come to figure it out. I thought I could make you do everything I wanted, and you beat me. You was always giving way, doing everything I told you and all the time you was keeping something from me that I couldn't get at. Whenever I thought I put my hand on you I guess I found I'd only caught hold of a shadow."

"I don't know what more you wanted."

"I guess I wanted you to love me," he muttered, and turned away to the window as though ashamed of so palpable a weakness.

An embarrassed silence fell between them. Taylor continued to look out the window, and Norah stood fumbling the letters that had brought her the freedom for which she had so ardently prayed.

"You'll think of me sometimes, my girl?" he asked, suddenly turning toward her.

"I don't suppose I will be able to prevent it," she replied. "Frank, I've learned to respect you during these months we have lived together. All sorts of qualities which I used to value seem very unimportant to me now. You have taught me a great deal."

"I was an ignorant, uneducated man," he replied. "I didn't know how

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to treat you properly. I wanted to make you happy, and I didn't know just how to do it. But I guess I'll like to think that you're warm and comfortable at home. This life is all new to you, and you know that one."

"Oh, yes! I know. I should think I do."

A shade of bitterness crept into her voice in spite of herself. She pictured again the daily round of duties that fell to the lot of a lady's companion.

"And you will be clearing the south forty," she added, as though he had followed the thought in her mind. "You will be sowing and reaping; you'll be fighting every day, and I know you'll be conquering in the end. Where there was wilderness, there will be cultivated land, and who knows what starving child may eat the bread made from the wheat you grow! My life will be ineffectual, but you will have done something worth while."

"Norah, Norah!" he cried, thrilled by the unexpected eloquence in her voice.

"I thought I hated the prairie," she went on, "and yet some how it has caught hold of me. There's a beauty and a romance in it that fills my soul with longing. I know the life now. It's not adventurous and exciting. For men and women it's the same. Hard work from morning till night. And I know it's the women who bear the greater burden. And yet it's all got a meaning. We, too, have our part in the opening up the country. We are its mothers and the future is in us. We are building up the greatness of the nation. It needs our courage and strength and hope, and because it needs them they come to us. Oh, Frank I can't go back to the petty, narrow life. What have you done to me? You say you want my love. Don't you know love has been growing in me slowly, and I wouldn't see it? I told myself I hated you. I was ashamed. It's only to-day, when I have the means of leaving you forever that I knew I couldn't live without you. I'm not ashamed any more, Frank. I love you."

"I guess I loved you from the beginning, Norah," he confessed quietly, but made no movement toward her. She wondered at his attitude.

"Norah," he said, gripping his hands until the nails cut, in an effort to overcome the trembling in his voice, "it's better that you should go. I haven't wanted to tell you, but I'm bust. I haven't made good yet. My crop isn't going to be big this year. I started too late in the spring. Perhaps I'll have to go back to work for another season, and I couldn't think of you living as the wife of a hired man."

"Just because you're in trouble?"

"If I wasn't afraid of being smashed


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up, do you think I'd let you go?" he cried. "By God, I wouldn't, Norah. I'd keep you always." She was in his arms now and they were both crying with the mingled misery and sweetness of this first understanding.

As she turned away from him, she picked up the check. "The nephew of the lady I worked for has made me a present of it," she explained. "Twenty-five hundred dollars, Frank. You can take the quarter section next to this, and get all the machinery you want and some cows. It's yours to do what you like with. Now will you keep me?"

"Oh! my girl, my girl," he groaned. "I can't thank you."

"I don't want thanks," she answered, laughing through her tears. "There's nothing in the world so wonderful as to be able to give to some one you love. Give me a kiss, and try."

"I guess it's the first time you've asked me to do that," he said. And as he kissed her, she murmured.

"O, I'm so happy, Frank!"

## *Greater Love*

Continued from page 428.

doing, Jack forced another question. "Does she go there often?"

"Twice before—this week. A silk store," he sneered, "but she never brings home any silk. You know," he went on, hastily, "it may not be to play there; though if she did, could you blame her? She that used to get so much fun out of the littlest thing, she's tired to death now." He turned from the window. There was an appeal in his eyes. "You ought to tell her to cut it out."

"Me tell her? Me?"

"Yes, you." He whistled irrelevantly, then stopped suddenly. "This Charlie Wing shot two men in Lima once—used to run a place in the Chinese quarters there. 'Twas me smuggled him aboard my steamer and brought him here—paid me $5,000 for it." He paused. "I wish now I hadn't. But I think I'll take a walk down the street. So long."

Out in the hall, Prady stopped to look into the case where so many of Chick's old presents were hung, those given her by the ship captains in the old days: shells, beads, bows and arrows, knives, guns and so on, a little museum of souvenirs from foreign lands. Jack could hear him sliding the glass doors, but paid no attention to that. Soon the street door closed behind him.

Jack remained gazing out of the rear window on the back area, for no reason than that she had been doing so just before him. He noted casually the yard to Charlie Wing's place. A thousand days he had played in that very garden, and a thousand days had she looked out from her window upon him. So he got to brooding over it, and over her life, and over what Prady had said of Charlie Wing.

In the middle of his reverie one thought came to him in a flash. In earlier days he would have acted on the impulse, but of late he had got into the way of thinking things out. So that he was brooding over this new thought, which in its sweep included Charlie Wing, Prady, Macron, Chick. And yet wherein, after all, did it concern him now?

The report of a pistol brought him

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jumping out of it. He knew it for a big-bored revolver shot. There was an open window, a lace curtain across it. No longer puzzling reflection, but down the back stairs in two strides, across Grannie's backyard in three more. The door to Charlie Wing's he found bolted on the inside, but the wall was easily scaled. He had not forgotten the lay-out of this his old home, and straight up the back stairs he rushed and straight for that back room—he knew that room, too—of the open window and lace curtain.

Another shot and almost at the same instant the door swung open before him. It was Charlie Wing backing out. The revolver was still in his hand. Jack looked beyond Charlie and there he saw Chick, her head resting on a table as if she were weary. On the floor was Prady, his legs stretched out before him and his back against the wall. Blood was on his white shirt front and a knife was in his hand. Like coming death he looked. Charlie said something in Chinese and turned. A quick man, but not quick enough. Jack caught his lifted wrist and the bullet went on by him. He wrenched the wrist; he could feel the bones cracking under his grip and see Wing grow clear white with the agony. Before the weapon had hit the floor Jack had him by the throat.

But Wing did not die by his hand. Over Wing's shoulder he saw Chick lift her head and he saw, too, that she knew him. And he had no more time for Wing. He heaved him off, and back on the floor Wing fell, to Prady, who Jack had thought was all gone, but who now reached over and drove his knife deep into Wing's neck.

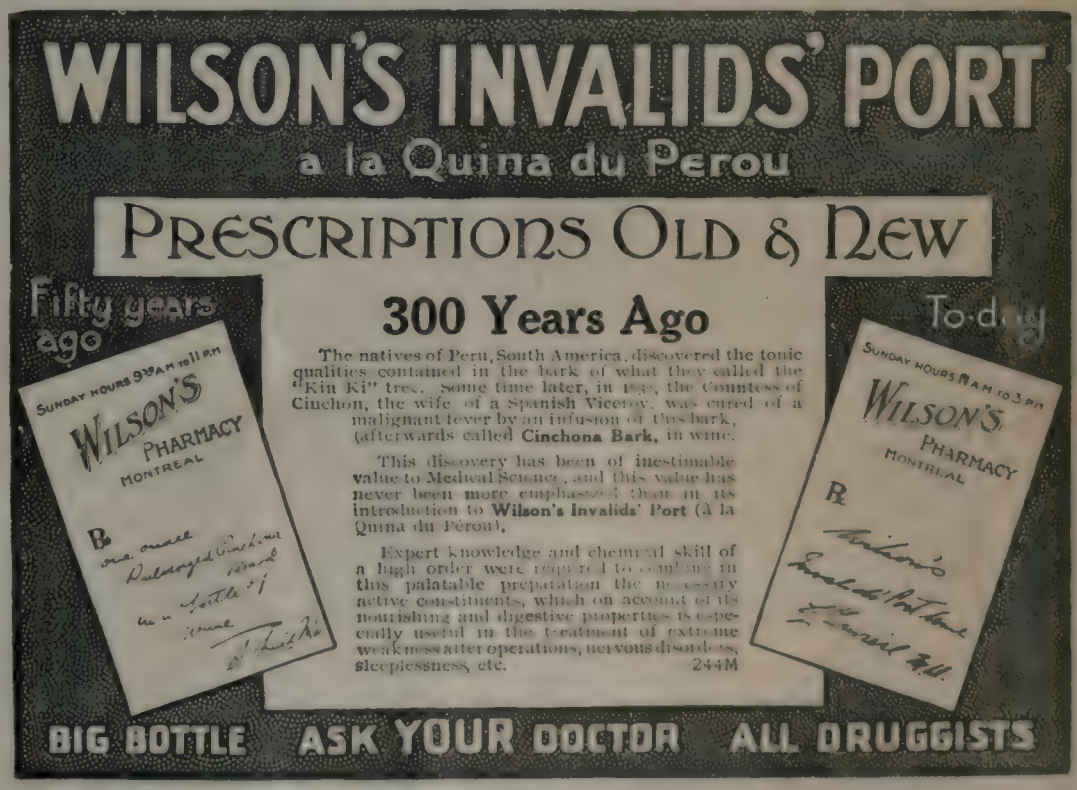
Jack took Chick up. Once she would have been quite a weight, but not now. He could feel her breath at his ear. "Oh—h—I'm so glad that it's you that came to take me away," she said.

He said to Prady, "If anybody comes, let it be Charlie and you and me alone."

"All right," agreed Prady, "just you and me and Charlie. Didn't I tell you he was bad? He said something to Chick; I couldn't get the words, but Chick slapped his face. I heard the slap and her voice like she was ready to cry; but not for fear, not Chick. 'Why, you yellow beast!' she said, 'do you think because—' And then I'd been listenin' at the curtain—I jumped in. But he had the gun all the time, he was that crazy about her. Maybe you didn't know that, but I did, for years. He didn't give me a chance, seemed like he thought I was her man. If that wasn't a joke!" Prady laughed terribly. "I struck at him, but he was too quick, too quick. So it'll be as you say. Gately, no word of her and I'll lie like a Chinaman—just me—and—him—and he's gone—and I'm go—ing"—

Jack carried Chick through the old garden and into the boarding house, to the same old sofa in the same old parlor. She was looking up at him as he laid her down. "I'm glad it's you, Jackie, dear," she said, and reached for his hand. "I made Macron hurry home to-day—Grannie sent word you were back. I told Macron why. He knows all about you and me, Jackie. You said something about showing my colors once, Jackie."

She had been shot through the right breast and the blood from the wound was spreading over her waist. Her throat seemed to be swelling and he opened her collar. No baby's throat was whiter or smoother. She put her hand to her waist and he loosened it. She took his other hand while he was doing that and pressed it to her breast, then led it to a cord which, when he



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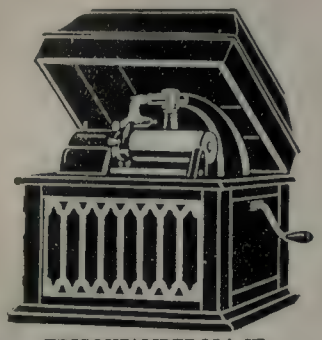

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drew it out, he saw had fastened to it a medal. "Remember when you gave me it, Jackie?" His own medal of honor it was. He had won it while still an apprentice boy and had given it to her on his return.

"Oh, Chickie, but why didn't I go down with Lappen!"

"No, no, don't think that, Jackie. And see, this key—here." Jack drew it out. "Ask Grannie and she'll show you the box. It holds everything you ever sent me, every letter, every ebony elephant, every heathen ivory temple, every souvenir spoon—nothing else but you in it. And nobody's ever looked inside it but myself. There you'll find the letters I wrote but never sent. I want you to read them now. Read them, and you'll know I did love you, dear."

She choked a little then, and he bent over to raise her up. "Sweetheart," she whispered, "nearer." There was a speaking love and beauty in her eyes. He bent—still lower—and they kissed.

"It's the truest kiss I ever gave, Jackie. If it's a sin, then God help me!" Out of weakness she rested a while, looking at him, saying no word but looking at him. "I meant harm to nobody, Jackie—to nobody—never never! All I ever did I just couldn't help. Before I knew it was wrong those captains used to pick me up and kiss me, and say things to me. But I wasn't a bad girl—no more than that. I couldn't seem to help that, and surely they who used to know my father could mean no harm to me. But never after that day—that terrible day you left me. I never was the same after that day. That day the blood left my heart. I used to cry the long nights through. And I hated the name of whoever might try to lead you astray. And that was why—about Lappen. He promised me different. . . . ."

Jack feared she would speak no more, but she looked up to say, "And even to-day, Jackie, I got to thinking of when I was a little girl and you still a little boy, and I asked Charlie Wing to let me go to that room. It was upstairs in the gambling part. Good women didn't go there, but I went. And I was raising the window to look out into the garden as you used to, but I saw you standing at the window there, and I drew back so you would not see me, and just then Charlie Wing came in and I drew farther back into the room so he wouldn't look out and see you. And there we were alone—and he misunderstood. When he shot I didn't mind it much—only till you came in. 'He'll blame me again,' I thought. But when you looked at me as you did, I didn't care any more. And I wasn't afraid for you. I knew

you could crush him if you wanted to. Remember the night you fought Prady? Every blow you struck that night I struck with you, and every blow he struck you, struck me. Poor Prady! Well, God forgive me if I'm to blame——"

"No, no—*no*, Chick."

"I'm glad to hear you say so, Jack. Sometimes I think my mother died too soon. And about Grannie, sweetheart. Be good to her, won't you?"

The blood was coming in little bubbles from her lips. Jack wiped them away, trying not to let her know it. But she knew. "It won't be long now, Jackie, and maybe I ought to try to pray a little. Won't you pray with me, sweetheart? And for Captain Prady, and Captain Lappen, brave men both, weren't they, dear?"

So she began and he repeated: "*Our Father Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name.. . .* And now—yes, and for Charlie Wing, too, for how could he know? . . . Wait, wait, sweetheart—the baby prayer, too. *Hail Holy Queen, mother of mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope. To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve; to thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this valley of tears. Turn, then, most gracious advocate, thine eyes of mercy toward us, and after this our exile—* What's next, dear? O yes— *That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ. . Pray for us sinners now—and yes—now and at the hour of—of—our death-h.* What comes after death, Jackie?"

"Amen, sweetheart."

"Ah-h yes, *A-men*," her fingers closing tightly over his. "Ah-h—ah-h—" the least little bit of a sigh. . .

. . . . . .

All the world remembers when the great battle fleet assembled at Hampton Roads, and how wonderfully the statement of its commander-in-chief, prior to sailing, stimulated enlistments, so that up to the last hour the adventurous ones came rushing aboard. "Feast, fight or frolic," whichever it was to be, they were hoping for the best.

But nothing happened to the fleet. "And nothing will happen—it never does when you're looking for it," commented Jack Gately. That was even while his ship was steaming down the line to battle practise. Down the line she came, fourteen knots her speed, all her men to battle station, all her port broadside, and turret guns booming.

Stripped to their racing jerseys, eyes glowing, chests heaving, lips curving, but nerves under control was this particular turret crew. So would they strip and look in battle, and no more eager to win in real battle than now. Round about were bags of powder piled up. Hardly prudent? No; but prudent people never make or save nations. The God of War there was the turret captain, Gately, astraddle of the entering hatch. Wide-shouldered, lean-waisted as a racing horse, through his tight-fitting jersey his torso swelled; and his big arms, too, were bulging with restrained power.

Two miles she had gone, and 9,000 yards away a badly shot-up target fluttered in the warm sea air. It looked like a new world's record. From aloft they could see far out another solid rectangle of painted canvas being cut to flying ribbons. The time was most up, the light of anticipation gleaming in their eyes—particularly the twelve-inch records would be badly broken. Boom, flame and smoke it was along the whole ship's side, when pff! almost an explosion, and flame and smoke not reckoned with from beneath this turret's entering hatch.

A bag of powder was tossed out without an explosion. How? Nobody knew or could explain. The rules for


# How to arouse a sluggish skin

*Use this treatment tonight. See what fresh, vivid coloring it gives you.*

A dull, sallow, lifeless complexion has several causes. Whatever the cause in *your* case, your skin needs *stimulating*. The following treatment is the most effective you can use:

## To refresh your skin

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and hot water. If your skin has been badly neglected, use a flesh brush, scrubbing it for about five minutes until the lather makes it feel somewhat sensitive. After this, rinse well in warm, then cold water. Now rub your skin five minutes with a *lump of ice*.

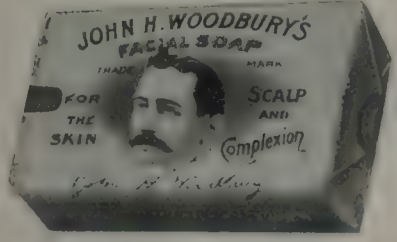
Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. This treatment with it cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the face and stimulates the fine muscular fibres of the skin. You can feel the difference the first time you use it.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. As a matter of fact it is not expensive, for it is solid soap—all soap. It wears from two to three times as long as the ordinary soap.

Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's today and try this treatment.

# *Woodbury's Facial Soap*

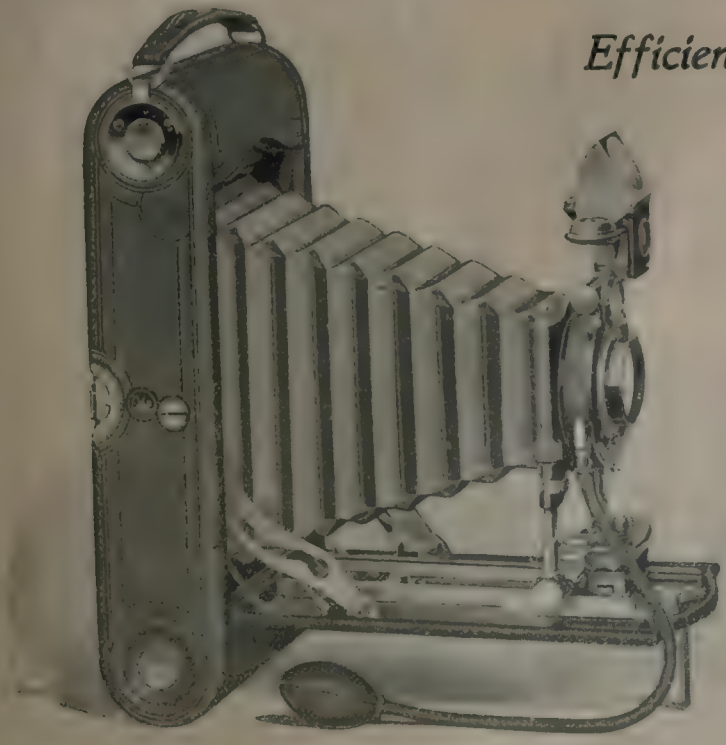
*For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast including Newfoundland.*




**Write today to the Woodbury Canadian factory for samples**

*For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and hair and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 111-O Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.*

*Efficiency Plus*



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bade speech till time was up, and another shot remained to be fired. And that was fired. "The right hoist's afire," said somebody then, and the turret captain threw himself down through the four decks of the other ammunition hoist to the handling room.

Above him in the hoist the flames were roaring. Sparks of burning cloth began to fall on the steel deck of the handling room, and there were bags of powder not yet stowed. "Don't touch that—don't wait for that—close your magazine doors!" he called, and they saw him jump for the sizzling little spark as they pulled to the magazine doors, themselves inside. Almost with the cushioned shock of the closing doors came the flash and a great pf-f-ff!

Two men came running in, just in time to see him standing there with his arms crossed before his face. They saw him, too, smooth his eyelids with the tips of his fingers. "It must be terrible to be blind," he said. The front of his jersey was charred on his body.

The miracle of his escape overcame them. "You still alive, Gate?"

"Looks like it, don't it?"

"It's sure your lucky day."

"Must be, son—my lucky day." And he went up on deck. The surgeon wished to have him brought below to the hospital, but Gately said, "If you don't mind, sir, I'll stay up here." So they allowed him to stay on deck, where he walked the quarter from his turret to the ship's side, with never a word to anybody and nobody a word to him. Shipmates came up to him, with a mind to say something; but meeting him face to face they turned away without saying it.

And so he walked the deck, one hour, two hours, three hours, all that afternoon, turning sometimes to look out over the sea, at the sky, across to the other ships of the fleet; but no sign of what might be going on within, only when he would lift his head to gulp down the cool air. This terrible self-repression was too much for some of his shipmates—they went away. But never a sign of weakness in him till suddenly he turned and looked up at the flag.

"Good-by, old ship—good ship, too." His voice was low, muffled. "Good-by, old Navy. If only 'twas on the real battle line." And he saluted the flag. Turning, he found a ring of his shipmates inclosing him. "Good-by, fellows," and then, in a voice stiff, low, but clear as the ship's bell, "Coming!" he called, and fell full-length backward on the deck.

The surgeon knelt above his body. "Though hardly any need," he observed. "He was fated from the first. He inhaled the flame, and it burned him out inside."

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